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Margaret
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"I LAID DOWN THE CAMERA AND GRABBED THE RIFLE."

Frontispiece. Page 41.

STRONGHEART

A Novel by

FREDERICK R BURTON

Founded on WILLIAM C. de MILLE'S Play



Illustrations by
CLARENCE ROWE

G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK



"I LAY DOWN THE GROUND AND WALKED THE ROAD."

Photograph. Page 31.

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Strongheart

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STRONGHEART

Part I

SAVAGERY

CHAPTER I

IN THE LAND OF THE OJIBWAYS

Just north of Lakes Huron and Superior there is a country wherein even now the enthusiastic explorer may find hills and valleys never before trod by the foot of the white man, lakes not yet seen by the white man's eye, rivers whereon no craft has floated save the Ojibway's bark canoe.

There, deer, and moose, and elk abound to lure men of wealth to their slaughter; there stand yet vast tracts of white pine, sturdy guardians of earth's deepest serenity, to lure the timberman, advance guard of civilization, to their destruction; there lie doubtless mineral secrets which some day will be exposed to the clamor of stamp mills and the frontier saloon; there the venturesome holiday-maker from the cities of the United States may still stumble upon the rude dwellings of unregistered Indians who some-

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times travel as far as the railroad and then retire to their silent haunts, affrighted at the noisy terrors of civilization; a land, it seems, where Nature has made her last stand in the course of her enforced retreat to the snow-bound regions of the North.

It was in this land that a young man traveled southward by canoe one midsummer afternoon. Little he had to exercise the paddle, save to guide his frail craft, for the current bore him swiftly while it chuckled to listening banks of its burden. The trees on either side touched leafy hands and whispered of it. Here and there a gray-bearded cliff frowned gravely at the traveler and, it may be, sent some message thrilling beneath the soil in warning to brethren battling with the stream where it bends to avoid a hill and fights its impetuous way among and over impeding rocks. They knew, these ancient cliffs and towering trees, what punishment the river had in store for him who presumed to make it do his bidding. Time had been when dare-devil natives of the wilds had shot the rapids to win a wager, or prove courage, and so gain a feather for the bonnet; there had been now and again a hero of the wilderness who had dodged the rocks and leaped the falls in safety, but so few were they that the natives of this day knew them only by legendary names, and trusted not themselves to the hazardous attempt; what, then, should this traveler, whose face showed the pallor of a strange people beneath its temporary bronze, hope to accomplish save his own destruction? The river, excited with the joy of it, began to laugh.

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The young man raised his head at the sound. He peered forward, not so much in anxiety as in curiosity. Some suggestion of prudence led him to glance at the banks for a possible landing-place. He saw none where he could stop with safety to his craft, for already the current leaped with him, and it might have been impossible even to turn the canoe to shore. So he set his lips in a smile of determination, and poised himself to apply the paddle swiftly and powerfully to evade such obstacles as might appear before him.

It was where the Pangisibi ("Little River," as the natives call it) tears madly through half a circle in order to force its way past the barrier of hills. The descent grows steeper and steeper, until, rounding the last arc of the curve, there is a short plunge almost like a cascade that brings the stream triumphantly to a pool where the water boils with ever-decreasing violence, and, spreading wide over the new-found level, chatters at last of its victory to half submerged stones that form a natural and easy ford for the rare travelers who have need of it.

Two men, each bearing a rifle, emerged from the forest on the east side of the ford, and proceeded to cross it. One was under the medium height, and his clothes sat loosely on him—soft hat, black shirt, shabby trousers and moccasins; the other tall, commanding in mien, carried the hall marks of civilization even into the depths of the wilderness in that he wore shoes of dressed leather, and garbed his body and limbs in the picturesque habiliments affected by the sportsman from the city. The tall man walked

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first, and his steps were as sure on the scattered stones as those of his moccasined companion. They were proceeding silently along the open space beside the pool on the western side, when the short man suddenly caught the other by the arm and pointed to the white-flecked turmoil below the falls. They saw an overturned canoe floating toward the shallows, and a human head sinking near it.

There was a startled exclamation from the tall man, a brief word of command, and each dropped his rifle. He of the moccasins ran swiftly back to the ford, waded in, and, tenderly as one might care for a suffering child, kept the canoe from rubbing against the stones, lifted it and bore it, dripping, upside down, over his head to the open space, and laid it gently upon the grass. He glanced toward his companion, but, perceiving no need of assistance, gave his attention wholly to the canoe, pressing the frail bark here and there with his knuckles, and shaking his head gravely as he found abundant signs of damage.

The tall man was in the pool. He had leaped straight in, and had swam half way across while the other was running to the ford. In the middle he sank for a moment, and when he reappeared he had the unfortunate canoeist under the shoulders. Using his left arm to keep the young man's head above water, he propelled himself with his right, and so gained the bank. He laid the man on the grass, and turned him on his face, working over him with more energy than knowledge of the most approved modern meth-

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ods of first aid; but there was virtue in the ancient, crude ways, and in this instance the signs of animation on the part of the subject were speedily manifested. When the tall man observed them, he called to his companion, and hastened to a spot a few yards further up stream where a quantity of charred wood gave evidence of former camps. It was, indeed, a favorite halting-place for travelers in the wilderness, and had been so, undoubtedly, since ages before authentic history began. There was dry wood now within reach, a few sticks only, but enough for a beginning, and kindling was supplied by bark stripped quickly from a birch tree. The tall man produced matches from a metal box that the water had not penetrated, and set the flames sputtering over the bark; then he ran here and there, gathering other bits of wood and placing them on the fire.

Meantime, he of the moccasins left the canoe with apparent reluctance, for what more interesting and important can there be to the Ojibway than a bark canoe which has been serviceable and may yet be restored to usefulness? and stooped over the half drowned traveler. There was nothing to do for him except to let life resume its full activity unimpeded, whereas skillful hands might at least prepare the pitch for mending the canoe. The traveler lay with eyes closed, but he was breathing, and presently he made a convulsive movement as if he would get up.

"Dorothy!" he gasped, as he looked vaguely about him, and clutched at the grass. Then his features

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contorted with an expression of acute pain, and he sank back again.

The watcher called to his companion, and the tall man came on the run. A few words passed, and he of the moccasins obediently took up the other's task of attending to the fire. Again the eyes of the canoeist opened, but this time he did not try to rise. He looked wearily at the man who bent over him.

"Feeling all right now?" asked the rescuer.

"I can breathe," was the reply.

"Yes, that's better than a stomach full of water, isn't it? Will you try to get up? It will be better for you, you know, if you can exercise a little. I'll help."

So saying, he put his hands under the canoeist's shoulders and lifted, but immediately laid the man down again, for a half suppressed groan, and the twitching of face muscles showed that there had been painful injury somewhere.

"Better let me lie still awhile," said the canoeist, very white, and speaking with difficulty.

"Where does it hurt?"

"Feet and ankles."

"All right above?"

"I think so."

"Then you'll be all right soon. Feet will get well, but I'll take off your shoes. There may be a swelling by and by, you know, which would be worse with shoes on, and then we should have to cut the shoes off, which would be bad in this country where there isn't a store at every corner."

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The rescuer applied his fingers swiftly to the young man's shoe-laces, and presently bared his feet. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "there's some damage there. Well, if you can't walk, and so get exercise, the next best thing is to get heat. I'll carry you to the fire."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the young man, feebly, "got a fire? Did you have it all ready for me?"

The other made no reply, but picked him up and carried him to the fire and placed him on the ground with his back to a log and his feet toward the blaze. The little journey caused the canoeist some pain, but he bore it without groan or comment now that his consciousness had fully returned. "You're wet yourself," said he, catching his breath a bit. "Did you jump in there after me?" and he turned his gaze toward the pool.

"I had to," said the other.

"Because I wouldn't float to the shore? I'm sure I'm obliged to you. Confound it! I don't remember that I ever had my life saved before. See here, you need the fire as much as I do, don't you?"

"No. I can keep moving. It doesn't hurt a woodsman to get wet."

He had removed his coat and was wringing the water from it. "I'm going to strip," he continued tranquilly, "and hang my clothes by the fire, for they're not comfortable. If you can stand it you'd better do the same. I mean, if you can get your clothes off. I'll help, you know. The danger is that you'll catch cold."

"Sure," said the canoeist, but there was doubt in his

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tone in spite of the confident word, for he was beginning to think again, and he wondered how he could avoid a cold if he lay naked while his clothes were drying; and beyond that, what was to happen to him if the excruciating pain in his ankles did not cease? He was puzzled rather than anxious, but, when he looked all around as if to seek an answer to his queries, he saw a man standing at the eastern end of the ford, and immediately his mind was absorbed in other matters than his narrow escape from drowning and the discomforts of his situation. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there's Dossegay!"

The tall man looked toward the ford, and, as he did so, the man there began to cross.

"He's a drunken redskin I employed," added the canoeist, by way of explanation. "I was chasing him when I upset—that is, I was going to the place where I left him this morning, but I didn't expect to find him there, or ever see him again."

There was no response from the tall man, who stood with his back to the canoeist, and neither spoke again until Dossegay halted a few yards from the fire. Then Dossegay said something in his native tongue, and the tall man answered him in the same language. Dossegay spoke at some length, and at the end took from his coat a large pocketbook and handed it to the tall man who, in turn, gave it to the canoeist.

"I see you understand the redskin's lingo," said the canoeist, with a touch of admiration in his tone. "My guide does, too."

"Yes, I understand them," the tall man responded.

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The canoeist eagerly opened the pocketbook and took from it a photograph and a letter. He glanced at them, made sure quickly that they were what they should be, replaced them in their compartment, and laid the book on the ground beside him. There was the light of deep satisfaction in his eyes, and a faint color on his cheek.

"Is your money all right?" asked the tall man.

"Oh!" and the canoeist's tone seemed to convey an apology for having overlooked such a detail. He picked up the pocketbook, opened it again and withdrew a considerable packet of banknotes. "Not a dollar gone," he said, after counting.

"I thought so," was the tall man's comment. "The Ojibway may get drunk, but he doesn't steal. Dossegay," he continued, "says he expects to get the sack for what he did, and he wasn't following you up in any hope of keeping his job; but when he came to himself after you had gone, he found your pocketbook on the ground where your tent was, and he thought you would want it. So he hit the trail after you. He would have gone on without seeing you here, for the trail is on the other side of the river, but he saw and smelt the smoke of our fire, and he turned aside to see what was up. That's his story."

"See here, Dossegay," cried the canoeist, "you don't get the sack, see? You stay, stick, hang on, you don't lose your job, savvy? I say, mister, tell him that in his own lingo so he'll sure catch on, will you?"

The tall man complied gravely, Dossegay listening without the slightest change of facial expression, and

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at the end of a short conversation he looked toward the canoeist and said "Migwetch"—thank you—quite as if he were offering condolences for a death in the family. Then, said the tall man, "He will stay, and he will change clothes with you. He's near enough to your size to make it possible to get into his clothes, and yours will dry very soon when we rig them up by the fire. After that he'd better go on and tell your friends what has happened to you and where they can find you. We won't stay here, for it would be risky for you. Mukwa and I will carry you to our camp. It's not more than three miles. Your guide will know how to find it, and if he didn't Dossegay would tell him. It's what your people would call a summer resort. My people go there every season."

"Your people!" echoed the canoeist, in a tone of the profoundest amazement, and he looked sharply at his rescuer. "You don't mean to say that you're an Indian!"

"I am an Ojibway," was the muffled reply, the tall man's voice being momentarily indistinct because he was pulling his shirt off over his head. He stood wringing the water from the garment, and the canoeist saw that the dark hue of his face, which he had supposed was merely the deep tan of constant outdoor life, continued to the shoulders and broad chest which shone in the afternoon sun as if the man were a statue of burnished copper. "My name is Soangetaha," he added. "My father is chief of the tribe."

The canoeist looked at the Indian in silent fascination. It was clear enough now what race was his;

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now that the features were scrutinized analytically, the facial characteristics of the red man were plainly evident; his hair, which was cut rather modishly, was jet black and coarse; that might have revealed his race to the canoeist's casual glance but that Soangetaha, who had thrown off his hat when he leaped into the pool, had put it on again immediately after coming out; now he was again bareheaded.

"What a build for an athlete!" was the canoeist's silent comment, as he admiringly viewed the Indian's muscular development. "Not an ounce of surplus flesh anywhere."

"Soangetaha," he said aloud. "That's an easier name than some that your people have. I suppose it has a meaning, hasn't it?"

"Yes; your people would call it Strongheart."

CHAPTER II

"WE ARE ALL MEN"

"I like that better," said the canoeist, ingeniously. "My name is Livingston. I hope I didn't say anything offensive about your people."

"No," Strongheart replied; "if you had, your quick forgiveness of Dossegay would have made it right. We're used to being misunderstood and unappreciated. I think you'll find that Dossegay will keep straight the rest of the time he is with you, and I would willingly bet that he got started on his drunk while he was in some white-man settlement."

"You're quite right, Strongheart. We picked him up in the Soo. He got a flask there and carried it with him unknown to us. I s'pose he reckoned that it would be a long time between drinks, and that he'd better make the most of his opportunity. Anyhow, yesterday he was more of a hindrance than a help, and this morning he was dead to the world. We could do nothing with him, couldn't even wake him, and there was no use in lugging him along. So we left him asleep on the ground, with enough grub near to last him for a day or so. You see, I'm making a trip with another fellow, my best friend. Frank Nelson is his name. It's just for the fun of being in

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the woods, with a little fishing and hunting thrown in when we feel like it. You must think me all sorts of a fool for getting upset as I did."

"I should say your guide was a fool, or strangely ignorant, for letting you try to shoot the Pangisibi rapids."

"Oh! the guide's all right. Perhaps you know him, Steve Winterton."

"Yes, I know Winterton. What was he thinking of? He knows the Pangisibi as well as the Ojibways—"

"He didn't know what I was up to, Strongheart. I'll tell you all about it, for I want the blame to stick where it belongs, on me. We set out for a lake Steve told us of which he said had never been visited by white men. He's never been there himself, but he knew of it, he said, from the Indians. I s'pose he wasn't stringing us, was he?"

"Did he name the lake?" Strongheart asked.

"Yes; he said the Indian word for it meant Long Lake."

"Ginsagaigan."

"That sounds like it. Have you been there?"

"Yes. I think Winterton was right. I never heard of white men going to it. I should say it would be four days from here."

"Well, that tallies with what Steve said. Anyhow, after we broke camp this morning, leaving Dossegay behind us, we paddled up stream a few miles and came to a place where we had to portage our canoes and baggage. I presume you know all about it?"

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Strongheart nodded. "The place where you began your portage," said he, "was not more than a quarter of a mile below here. The river makes a long curve among the hills. You hit a straight trail over them and struck the river again away above the rapids."

"I can't answer for the straight trail," said Livingston. "It seemed blamed crooked to me, but we did strike the river again all right, and found that a tornado had been there before us and had raised hob with the trail both on land and water. It was almost impossible to lug the canoes over the last dozen yards or so, but we managed it and found a tolerably clear space on the river bank where we had to stop and think. Steve said we'd better camp there for tonight, for it might take him and Joe the rest of the day to find a way around the difficulty. We had grub, and then Steve went off on an exploring trip on one side of the river, and Joe found a place where he could squirm through the wreckage on the other. They agreed that they'd be back a long time before sundown, and Frank and I settled down to a cosy afternoon. He went to pottering with his camera, taking shots at the wreckage, and I—well, I had some idea of writing a description of it, 'from our correspondent in the field,' you know, only it wouldn't have been for publication. But, I—well, I reached for my pocketbook to consult things there, just a picture of a girl, and a letter, you know; I think a good deal of 'em. Naturally. However, I reached for the pocketbook, and blamed if I could find it. You can imagine how I felt, mebbe. Of course Frank

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hadn't seen the pocketbook, and he was dead certain it wasn't mixed up with the baggage, but I couldn't be satisfied, and I pulled everything to pieces before I could give up hunting for it. Then all of a sudden I had a fool inspiration and knew what had happened. 'Frank,' said I, 'that cussed redskin, Dossegay, has got it.' You see, I believed that Dossegay had stolen the pocketbook while I was asleep, and had pretended to be drunk in the morning just so that we would leave him there and give him a good chance for a get-away."

"If he had stolen it in the night," Strongheart suggested, "he would have had his chance for a get-away then. He could have gone down stream in one of the canoes, and scuttled the other so that you would have had difficulty in pursuing; and he could have left the canoe after a few miles to float on down stream while he took to the woods on foot. Unless your Joe could have happened to scent his steps at the very spot where he left the canoe, you never could have come upon his trail except by accident."

Livingston listened with an expression of solemn sheepishness. "I told you it was a fool inspiration," said he. "I never thought of anything but my own smart theory that he had faked his drunkenness, and I immediately had an attack of energy. Dossegay had no canoe. Therefore, I reasoned, he must foot it back, and I reckoned that I could travel down stream in a canoe a good deal faster than he could walk, or run. Especially, you see, as I knew there was a swift current where the river makes the long

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bend. Steve hadn't told us much about it. Simply said we couldn't paddle against the current. Fact is, Steve's a good deal like the Indians; he doesn't seem to care about talking—I beg your pardon again. I don't mean any offense by that. There are plenty of white men whom I should like better if they would take pattern from the Indians and cultivate silence. But, you see, the fact is I find it hard to remember that you're an Indian. You seem just like—like the rest of us,” and Livingston smiled at the lameness of his conclusion.

Strongheart's features were quite as impassive as those of Mukwa and Dossegay, who were cutting forked stakes and thrusting them into the ground near the fire. The animation he had displayed during Livingston's first moments of returning consciousness had departed, and for the moment he seemed to have taken on, or relapsed into the stolidity of the traditional aborigine. But he responded to the white man's last observation. (“We are all me,”) said he. (“That's it!” cried Livingston, “that's it! and the trouble is that fool whites sometimes overlook that fact, don't they?”) But,” as the Indian made no further response, “to get on with my particular folly, I decided to try and overhaul Dossegay. Frank advised letting the money go. He had his roll safe, and we were where we couldn't spend money, you know, and if we got where we needed it we hadn't any doubt that we could get more by telegraphing home. But, you see, it wasn't the money I cared so much about. I didn't stop to do much thinking, but just hopped

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into the canoe and shoved off. It went all right for some time, and I really thought I was going to make it, when all of a sudden I was simply pitched out, neck and crop! I saw the canoe turn square over, and I guess I don't know what happened after that."

"You probably bumped your head against a rock."

Livingston ran his fingers over his cranium. "Guess that's so," he said; "I hadn't thought of it before, but there is a sore spot there."

"You were very lucky to escape being killed instantly."

"I was luckier still because you were waiting for me. Do you make it a habit to watch at the foot of the rapids for white men who think they know a whole lot that isn't so?" Livingston laughed a little. "You see," he added, "I haven't begun to tell you how grateful I am. I don't seem to know how. I am quite aware that you saved my life—"

"I can't see that there's anything to say about it," Strongheart interrupted, in a tone that implied his wish to dismiss the subject. "You wouldn't expect one man to let another drown, would you? If I had done that, there might have been something to say."

"In which case I shouldn't have been the fellow to say it," retorted Livingston, and he laughed lightly again, noting with curious interest that there was no responsive smile on Strongheart's part.

Livingston's narrative had not been as uninterrupted as it appears to be in this account of it; for, during the first part, Strongheart had helped divest him of his wet clothes and put on the dry ones of

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Dossegay. At the end, both Strongheart and Dossegay were sitting, quite like primitive savages, their faces to the fire, their backs to the hot sun, while two suits of clothes were steaming, laid across poles resting on the forked stakes that Mukwa and Dossegay had provided. Strongheart spoke to Dossegay in Ojibway. They seemed to have a brief argument, after which Dossegay arose, took his moccasins in one hand and went to the bank of the pool. He let himself slowly into the water, and then swam across, holding the moccasins above his head all the way. This done, he flicked the water from his feet with his hands, put on the moccasins, and disappeared in the forest.

"What does all that mean?" asked Livingston, who had watched the proceeding with increasing wonderment.

"Winterton and Joe will be badly scared when they get back to your camp and learn what has happened. They'll be sure you are dead," said Strongheart. "They may be back now, for the afternoon is most over. Dossegay has hit the trail to relieve their anxiety as soon as possible. He may meet them coming back, for of course they'll begin a search for you at once. Wherever he finds them, he'll let them know where you are, and they'll join you before the night is old. Dossegay will take them to our summer village. You won't do any walking for at least a week, and when you are well, if you still want to go on to Long Lake there's a trail from the village that we can show you. If you don't care to stay with us

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until you can walk, Winterton and Joe can take you back to the Soo, or anywhere else."

"Don't mention it!" cried Livingston; "I should like nothing better than to recuperate in your village, if you'll let me."

"You will be welcome."

"Thanks, but you haven't satisfied my curiosity about Dossegay. He went off without anything on—"

"He took his moccasins to protect his feet. That is all he needs. I told him I thought your friends ought to be notified in a hurry, and he agreed with me."

"But I thought it was agreed that he should wear my clothes."

"They are still wet, you see. He didn't care to wait for them to dry. He's all right. And he thought you'd be better pleased if your clothes were kept for yourself."

Livingston said, "Well, by Jove!" and attempted no more lucid expression on the subject, but his thoughts were remarkably active. There was an unexpectedness about the red man's fine feeling that fairly made him gasp. He began to rejoice at the accident that had brought him into such intimate contact with—what? "We are all men," Strongheart had said. Why should a manly act on the part of an Indian be unexpected? Livingston was not altogether clear about it, in which respect he was not different from many another white man of more years when he comes to his first knowledge at first hand of Indian character.

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"Why did Dossegay swim across, instead of taking to the ford?" asked Livingston.

Strongheart smiled faintly as he replied, "He said he would feel more like running if he had the chill of the water."

There was a buzz of questions in Livingston's brain, but he did not ask them. How came it that Strongheart had such command of English? What was the personal history of the man whose thoughts seemed to be those of civilization, and who yet was manifestly a dweller in the wilderness? How did he live? What was his occupation? And so on; but Livingston found himself possessed by diffidence. He could not question this man as if he were a child, or an untutored savage like Dossegay and Joe. There was something in Strongheart's manner, even when he sat undisguised by garments of civilization, or savagery, which forbade anything that smacked of inquisitiveness. Livingston could only guess what it was, for he was young and little given to analysis; but he observed the sombre cast of Strongheart's features, and he suspected unexpressed offense at some of the things which the white man had said.

"I made a break pretty nearly every time I spoke of Indians," thought Livingston, ruefully, "and I suppose that makes him tired."

As there seemed to be no other way to account for the Indian's silence, Livingston decided that it would be the safest policy to refrain from opening a conversation. So he covertly watched the man, for the Indian fascinated him more now than at the begin-

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ning, and, as he looked, Livingston began to be impressed by the singular nobility of Strongheart's features. Often enough he had heard the phrase, "The noble red man," uttered always in a tone of humorous disparagement, and not once had it occurred to him to question what was the origin of the phrase, or whether it had any serious justification. Certainly until now he had never seen an Indian who deserved it, but Strongheart, so far as appearances went, fulfilled the demands of the characterization. His forehead was broad and high, his nose aquiline and large enough to be an element of strength in the composition of his face, mouth and chin were of classic mold, the cheeks, despite the high bone, were rounded, and the man's eyes, severe, almost morose in repose, softened wonderfully when he smiled, and suggested an exceptionally affectionate nature.

"He's a stunner," was Livingston's conclusion, and doubtless no other summary could tell as much with as much accuracy and brevity.

Mukwa occupied himself in replenishing the fire, turning the drying garments, and paying visits of critical inspection to the canoe. At length, evidently obedient to a brief suggestion from Strongheart, he went into the woods whence he returned shortly with two freshly cut poles about seven feet in length. Then he brought boughs of tamarack, cedar, and balsam, and laid them, with the rifles, across the poles so as to form a litter. Strongheart put on all his clothes, except his coat, which he reserved for a pillow, laying it over Livingston's imperfectly dried garments

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"It's time to go," said the Indian. "It will be slow work, and you may not be able to stand it without resting pretty often. But I think we can get there before dark."

"You mustn't stop to rest on my account," Livingston responded; "it's humiliating to have to go on a litter."

"Can't be helped," said Strongheart, and, without further ado, he lifted the white man to the fragrant bed.

Mukwa took the foot and walked ahead. "Are you easy?" asked Strongheart, looking straight down into Livingston's eyes from his position at the head of the litter.

"Yes, indeed!" Livingston answered gratefully. "It couldn't be better. You've turned my accident into a luxury. I'm only sorry for you men."

"You needn't be. You'd do the same for us."

The way led for at least three quarters of the distance continuously upward, and always in the woods. There was no conversation. Whenever Mukwa wanted to rest, he simply stopped, and the carriers lowered the litter to the ground with the utmost care. It was apparent that Mukwa's need of resting was not for want of breath or muscular endurance, but hunger for his pipe, which had not been out of his mouth from the moment Livingston first saw him until the journey began. Even then he tried to smoke and carry too, but he was unable to keep the tobacco alight; so, the moment the litter was on the ground, out came a match, sometimes the bowl was refilled,

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and there followed a period of placid enjoyment until Strongheart uttered a short word that the invalid interpreted correctly enough as "Move on," and the journey was resumed.

The end came quite suddenly. Livingston had closed his eyes in his effort to suppress any sign of pain or fatigue, and when a slight change in his position, and the quicker pace of the carriers occurred, he opened them and looked around. (He saw the blue level of a broad lake dotted with islands and bounded by green hills; a little way ahead, where there was a narrow, clear space between the forest and the shore, was a semicircle of tepees, wigwams, and rude huts of bark and boughs; fires were smoldering before these dwellings, and here and there were groups of men, seated on the ground, smoking; at the margin of the lake some young women were washing camp utensils; near them sat older women, shawls drawn up over their heads, apparently watching the dying light upon the lake.) From somewhere came a sudden shrill cry, and then a confusion of children's voices; the young women suspended their work and turned toward the carriers; the old women turned their heads; one man arose from a group, looked, and pointed; another stood up, then another, and presently the whole population of the village moved slowly to meet the carriers, except the children, who ran fast and shouted as they came.

CHAPTER III

THE CAMERA FIEND

It seemed to Livingston that few if any questions were asked, and yet that the curiosity of the people was aroused to an extraordinary degree, and that a great crowd blocked the way. His head spun, and he was not sure of his impressions. Mukwa promptly took advantage of the press in front to put down his end of the litter, regardless of a sharp exclamation from Strongheart; and, once his hands were free, he spoke not a word, but set his pipe going. Strongheart let down his end of the litter, perforce, and just then the crowd of dark faces, young and old, men and women, parted to make room for a patriarchal figure, a man of great stature and rugged features, whose sparse hair, falling to his shoulders, was snow white. He looked sharply at the man on the litter, and spoke in a quick, incisive way to Strongheart, who answered briefly, but manifestly with sufficient thoroughness, for Livingston heard his own name in the rush of unfamiliar syllables; and then the patriarch gave a command which Mukwa and Strongheart obeyed at once. The litter was picked up and carried past several dwellings to a large conical structure of birch bark in the middle of the semicircle.

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"That is my father, Chief Kiwetin," said Strongheart, on the way. "He makes you his guest."

"I thought so," Livingston responded feebly. He wished the tedious journey were at an end, and bitterly begrudged the last few paces to the wigwam.

He was presently set down in the dark, fragrant dwelling, and Strongheart lifted him from the litter to a bed which seemed the perfection of comfort, for, though, like the litter, it was made mainly of boughs, it was better made, and there were blankets to give it similarity to the familiar beds at home. Most of all, it gave such a sense of permanency and rest; no more jolting, no more sudden changes of position. The triangular doorway was darkened by dusky faces peering in, but none entered save Strongheart, the Chief, and Mukwa. The latter went away at once, and nobody troubled to ask him questions. Chief Kiwetin sat on the ground and passed his fingers over Livingston's ankles.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

"Like the devil!" said the sufferer.

There followed a brief conversation with Strongheart in Ojibway. "He says," said Strongheart, "that if it was his affair, he would have the medicine woman right away."

"Medicine woman!" echoed Livingston, "I thought it was medicine man among your people."

"We have both. It is for you to say."

There was unmistakable coldness in Strongheart's tone. Evidently he had read in Livingston's remark the traditional contempt of the paleface for red man

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doctoring. "Another break!" groaned Livingston, silently, and aloud he said as earnestly as possible, "Strongheart, I am in your hands absolutely. I shouldn't have the power to say anything if it hadn't been for you. I couldn't get a white doctor to look after me inside of three days at the least, even if I wanted to, and I don't want to. Please understand that I am not only ordinarily grateful, but appreciative—there's a distinction, you know—and I want you to do whatever your good judgment dictates."

Strongheart's face lighted with a smile of pleasure. He made no spoken comment, but turned to the Chief, who, without waiting for an interpretation of Livingston's words, slipped to the wigwam door and called in Ojibway. Other voices joined in an unintelligible chatter. There was a constant shifting of curious faces at the door. Somebody came in and set a chip fire going in the middle of the wigwam. Presently a woman pattered softly to the bedside and examined Livingston's feet. "She asks how you feel?" said Strongheart. "There's some pain, and I'm faint," said Livingston. He was impatient for something to be done, and he pulled himself together with an effort to avoid delirium. He tried to extract amusement from the situation, wondering if he would be treated to an exorcism of evil spirits with the beating of the tom-tom in the traditional Indian manner. What a letter that would make to Dorothy! He tried to imagine himself describing the ceremony in a humorous way, so that she might get all the fun of it without any of the anxiety. Surely her sweet sympathy

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would be with him if she knew what had happened, and was even now happening. If only she could be wafted into the wigwam, so that he might hear her voice, and feel her soft hand on his brow! Glorious dream! He shut his eyes that it might take more definite shape.

"Eh? What?" said Livingston, for he was dimly aware that Strongheart had spoken.

"She says there are no bones broken."

"I suppose that's good news. What's she going to do?"

There was no verbal response, but he felt moist bandages wound upon his ankles and drawn tight, and he marveled at the deftness of touch, the evident skill with which the work was done. Strongheart lifted his head and held a cup to his lips. Ah! how refreshing it was in spite of the bitter flavor! "I'd like some more of the same," gasped the sufferer, as he was laid back on the bed. "By and by, if necessary," said Strongheart; and then the chatter of the people outside grew faint, the light of the wigwam fire dimmed, and Livingston knew only the things that come and go in sleep.

It was daylight when he awoke and recognized a voice just without the wigwam.

"Frank! Frank Nelson!" he called excitedly.

"Hello!" came a stentorian reply. There was a momentary darkening of the doorway, and a splendid specimen of wholesome, young American manhood hurried in and grasped Livingston's hand. "Dick, old man!" he cried, his face beaming with delight.

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Manifestly his heart swelled with millions of words which got in each other's way, for he dropped down beside the bed and smiled steadfastly at his comrade. If he had been a girl—but he wasn't, and the lump in his throat was successfully swallowed.

"I s'pose you were anxious about me," suggested Livingston.

"Anxious to beat the band," Nelson assured him, "and you're not to talk about it now. It's all right, Dick. All you've got to do is to keep quiet."

"Not talk about it!" Livingston protested indignantly. "What's the use of being alive if I can't talk? You don't mean to say that that Indian medicine woman is so modern that she's advised that her patient be kept quiet?"

"No, Dick. That's Steve's dope, and mine. He feared you might be in danger of fever—"

"I'm in danger of nothing but starvation. Bring Steve in here and see what he thinks now."

Nelson went to the door and called, "Oh! Steve!" and a moment later a man who might be anywhere from fifty to sixty-five years old came slowly in. His face was as rugged and dark as an Indian's, but his eyes were blue. Winterton was quite as genuine a product of the wilderness as the Indians themselves, and current report had it that there was a strain of Indian blood in him from two or three generations back. Be that as it might, no Indian excelled him in knowledge of forest life, and much of the country itself, far to the north, he knew better than did the aboriginal inhabitants. He was born in Ojibway

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land, the son of a Hudson's Bay Company factor, and he had been himself a factor until his post was abandoned in recent years. Winterton has said that he never saw a rowboat until he was more than forty years old. He never seemed to hurry, but his arms were untiring when he sat in the canoe, his long legs never rested when on the tramp, and though there was an almost constant twinkle of good humor in his blue eyes, it was seldom that he contributed to the joviality of the camp at night; and a long succession of sportsmen from the States who had employed him as guide, had pumped him in vain for stories of his exploits.

"I understand you've been a great moose hunter," said one of his patrons, on an occasion when it seemed as if the veteran woodsman were on the point of relaxing and giving some account of himself.

"I dunno," he answered reflectively. "I never killed a moose for sport, but I've had to shoot a many for food and the skins. I tried once to count 'em up. I got as far as sixty, 'n' then found I wasn't sure I hadn't counted one bull twice, 'n' I got so mixed I give it up. But that brought it to several years before the last moose I shot."

"The total would probably be quite a hundred, then, wouldn't it?"

"Mebbe," and Winterton pulled unemotionally at his pipe. Apparently nothing had ever happened when he killed a moose. So far as he could be induced to tell of it, he would have occasion for one of those sombre dwellers in the forest, whereupon he

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would go forth, find one and shoot him. That was all. No clever sounding of the moose-horn, no arduous pursuit on snow-shoes, no tale of emergency, and the unerring aim by which he never failed to put the bullet in the right spot. A dry fellow, Winterton; his patrons had always given him up in despair, but not one of them had ever failed to recommend him to his friends, or to re-employ him if good fortune took him again to Ojibway land.

"Dick seems to believe that his think-tank is all right, Steve," said Nelson, and then, turning to the invalid, "How are your poor old feet, Dick?"

"I am conscious that they are still attached to my legs," was Livingston's solemn reply, "by which I apprehend that they are not quite normal."

Nelson nodded in a satisfied way. "It echoes emptily of the classroom," said he, "but it doesn't seem to be dangerous. Is it, Steve?"

Winterton squatted beside the bed and laid his hand on Livingston's brow. Then he felt his pulse. "You've come out of it right lucky," he said. "Hungry?"

"I could eat my shoes."

"You won't have to."

He went to the door and said a few words in Ojibway. Then he returned to the bed and sat on the floor. "Ye give me a good scare, young man," said he, gravely.

"I suppose I did," Livingston responded with proper remorse in his tone, "but, I say! it was worth it for making me acquainted with Strongheart.

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By Jove! Frank, there's a fellow you must know."

"I've already talked with him," said Nelson. "We got his account of the affair when we got in last night."

"Well, isn't he the most impressive man you ever met? I never saw anybody who interested me so. I'd like to ask a load of questions about him, perhaps Steve can answer them, but, you know, there's something about him that kind of shuts you up from inquiring of him^{new} about himself. It was funny, but when I first waked up after he got me out of the river, I thought he was a white man, like Steve, you know, browned by outdoor life. It took my breath away to find that he was an Indian. And son of the Chief, too! It makes me feel like a discoverer. Come, Frank, what do you think of him?"

"I should say straightaway that Strongheart's all right," Nelson answered. "He interests me much as he does you, though, of course, I've had no such opportunity as you had to get a line on him. But, talking of impressiveness, Strongheart isn't in it with our own Dossegay. Ha! how do you suppose I felt when I saw a naked savage running at me from the woods?"

"Tell me about it. Didn't you laugh when you knew who 'twas?"

"Hardly. Steve had just come back, and he was white at the gills from what I had to tell him about you. 'He'll be lying on the shallows just below the pool,' said Steve. Perhaps your imagination is equal to grasping how that made me feel. I had my camera

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in my hands ready to pose Steve for a picture I'd thought out, and I was gaping at him, unable to speak, while he was hustling things together for a hurried departure, when I heard the sound of running steps, and, supposing it was Joe coming back, I looked around. Holy cat! there was that vision of primitive savagery loping toward me from the woods as if he meant to have my scalp before I could say my prayers. I tell you, Dick, what with the shock about your unworthy self, and the terrifying nature of Dossegay's appearance, my blood simply froze, and I think my hair would have offered a mighty good hold for the scalper. I didn't recognize Dossegay, and I don't believe 'twould have made any difference if I had. How should I know what madness had seized the natives? Why shouldn't I suppose that this undressed warrior was only the forerunner of a bloodthirsty party? I tell you, I was plain scared, and up to date I'm not ashamed to own it."

"Blamed if I blame you," said Livingston.

"You hain't telled him what you done," suggested Winterton, with a grin.

Nelson laughed a little sheepishly. "I s'pose I've got to," he said. "It's between ourselves, and now that it's all over—well, there was a fraction of a second when I was already scalped, burned at the stake, and my appetizing remains picked by the crows. Then my mind got busy, and so did the rest of me. I let out a yell that should have discomfited a whole tribe of savages, and my thoughts leaped to my rifle which, as luck would have it, was leaning against the

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tent within arm's length; but, luckily for Dossegay, I had another idea, simultaneously, you understand. Here was I with my camera all charged for a shot, and such an opportunity! You know how quickly the mind acts, Dick. I wasn't over the first shock of terror at sight of the oncoming aborigine, before I had reckoned that I could get a picture of him and still have time to shoot him before he got to me."

Livingston began to chuckle. "The ruling passion," said he.

"That's all right, laugh away," Nelson retorted. "I can see the humor of it in retrospect. Anyhow, I up with the camera, sighted and snapped just as the warrior, stripped for the fray, yelling, as I thought, a battle cry, burst from the cover of the foliage. Then I laid down the camera and grabbed the rifle. Do you know, I got that blamed instrument of slaughter half way to my shoulder, and in one second more there would have been a hole in Dossegay, when, biff! an avalanche hit the side of my head so that my ears ring with it yet. My rifle dropped to the ground, and I sprawled full length beside it. I wasn't stunned, oh no! I was enough awake to hear our venerable friend here say, 'Ye damn fool, he says Livingston's alive!' You see, luckily again for Dossegay, Steve had been startled by my yell. He got into action without preliminary parley and saved me from being the hero of a tragedy and Dossegay from being the victim of it. I tell you, there was nothing slow about Steve on that occasion."

"Couldn't be," protested Winterton, mildly, while

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he grinned in agreeable contemplation of the scene that Nelson recalled. "I've seen young men from the States too ready with their guns before. I didn't go fer to knock ye down, as I said at the time, but I jist had to prevent murder, and I s'pose I wasn't pertickler 'bout weighing my fist," and Winterton continued to grin amusedly.

"Oh! if only I could have seen it!" sighed Livingston.

"I'd like to see that pictur' when it's prented," said Winterton.

Nelson assured him that he should have a copy.

"I s'pose you recognized Dossegay, didn't you, Steve?" suggested Livingston.

"Hm-hm, and I hearn what he said."

"So did I," said Nelson, "and that's all the good it did me. If I had heard Dick's name in the course of Dossegay's yell, I might not have been quite so foolish. I'm not sure, but anyhow, I didn't hear it. What do you suppose he called you, Dick?"

"Why ask me to guess, if he didn't use my name?"

"Well, sir, prepare to sit up! That bronze Mercury alluded to you as nothing less than 'The Chief.'"

"Chief! Me?" and Livingston turned a dubiously inquiring look at Winterton.

"What he said," Winterton replied, "was '*Ogema bimadad*.' That means 'The Chief lives.' It was the quickest way he could tell the news he was bringing. The Ojibways often say '*ogema*' where we would say boss, or employer."

"Just the same, you've been dubbed chief," said Nelson. "Ogema! think of it. Big Chief Livingston!"

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I shall see that all Columbia is informed of your distinction."

"Better be shy of that, Frank. But, go on with your story. That isn't all of it, is it?"

"Well, what followed was anti-climax. We had no longer tears to shed over your untimely demise, so that all my emotion was thrown away, and I could return to the exercise of my normal sensibilities, which proceeded at once to be violently shocked at Dossegay's unconventional garb. If he'd only had a plug hat, or an umbrella, but moccasins, *hoc et praeterea nihil*, was simply too much, or too little, rather, for my native prudery, and I proceeded to correct the deficiency. You've had a good deal to say about my tenderfootedness in including a suit of pajamas in my camp outfit. Useless encumbrance, said you. Ever after this, hold your peace on the subject. I got 'em out, made Dossegay put 'em on, and, thus clad, when Joe got back from his exploring expedition, he guided us to this village where we arrived about an hour after you dropped to sleep."

"Dossegay in pajamas!" exclaimed Livingston, shaking with laughter. "I'd like to bet one other thing happened. A thousand to one you photographed him in that get-up."

"You win," Nelson admitted, whereupon Livingston shrieked.

Just then Joe came in with coffee and bacon, and other things agreeable to a starving man, and Livingston, propped up with blankets and skins, applied himself to breakfast.

CHAPTER IV

IMPRESSIONS OF SOANGETAHA

During the meal, Nelson told Livingston how Winterton and the Indians had set up their tents at the end of the village semicircle, and Livingston wondered if he ought to have himself moved there. Steve vetoed this suggestion promptly.

"You're Kiwetin's guest," said he, "and the old man would feel badly if you should quit. Of course you can do so 'f you like, and the Indians will keep on being good to ye, but—"

"That settles it," Livingston interposed. "If they will let me stay here, I'd rather. Horses couldn't drag me out. Guest of a chief! Ha! it's something worth thinking of. The only thing I thought was that I might be crowding the place."

"Don't look so, does it?" asked Winterton, letting his eyes roam over the roomy wigwam. "This would accommodate a dozen men, an' they'd be lonesome at that. Eighteen would be comfortable, an' 'f 'twas pushed you could get twenty-four in here an' still have room fer the fire an' trappings."

"It's certainly big enough, but I supposed the Chief had a family to correspond."

"No. Kiwetin has only his son, Soangetaha. The old man's squaw died a couple years ago. There was

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daughters, but they're all married. So him an' the boy live here alone, 'cept when the's visitors, which ain't seldom. Indians are mighty fond of visitors."

"I'm here to stay, then; but say, Steve, tell me about Strongheart. You know all about him, don't you?"

"Well, I've watched him grow up."

"What—" But the question had to be postponed, for at the moment Chief Kiwetin and Strongheart came in. Kiwetin went straight to the bed with outstretched hand.

"Bozho, bozho, bozho, bozho," said he, cheerfully, and added several other "bozhos," the universal word both of greeting and farewell among the Ojibways. Then, when Livingston grasped his hand, he said in English, "You look pretty well," to which he added something in Ojibway, with a side glance at his son.

Strongheart also shook hands, and his face was bright with pleased smiles, but he suppressed his own greeting in favor of translating the Chief's words. "My father hopes that you had a good sleep."

"Splendid!" Livingston answered. "The night passed like a flash. I remember nothing of it, which must speak well for the bed. Tell your father that I thank him for letting me come in here."

It was Kiwetin who responded, "You are welcome to stay as long as you like."

Livingston was surprised, for the old man's dependence upon Strongheart's services as interpreter had led him to suppose that he knew but a few phrases of English. It was on the tip of his tongue to make

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some ingenuous comment, and it would have been unmistakably complimentary, but memory of his "breaks" of the day before restrained him, and he contented himself with saying, "Thank you again, sir."

Kiwetin sat on a bed across the wigwam, and Strongheart took his place on another. The Chief drew forth his pipe and lighted it, methodically, quite as if he had settled himself for a long day of idleness. Joe looked in and, seeing that Livingston had finished breakfast, entered unceremoniously and removed the dishes.

"Your canoe is all right again," said Strongheart.

"So?" exclaimed Livingston, again surprised. "How do you know? Where is it?"

"Here. Mukwa went after it as soon as you had been put to bed last night."

"You don't say! 'Way back there for the canoe? Not alone?"

"Alone. He brought it in before midnight, and by sunrise he was pitching it. It's all right for use now."

"I never seen a man so fond of a canoe as Mukwa," said Winterton.

"All Ojibways are fond of canoes," said Strongheart, gravely. "Why shouldn't they be? What is so useful? Not even the caribou can equal the canoe. You have put many an hour, yourself, Steve, into mending broken canoes."

"I have," the woodsman admitted.

Livingston noted Strongheart's quick jumping to the defensive. To the white man's apprehension nothing had been said that could possibly wound a

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reasonable man, and yet there was that in Strongheart's tone as well as his words, to suggest that he was, if not hurt, suspicious that Winterton meant to slight him and his people in some way. Livingston was disturbed. He looked covertly at Winterton to observe whether he were affected by the young Indian's almost aggressive manner. The woodsman's face was as impassive as that of the stolidest red man, and he pulled away at his pipe quite as if the exercise were one of duty. A period of silence followed that was embarrassing to Livingston. At length the Chief spoke in Ojibway, and Strongheart translated.

"My father says he fears you may be disturbed by a council that is to be held today. Some men are coming to talk over a plan for buying a part of our lands, and the debate will take place just at the door of the wigwam, if the weather is pleasant; inside if it rains."

"Do you mean that I'll be in the way?" asked Livingston, anxiously.

"Not at all."

"The talk might keep you awake," said the Chief.

"I'd rather stay, if I may. I never saw an Indian council."

More Ojibway from the Chief, which Strongheart explained as leaving the matter wholly to Livingston. Nelson asked if he might remain in the wigwam also during the council, and the Chief himself answered at once, "Yes; why not?" So that was agreeably settled, and there was another period of smoke and silence. Again Kiwetin opened conversation. "You

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come from the States?" he asked. The question was directed impartially at both white visitors, but the Chief's eyes chanced to meet those of Nelson, who replied, "Yes, New York. I am from New York City, and Dick, here, is from Albany, though both of us belong in New York City at present, for we are students at Columbia College."

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, tranquilly.

Livingston's eyes were on Strongheart, and he was struck by a sudden and remarkable change in his expression. The grave repose, which is so often interpreted as Indian stolidity, gave way to flashing eyes, a perceptible tightening of the lips, that made him look almost like another man. Livingston actually thrilled at the suggestion of hardly restrained passion in Strongheart's glance at him, which was hastily averted, and he wondered feverishly what it meant. It might have been hatred for everybody white, so intense was it. Strongheart seemed conscious of an undue manifestation of feeling, for his brow contracted slightly, and he screened his eyes by looking at the ground.

"We're up here just for a little fishing and hunting where the fish and game haven't been cleaned out," added Nelson, by way of friendly encouragement to talk.

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin.

"Steve, here, was taking us to a lake which he said no paleface had visited, when Dick tried to kill himself by shooting the rapids," Nelson continued, and the Chief again said "Yes, yes," as if in benignant appro-

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bation of the venture. Nelson found himself helpless in the silence that followed, but it did not endure long before a woman paused at the door and looked in doubtfully. It was the medicine woman, Kiwetin's sister, as the visitors learned later, and, at the Chief's prompt command, she entered. By daylight she appeared to be a well preserved, portly squaw, much younger than the Chief, and, despite her professional standing, palpably embarrassed in the presence of the whites. There was a self-conscious smirk on her face as she went to Livingston's bed and drew away the covering from his feet. Not once did she look him in the eyes. Hesitatingly at first, and then with growing confidence, she unwound the bandages. She had no need to invite observation of the effects of her treatment, for Kiwetin crossed the wigwam and looked, Winterton laid down his pipe and bent over the bed, and Strongheart put his head close to the others. Livingston's interest in the scene was greater than in his own condition, and, at the risk of disturbing the inspection, he raised himself to see, not so much his injured members, as the grave party at the bedside. Nelson looked on, too, but, feeling himself somewhat an outsider, he was content to stand while the others knelt. There was an exchange of observations in Ojibway, in which Winterton took part. The medicine woman put on fresh bandages, and stood up; Winterton took his former position and resumed his pipe; Strongheart went back to the bed that had been his seat across the wigwam.

"She done her work well," said Winterton.

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"Do they all agree to that?" asked Livingston, finding it almost impossible to repress manifestation of the entertainment the scene gave him.

"Hm-hm," assented Winterton.

"How soon do they think I can walk?"

Strongheart interpreted this question to the medicine woman, and, when she had answered, "She says that you can walk as soon as the feet are well."

"Thank you," said Livingston, with perfect gravity; and he wondered whether any white physician could have framed a more professionally evasive answer.

Then Chief Kiwetin and the medicine woman went out.

Winterton remarked that in all his experience he had never met a better Indian doctor than Wabunequay, which was the medicine woman's name.

"Then you think I'll have a speedy recovery?" asked Livingston.

"'Twont be long 'f you keep quiet."

"I've got to see Mukwa about some work," said Strongheart, rising, and he crossed the wigwam to shake hands with the invalid. "You'll have to be patient, Livingston," he said. "In a day or two, if you like, Mukwa and I will take you out on the lake in a big canoe, and perhaps you can do some fishing."

"It's mighty kind of you to think of that, Strongheart," said Livingston, quickly, as he gave the Indian's hand a hard grip. "I shall be tickled to death to go just as soon as the medicine woman says I can. Thanks, old chap, the sooner the better."

Strongheart's face glowed with childlike delight

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during Livingston's little speech, but he said no more and went his way.

"That fellow's a beaut, when he's pleased, isn't he?" said Nelson, watching the retreating figure striding down to the margin of the lake.

Livingston ignored his chum. "I'm glad he's gone!" he exclaimed. "I couldn't hold in my questions a second longer. Come Steve! Open up, and tell us all about him."

Winterton took his pipe from his mouth and stared in good-natured perplexity at his eager patron. "Why," said he, in that difficult way of his that suggests, to those who know, the progress of a load of logs over a rough trail in Winter, "I dunno 's much 's all that. He's a good feller, Soangetaha is. There's them as thinks he's sp'iled, but I dunno. I've allus stuck to it that he'll come out right yit."

"Spoiled!" cried Livingston, indignantly. "Good Lord! I never saw a man who seemed less like it. Who says he's spoiled?"

"His people. Some on 'em."

"Why, I'd like to know?"

"'Cause he's eddicated."

Livingston was speechless for a moment with indignation. Then, "Is it possible," he demanded, "that his people are so blind, or stupid, or prejudiced, or just plain savage, that they can't appreciate him? Why! he's an ornament and an honor to his race!"

"Mebbe," said Winterton, noncommittally.

"You seem to be in doubt yourself, yet you said he wasn't spoiled."

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Winterton knocked the ashes from his pipe. If he must be involved in argument, it was useless to try to smoke, too. "Well, you see," he responded, "what I say is, he's got it in him all right, but tain't out yit, not so's to satisfy his people, an' make him useful, an' make them trust him. Tain't all onesided, though. The's some as look to him to be the chief when Kiwetin dies, an' they hold stubborn to the idee that Soangetaha will be a great chief. Black Eagle's one on 'em. You hain't seen him yit, but you will, 'cause he's likely to be to the council."

"What does Black Eagle say? Who is he?"

"He's one of the council. Kind of sub-chief. He's a real old-time Indian if the's one left anywheres, and as sech he ain't agin eddication, only he wants to see something come outen it, an' he ain't full satisfied yit with Soangetaha. But he sticks to his faith in him, though."

Livingston scowled, for the woodsman mystified rather than enlightened him. "How does Strongheart himself feel?" he asked.

"Can't say, 'cause he never told me. I hearn him once argyfyng with Kiwetin an' some of the other old uns. He was playin' up civilization as the real thing, an' they was tellin' him to bring it on, an' show 'em, an' he couldn't make good, 'cept to wear clothes that ain't Ojibway, 'n' talk things they can't understand." Winterton paused a moment, but Livingston said nothing, for it was as plain as could be that the woodsman's brain was struggling with the problem involved in expressing just what he felt. "Seems to

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me," he resumed, "that Soangetaha's got what you might call the civilization fever. He's be'n to school, 'n' had a taste o' city life, or something like it compared to what's here, an' now he's back (he's kind o' like a man in the middle o' the week looking both ways fer Sunday.)"

"Well, by mighty!" cried Livingston, "he belongs in civilization. What do you think, Frank?"

"I must say he seems out of place here," Nelson replied.

"It is hard," said Winterton, reflectively, as if he had not heard the others. "He's all Indian, and he's had a sight at white-man ways—a durned sight mor'n I have. Now I'm satisfied to stick to the bush, but I ain't Indian. It's my choice. Soangetaha hain't got no choice, 'n' with his fever on, it's dum hard, I reckon, fer him to give up the books, 'n' fine clo'es, 'n' whatever it is that makes the cities pleasant to him, 'n' git down to the sod agin. Reckon he's kind o' half baked."

The woodsman resumed his pipe, and Livingston immediately made an announcement. "The one way to get at this," he said, "is to talk straight to Strongheart, and I'm going to do it."

"That's right enough," Winterton responded. "He's tackled to you boys as I never seen him do to any others. I ruther think he'll talk to you. Most Indians are dum slow in the talking line, slower'n I be, unless they gets worked up among themselves. Then they talk each other deaf. But Soangetaha, he's dif-runt."

CHAPTER V

THE USELESSNESS OF EDUCATION

"The sooner I get at this the better," said Livingston, in such tone of conviction as would have been inspired by the most desperate emergency. "What's he doing now?"

Winterton remarked as he went to the door, "You won't gain time by trying to hurry an Indian," and then reported that Strongheart seemed to be occupied with Mukwa in pitching a big canoe. "Reckon," added Winterton, "he's getting ready to take you out on the lake."

"Well," said Livingston, impetuously, "that's a highly worthy occupation, and it shows all the more how much he deserves from me anything I can do for him, but the canoe can wait. And as for hurrying an Indian, if Strongheart is so far civilized as you think, he can stand being hurried. If he can't stand a straight talk, the sooner I know it the better, for then I shan't be interested in him any more. Tell him to come in, Steve."

"Civilization don't change a man's skin," said Winterton, rather cryptically. He removed his pipe to say it, as if to let his tolerant smile take the

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sting from his observation, and, without waiting for a retort, strode slowly toward the shore, where Strongheart and Mukwa were at work.

"Dick," said Nelson, "don't you think you'd better tackle Strongheart alone? Wouldn't you rather? You mustn't think I'm not interested, for I am; so much so that I believe I ought to sacrifice my interest and clear out, lest my presence should hinder the fellow from talking freely."

"Why! do you think it would do that?"

"It might. With all his civilization, he's still an Indian, and he may be shy of strangers. He's been a blamed sight closer to you than to me, and so might open up to you. It's just this, Dick: my presence is an unnecessary risk. See him alone, and tell me about it afterward."

"There's something in that, Frank. All right, run away and play with your camera for a while."

"I will. There's a pappoose on a board swinging from a tree just behind the village. I've got to get that picture before the chance is gone."

Nelson was hardly out of the way before Strongheart appeared at the door. "Want to see me, Livingston?" he asked.

"Yes, come in, please. I want to ask a favor of you, Strongheart."

The Indian's eyes glowed with pleasure. "Anything in my power, Livingston," said he.

"It's in your power, all right, all right. I want you to tell me about yourself. Now, don't jump into your trunk and shut the lid after you," as he ob-

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served the Indian's eyes contract, and his expression revert to the immovable gravity characteristic of his race. "I'm not asking out of vulgar curiosity. Seems to me you must know that already, even if it was only yesterday that you introduced yourself by dipping me out of the brook. I feel a tremendous interest in you. I suppose it's because you're different from any Indian I ever saw. Anyhow—I'm going to be blunt, and if it hurts I'm sorry; but it can't be helped, for bluntness will show exactly what I mean, and I don't want any misunderstanding. The point is, Strongheart, you seem to be awfully out of place. You're no savage—"

"My people are not savages," Strongheart interrupted resentfully.

"Sure they're not, old chap; but neither are they educated men like yourself."

"Yes, that's the difference you allude to. Education! What good does it do? It makes the difference. And of what use is that?"

"Well," said Livingston, somewhat staggered, "I might put up an argument on that if I had time to prepare it, but I must say I'm not ready for it off-hand. Do you mean to say that you deny the value of education?"

"Why shouldn't I? Has it done me any good to get a glimpse of things I can never attain? Does the smattering of Latin drummed into me at school make me a better or a wiser man here?"

He stood up when he began to speak, and as he

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concluded he swung both arms out in a magnificent, comprehensive gesture.

"Latin!" exclaimed Livingston, "you know Latin?"

"I can conjugate *pugno* and decline *hasta*."

"My paradigms were *amo* and *mensa*," said the white man.

"So were mine, and they were appropriate to your level of civilization. Fighting words fit my condition better. So I remember them."

He spoke with intense bitterness, and his expression suggested unutterable rebellion. Livingston was awed. "I think," he said slowly, and without a trace of his first impetuous eagerness, "that I can understand how Latin is of no service to you, but education generally—surely you must prize it. The very fact that it distinguishes you from your fellow men, sets you apart and above them, must be a satisfaction. Isn't it, now?"

Strongheart waited a bit before replying, and Livingston inferred that he was struggling to master himself. "It sets me apart, but not above them," he said presently. "We can't understand each other, Livingston, unless you take into account my circumstances, and you can't do so because you are more ignorant of Indian life than I am of the white man's. I am blunt, too, you see."

"You can make me understand your circumstances, old chap."

"Perhaps I can. You said I seemed out of place, and that means that you see the general fact. Can

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you understand what a horrible jealousy I felt when your friend told my father that you were college students? Before then I had been jealous of my race, reading into everything you said the white man's ordinary slur upon my people. So far as you and your friend were concerned, I really felt that what you said was due to simple ignorance, that you intended no slur, and I felt that I had a right to be on the same level with you, giving and taking just as you do among yourselves, but the habit of thought is strong, and, as you were strangers, I could not help resenting everything that might be twisted into a reflection on my people. For I am proud of them! Don't you let anything I say blind you to that fact. Their honesty, their courage, their devotion to each other, their entire absence of greed, aye, their history, fill me with pride! I see their traits the better for being a little apart, but I have seen the other life, that life that appeals to and demands a broader, more diversified intelligence, and that life I have learned to love. I had enough of it to arouse in me desires that I knew not before, and that never can be satisfied here. So, when Nelson spoke of college, all of a sudden those desires were stirred as if there were a tempest in my brain. A thousand thoughts came at once, and among them was one that I will tell you. I thought how a few hours before one of these superior white men was in my power, mine! I had to commit no act of hostility or treachery; I had but to stand still and let him save himself if he could; and that all his

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superiority was not equal to the peril that overwhelmed him; that the inferior redskin brought him back from death and enabled him to return presently to that large, diversified life; and that the cursed redskin would have to stay here and slowly stagnate, rot in the wilderness!"

"By mighty, Strongheart, you shan't do it! You must—"

"Wait, Livingston. I have been talking to myself more than to you, and have not yet shown you what education has done for me. You have seen so far just the froth on the surface. Let's get under that and see what's stewing there. A well meaning man, inspired by a good missionary, gave me my opportunity for schooling. Quite a number of people took turns in directing my studies. One was for teaching me plain things, what you call, I think, the three R's. So I learned to read and write, and solve problems in arithmetic. Another believed that I should be turned into a missionary, and I was befogged with theology. Another was sure that my talents deserved the higher education; hence my Latin, and my ability to find the value of x given a and b . And so it went until a person of supereminent wisdom perceived that what the Indian needed was manual training. His hands should be skilled in a trade whereby he might live. And so I was taught to make harnesses. My chief benefactor died. The others did not lack interest, perhaps, but they had other subjects, and, at all events, I was a harness-maker. So back I was sent to my people. Livingston: only one man in all the band over which

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my father is chief owns a horse. What have we dwellers in the forest to do with horses? Our meagre farms are ploughed by oxen, or the one horse is loaned out from plot to plot. What am I to do with my knowledge of harness-making? What shall I do with my Latin and my algebra? And even my writing; some Ojibways have occasion to write a letter once a year. I am their willing secretary, but what does it amount to? Surely I do not need to more than suggest the situation. What education has given to me is waste material for the life I must lead. Perhaps you think of my theology. I can only say that if ever I had dreamed of being a missionary, the theology that was crammed into me would have turned the dream into a nightmare. Do you begin to understand?

“What is it to me that I know something of the history of people who perished from the face of the earth before you whites knew that the Indian existed? What does it mean to me that the world teems with people who think things of which the Indian never dreamed? whose houses are put down to stay? whose every impulse is forward, to the attainment of ideals still beyond, who have learned the deepest secrets of Nature, who have harnessed the lightning, and made the boiling kettle do their work? What is it to me that these are the people who accomplish things, who rule the world, and yet whose refinement is, to the Indian’s, as the razor blade to the stone tomahawk? Education! It has opened my eyes, Livingston, to beautiful facts on the one hand, to the ugliest on the

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other. It has smoothed some of my rough edges, perhaps, and by so much unfitted me for Indian life. Better, far better, if I had been left in contented ignorance!"

"I can't believe it!" cried Livingston. "When a man's view has been broadened, it must be better for him."

"There may be some mysterious benefit to arise from it some time," said Strongheart, gloomily, "but surely you must admit the uselessness of my particular attainments."

"Yes, here, but you do not belong here, Strongheart. When man emerges from the—er—" it was on the tip of his tongue to say "savage," but he caught himself in time and said, "primitive state, he should stay on the level to which he has raised himself. I remember reading that Colonel Pratt, the head of the Indian school at Carlisle, said that ('if you would civilize the Indian, bring him into civilization and *keep him there,*' or something to that effect. I understand now what he meant. You are one of us, Strongheart, and I mean to see that you stay with us.")

The Indian, who had been standing half way across the wigwam during his bitter speech, strode to the bed and held out his hand. "Thank you," said he, his eyes glowing with gratitude and pride; "your generous intention is impossible of accomplishment, but it makes me eternally your friend that you should think of it."

"But why impossible?" urged Livingston. "Surely you are not a prisoner in the wilderness?"

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"Would you have me go to some city and seek employment as a harness-maker?"

"No; there must be something better for you than that."

"I can do nothing else—except such unskilled labor as any strong man can do. It is not that I object to work. I'd make harnesses, or load ships, if such labor brought the advantages that I see in your civilization. They do not. (I'd rather stay among my own people than herd with yours in their crowded tenements. Tell me, does the life of your laboring people seem in any way superior to ours?")

"Inferior, so far as I can see," said Livingston. "I confess I don't know much about the life of our working people, but, seen from the outside it is certainly sordid and narrow compared with the life here. The point is, Strongheart, you feel yourself qualified by Nature for something higher."

"Yes, but there's no use talking about it."

"Yes, there is! The next point is that you didn't go far enough in the education line."

"Certainly. A smattering of this and that—"

"Then you must finish your education. What's the matter with your entering Columbia? Frank and I could be a whole lot of use to you there."

Strongheart looked as if the suggestion took his breath away. The young white man's words gave to the alluring dream a distinctness of outline such as never had been the case with those longings that had risen in the Indian's mind without external suggestion; and Livingston's confident manner dangled the

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bait of possibility before the red man's hungering soul. For the moment it seemed to Strongheart that the dream might be realized, for what could not these white men do? Much as he may condemn, or affect to despise civilization, the observing Indian respects it, for he sees its power, and when a representative of the pale race wins the Indian's respect as an individual, he is, subconsciously to the Indian perhaps, a wizard in whose hands the very traditions of an unlettered people dissolve more readily than snow melts under the April sun. For, of all things open to Indian apprehension, his traditions are the most permanent. Knowledge slowly uproots superstition, the clean-cut, Christian myth supplants the vague doctrines of Indian polytheism, and eventually the traditions fade into memories recalled only with shamefaced amusement; (but by then the Indian's forests have disappeared before the pioneer, his hills have been leveled by the miner and road-maker, even his lakes have become unrecognizable with their smoking, shrieking fleets.)

"Come," said Livingston, as Strongheart stood transfixed with desire, "why shouldn't you? How old are you?"

"I'm not sure," Strongheart replied huskily; "twenty-four, I think."

"Well, there's many a 'Special' at Columbia older than that. It would be all right if you were forty. Now then!"

"It is impossible, Livingston. You do not yet understand. We are a patriarchal people. The govern-

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ment has told us to elect our chiefs, and we obey, but we elect whom we think right, and my people think the son of the Chief is he who should guide them. You asked if I were a prisoner in the wilderness? Perhaps that's the way to put it, for I am bound by the customs of my race. There is such a thing as obligation"—he spoke with unusual hesitancy, the effect, though Livingston guessed it not at the moment, of a powerful temptation. "My people expect me, with my superior education, to be wiser in their interests than were my fathers."

"Then," cried Livingston, "they must see that your services would be more valuable with more education."

"You can't make them think so. Many now feel, as I do, that I have too much. More would make me impossible in the wilderness, save as the white man comes here for recreation and amusement. No, I am bound to my people. I could not go to Columbia, and then return to them."

"Well," and Livingston hesitated a moment, deciding eventually not to utter the thought that Strongheart's argument suggested, for, to the white man, the obligations of Strongheart to his people were of less interest than the obligations of Strongheart to himself. Suppose the handsome young Indian did go back to civilization never to return; was it thinkable that the simple forest-dwellers would be any the worse? Hardly, for they would pursue their tranquil lives as before, lives in which, now that the days of Indian wars have gone, nothing happens from year to year save so many births, so many deaths, the color-

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less routine of an unprogressive community. So, "The cost wouldn't have to be counted, would it?" asked Livingston.

"We do not look like a wealthy people, do we?" Strongheart replied with a smile. "There is much land hereabout that is still ours, and the white man wants it. Some are coming today to talk sale. However, I can answer your question by saying that while the cost would have to be considered, it would not stay in the way—not of itself. You see, my people would regard it as an investment."

He looked steadfastly at Livingston, who returned his gaze as steadily. In their mood it was not wise for either to comment on the silent message that went from one to the other; not wise even for Livingston to say, "We understand each other"; for it was palpable to Livingston that the Indian was tempted by the glamor of the broader life to go to it and let his people do without him; and Livingston believed, with all the earnestness of clean-minded youth, that the future of the individual Indian was of more importance than the shadowy advantages that might accrue to his people in retaining him.

"I am going to talk with your father about it," said Livingston, decisively.

Strongheart smiled faintly, and then his face took on the characteristic gravity of his race. "You will not persuade him," said he. "The very mention of my father is enough to remind me how foolish I am even to dream of what you propose."

"That's all right," said Livingston, with undimin-

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ished confidence, "I'll put up a good argument at the first opportunity I get. Tell me, he doesn't need an interpreter, does he?"

"No more than I do, though, of course, there are many words he does not know, and he may make mistakes."

"I noticed that he spoke English readily enough, and yet he often said things in Ojibway for you to interpret. Was that with the idea of making you useful?"

"Oh, no. He would be sorry to make laughable errors, and when there is an interpreter at command, he won't trust himself. There are many Indians like him in that respect."

"Then I'll tackle him alone."

CHAPTER VI

THE SQUARE-DEALERS

Strongheart went back to the work which he and Mukwa had begun together, and his place was immediately taken by Nelson, who, having obtained a number of film presentments of babies and wigwam interiors, had been idling anxiously until the conference should be ended. "Well?" said he, by way of asking for a report.

"Frank," Livingston responded, "Strongheart is a great man!"

It was the sincere tribute of enthusiasm based on its own generous sentiment instead of on knowledge, fired not by the subject's deeds but by the passionate egotism of his speech. How much or little Strongheart deserved the encomium, Livingston was to learn by degrees, when occasion should arise for action, and he had not long to wait for a revelation of that sort; but at present he was as positive in his estimate of his new found friend as if the Indian's career had been under observation for a lifetime, for of such is hero worship, and such the glorious spontaneity of youth.

Nelson caught the infection mildly, and was properly interested when his chum outlined the conversa-

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tion and announced his plan of inducing the Chief to send Strongheart to Columbia.

"Will he do it?" he asked.

"Not if it isn't put up to him, and that's what I must do soon so as to give him plenty of time to think. He'll be slower than Strongheart, because he's less civilized, but he'll come to it. He's got to! You see, here I am, knocked out, useless to myself, and I propose to make it my business to save Strongheart to civilization."

"Missionary work," said Nelson. "Captain Dick Livingston, of the New Salvation Army, devoted especially to the preservation of semi-civilized aborig—"

"You be hanged! You couldn't laugh me out of this scheme even if you seriously tried to."

"Serious laughter?"

Livingston scorned to retort. "See where the Chief is," said he. "Perhaps you can send him in now."

Nelson surveyed the village from the wigwam door. "Guess you'll have to postpone the confab," he said. "The Chief and quite a crowd are at the shore watching a flotilla of three canoes away out on the lake. Probably they are bringing the men we have heard of who are coming to negotiate for some of the Indians' land."

"Hm," murmured Livingston, a little disappointed. "I suppose I shall have to wait till after the council. Meantime I'll write letters. Open my kit and get out my writing pad, will you, Frank?"

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They've got to be written sometime, you know," he concluded apologetically.

"Good idea," said Nelson, complying with alacrity. "It'll help you kill time. Must be awfully dull cooped up here."

"Hasn't been a dull minute yet, and I don't mean that there shall be. You mustn't think you've got to hang around here to coddle me, old fellow. What with letters, and my scheme for Strongheart, there's plenty to occupy my mind. Be a good fellow, now, and go out. There'll probably be a picture or two in the arrival of the flotilla. Perhaps the Indians will put up some sort of ceremony. You mustn't miss it."

"Thanks, Dick. I should feel just as you do if I were in your place, but are you quite sure you won't want anything for an hour or so?"

"I can yell if I do."

"Of course. Well, then, so long. And, by the way, Dick, as you've got so much time for it, why not save me one letter? Write to Dorothy, will you?"

"Dorothy?" echoed Livingston, who found it necessary to squint hard at the tip of his fountain pen.

"Yes. She'll take it kindly of you, I'm sure. She expects letters from me, and of course I ought to write her. You explain how busy I am getting pictures for her souvenir book. You might say you volunteered to write for me, or that I asked you, just as you like. Writing brotherly letters is such drudgery, you know. Will you?"

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Livingston looked up at his chum. There was no sparkle in Nelson's eyes, no twitching of his lips to suggest anything but entire seriousness in his request. "Yes," said Livingston, calmly, "I'll write to Dorothy."

"Thanks, old fellow. I'll add a postscript if you think it would be better."

"I guess it won't be necessary," said Livingston, and for a full minute after his chum's departure he stared at the spot where he had stood, wondering if it were possible that Nelson concealed a joke beneath his apparent earnestness. "How could he?" he queried silently. "Dorothy herself doesn't know, and, besides, it would be most unlike Frank to string a fellow on that subject, or do any joshing that could be regarded as offensive. He meant it. He simply can't get up interest enough in his own sister to write to her. If she were my sister, now, I'd bet—" but it was so obvious that Frank would adore Dorothy if she were not his sister, that Livingston forbore to state his wager.

He had recourse to the pocketbook, the loss of which had been the occasion of his misadventure in the Pangisibi, and so of his acquaintance with Strongheart, and took from it the letter which had seemed more valuable to him than his money. Many times he had pored over it since it came to him at the Soo. There was nothing in it that required study, nothing incomprehensible except the uplifting fact that Dorothy Nelson had condescended from her angelic state to write to such a commonplace mortal as

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himself; it was merely the friendly letter of a sensible girl to her worthy boy-friend, untinged by sentimentalism, devoid of gush—a wholesome, natural missive from one who had been a friend for three long years, an eternity at twenty-one; but it was the first letter that Frank Nelson's sister ever had written to Dick Livingston, and he studied it now as if love's exegesis might discover between the lines, if not in them, the reflection at least of the ardent love for her that had taken possession of him.

It was not such an easy task to write to Dorothy even if she were another fellow's sister, not in the beginning. God bless me! what hesitation over the purely conventional address! We (we old ones) "Dear Sir" the tradesman, and "Dear Madam," or "Dear Miss" the occasional correspondent, without a thought of the significance attaching literally to that initial word, but when it comes to using it in addressing a girl one really does regard as dear, it makes a difference, doesn't it—at twenty-one? It seems so preposterously daring, such an assumption of desirable but not confessed relationship, such a challenge to the maid's sensibilities. What if she should read in the conventional word the whole meaning with which it is really charged, and take offense? Oh, absurdity! delightful, wholesome absurdity!

Livingston had written the date line, "The Wilderness, July 20, 1901," and had poised his pen over the otherwise virgin sheet for many seconds, perhaps 'twa' minutes, before he took another spasmodic

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look at her letter. Sure enough, there it was, "Dear Dick," and so, with devilish boldness, he began "Dear Dorothy, I am writing in the wigwam of an Indian Chief," and proceeded then with sufficient fluency to write an unsentimental, wholesome letter, just such a letter as a sensible boy should write, and sometimes does, to a worthy girl friend.

Long before the letter was finished, the three canoes had brought the men who came to negotiate for land. There were five of these enterprising voyagers, all from across the line, and all strangers to Kiwetin and his tribesmen, except one, Tom Marsh, who had dealt with the Ojibways in one way and another for so many years that he had acquired some knowledge of their language. Either because he distrusted his proficiency, or because it was thought politic to have an Indian act as interpreter, the party included Pierre Larocque, a half-breed with whom everybody in Kiwetin's band was acquainted, although he owed Kiwetin no allegiance. Pierre was on the government roll as an Ojibway, and nominally was settled on a reservation far eastward, but he was seldom there, save on the days when the agent arrived to distribute the Indians' funds. Then Pierre appeared at the Council House with the rest, and waited with ill suppressed impatience for his share of the money. Some of his acquaintances asserted that he drew double pay from the government by posing under an assumed name as member of a distant tribe, and that his incessant journeying was due to the necessity of putting in periodical appear-

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ances at each reservation; but this is to be doubted, the allegation being probably an ingenuous tribute to Pierre's unusual perception of the value of money.

The white strain in him was responsible for a mania for bargaining, and seeking to gain money by a kind of effort which, to the self-deceived operator, is not work. If Pierre had been all white he would have been a promoter. He was not popular with the Indians, partly because of his mixed blood, but more because his honesty was in doubt. Methods which to his apprehension were simple matters of business, seemed to Kiwetin's people tainted with some manner of elusive obliquity. Whites who understood this were chary of engaging him as interpreter, but Pierre vaunted himself as a man of influence all over Ojibway land, and from time to time obtained such employment as that that now brought him to the summer village.

Chief Kiwetin deemed it advisable to have an understanding with Pierre before the business in hand came under discussion. "Let us settle the thing now," said the Chief. "If we sell to these men, we sell at the price agreed on, and nobody, you or anyone else has any claim to any part of it. Is that so?"

"It is so," Pierre replied. "I am here merely to say what these people say. They employ me. I am satisfied with what thy pay me."

"Then it is understood," said Kiwetin.

Winterton overheard this conversation, and knew what lay behind it. On an occasion when Pierre

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had acted as interpreter in a negotiation which led to the employment of several members of Kiwetin's band by a white contractor, Pierre had claimed a commission. Kiwetin and the rest were mystified. It was beyond their comprehension that the interpreter had rendered them a service which entitled him to the slightest financial consideration. The matter was argued in council for days. Pierre's argument may readily be inferred; it was such as any white go-between would have employed. To the Indians it smacked of robbery. They had sold their labor for a price; so much work, so much money; if Pierre was to be paid for obtaining them the opportunity to earn money, where was the money to come from? Obviously it could not come from what the contractor paid them for their work, for, according to the bargain, work and money balanced. When the work was paid for, there would be no money left over, unless the contractor had it, in which case it was certainly not the part of the Indians to take it from him and pay it to Pierre. If Pierre had a right to what he called a per cent for obtaining work for the Indians, he should go to the contractor who wanted hands; the Indians had not asked for work.

Pierre never obtained the commission, and so Kiwetin's people had no specific grudge against him, but the memory of his obliquitous attempt to mulct them still rankled, and it was one of the reasons why the proposition of the visiting Yankees was pondered and scrutinized with extraordinary care.

There was no ceremony attending the reception of

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the white party. Marsh introduced his companions to Kiwetin with free and easy cordiality, and they were introduced also to some of the older men, among them Black Eagle, of whom Winterton had spoken to Livingston and Nelson. The Indians shook hands and said "Bozho," gravely, every man lit his pipe, and there was a rambling conversation on the weather, fishing, and other safe topics, for an hour or more. Meantime the Indians who had accompanied the whites as paddlers, set up tents at one end of the village, and presently the whole community was engaged in the midday meal. This finished, the old men sat on the ground in front of Chief Kiwetin's wigwam, and the whites perched on a log that lay conveniently near.

These men from the States, it appeared, were eager to be on the friendliest terms with the Indians, ambitious to be known as square-dealers. They had no desire to take advantage of the Ojibway's inexperience in business; on the contrary, they would be happy to initiate their dusky friends into modern methods, and enable them to benefit much more than they could if the transaction were of the usual sale-and-purchase order. Co-operation is what we want, men and brothers, said the whites. You have land on which stands a great forest of white pine. We can turn that forest into money. It will be a work of years; it will require the building of roads, and the employment of many men, preferably Indians, in felling trees, driving logs, cooking, and so forth. That means the outlay of much money before any comes

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back. Very well, we have the money, you the trees and labor. We propose to share with you. We will employ the Indians at the usual wages and pay cash, and we will give the tribe a one-third interest in the company for the right to make roads, cut and remove trees. It is all regular. We are incorporated under the laws of one of the States, which means that our company is subject to the government at Washington, and therefore sound, upright, and all that is worthy of confidence.

Such, in very brief, was the substance of the speech in which Marsh stated the proposition when the council at last proceeded to business, and after Marsh had spoken ten minutes or so, Pierre spoke for at least a half hour, every Ojibway listening intently, the whites doing their best not to look bored. Marsh had the charter of the company, bearing a great seal of state, to offer as evidence of some part of his assertions, and he also had a contract drawn up ready for signature by which the company bound itself to convey so many shares of stock to the tribe in consideration of the privilege of timber cutting on a specifically defined tract of land. The latter detail required a second speech from Marsh in explanation of the unusual method of defining the boundaries of the tract in question. His friends, in their altruistic anxiety to do the wholly square thing, had chosen not to make vague boundaries by lines from hill to hill, or from hill to lake-end, and so forth, a method which in an unsurveyed country was surcharged with possibilities of misun-

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derstandings and disputes, but had decided to offer the Indians a definition of boundary that would be indisputable even if the lakes dried up and the hills blew away in the night. They proposed to define the tract in terms of latitude and longitude, which, as anybody would tell them, was fixed by the British government, and couldn't possibly be misinterpreted; and the rough map of the tract, herewith submitted, showed how the parallels of latitude and the meridians of longitude would run. The tract would include a part of the lake before them, useless for timber-men, but, like other lakes, falling naturally within the space required. And after all, the lakes and the hills would still be the Indians' property when the Company had done its work.

A good forty-five minutes of Pierre's eloquence followed, and afterwards Kiwetin and Black Eagle asked questions. These and the answers pushed the hours along until evening, when the Chief intimated that the Indians must have time to think it over. With many manifestations of cordial good feeling, the white men shook hands all around and withdrew to their camp.

So far as the Indians were concerned the discussion went on uninterruptedly. The squaws patiently kept the corn soup hot, and waited for their men to come and eat it. The largest group gathered about Black Eagle, who was respected second only to the Chief himself, and this group Kiwetin joined after he had courteously accompanied the visitors

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to their camp and invited them to come to his wigwam after supper for a social smoke.

"I'd like to know something more about this latitude and longitude business," Black Eagle was saying, as Kiwetin drew near.

"So would I," said Kiwetin. "The words are new to me, and I cannot understand how these people find the lines which, as they say, are always in the same place, and yet nobody ever sees them."

"There are lines everywhere if you choose to think so," declared Tall Pine, the spokesman of those who had been favorably impressed by the white men's proposition. Tall Pine was the youngest man who had voice and vote in the Council. "They have machines," he continued, "for finding where the lines are when they travel on the big bitter sea water far to the east. If the lines can be found on water, surely they can be found on land."

This was a reasonable view, everybody admitting that anything that could endure on the unstable element, would readily be fixed on the solid; "But," urged Black Eagle, "I don't feel sure yet about these lines. Let's ask Soangetaha. He might know."

"Surely," said Kiwetin; "let us see what he says."

Strongheart was summoned from supper, which he was taking with Livingston and Nelson. "Yes," he said rather sulkily in reply to the question, "there is such a thing as latitude and longitude."

"What is it?"

"It's a way the whites of all nations have of de-

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ciding where the boundary lines lie. It has something to do with the sun, I believe."

"Well, suppose the lines are fixed when the sun is far to the north in summer; won't they change when the sun goes south in winter?"

Strongheart looked uncomfortably at the Chief, who asked the question. "I don't know," he answered, "but I think not. Livingston and Nelson might know."

Black Eagle was manifestly disappointed that Strongheart could not throw positive light on the subject, but he approved the suggestion of asking the white visitors about it. "They seem to be honest young men," said he, "and, anyway, there's nothing they want of the Indians."

Kiwetin also approved the suggestion and said he would undertake the inquiry; then, although this point was the only one that seemed to stand in the way of progress to a conclusion on the main subject, the Chief remained talking with Black Eagle and the others for quite an hour. There was no hurry; Livingston could not run away even if he wanted to; Nelson surely would not go without his chum; the night was young; indeed, the summer was but half passed; the forest of white pine would stand for another year, if necessary. Not that the Chief reasoned with himself in this way, but that such would have been the manner of his reasoning if he had considered the matter from the viewpoint of time. The probable fact is that time did not enter into his mental processes at all, that being the last

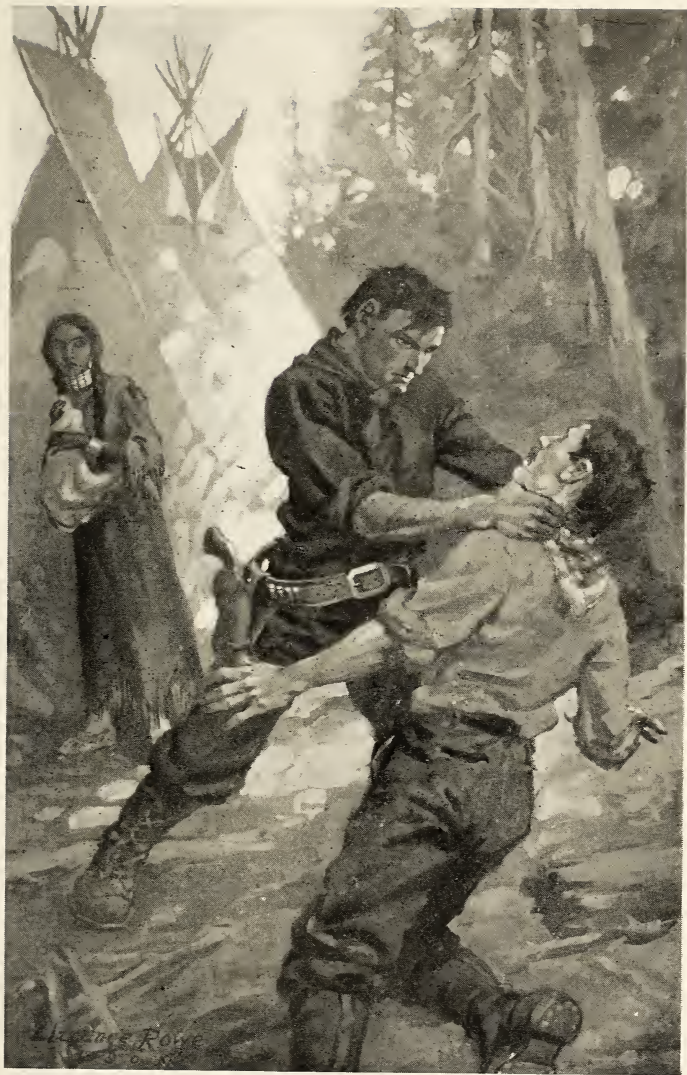
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item which the Indian comes to appreciate as he approaches civilization. So Livingston might never have been examined with regard to his knowledge of latitude and longitude, but as it happened, Kiwetin drifted into the wigwam just after dusk. At the moment Livingston was alone, Nelson and Winter-ton having started for their quarters for the night. Livingston was eager to take up the matter of Strongheart's further education, but the Chief put his questions, and they had to be answered. The young white man did his best to explain the subject, and Kiwetin followed with apparent understanding.

"Then," said the Chief, "these men talk truth, is it?"

"It is true," Livingston answered, "that boundary lines established in terms of latitude and longitude are exact and indisputable."

He was about to phrase his reply in simpler words, when Marsh and two others of the company appeared for the social smoke, and Kiwetin went to the door to greet them. They did not come in, for the noise of a ruction in the village attracted their attention, and they went forth together to learn what it was about. Nelson, who had lingered to watch a large family at supper in a wigwam, chanced to witness nearly the whole affair. He heard a woman's voice raised in frightened protest, and turned in time to see Strongheart rush upon a white man and strike him violently in the face. The white man staggered but kept his feet, and, in the brief interval before he returned the Indian's attack, Nelson saw



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a good looking young woman stepping hastily aside. She went to the door of a small wigwam, where she stopped and watched the fight, holding the hem of her apron against her lips with both hands.

The white man, snarling with rage, parried a blow or two before he fully recovered his balance, for Strongheart was following up his assault furiously, and then, for a moment, there was an exchange of ineffective blows, the white saving himself by superior skill against the Indian's superior force. It was only a moment, for Strongheart, manifestly infuriated by his antagonist's resistance, crowded upon him, regardless of blows that stung his cheeks and mauled his body, caught the white man by the throat with both hands and lifted him off his feet, shaking him, and tightening the grip on his windpipe till his jaws parted in terror and pain. A yelling crowd had begun to gather from the first, through which Winterton lumbered heavily but swiftly, like a buck moose breaking through the bush. He seized Strongheart by the arms, wrenching his hands from the white man's throat.

"Easy, lad, you'll kill him!" exclaimed Winterton.

"Damn him! that's what I want to do!" Strongheart responded fiercely.

Winterton spoke then in Ojibway, his tone indicative of grave remonstrance sharpened a bit by sternness. The white man had dropped to his knees, and now, gasping, arose slowly, looking as if doubtful whether to renew the combat.

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"If you've got any sense," said Winterton, addressing him, "go to your tent."

Just then Kiwetin, Marsh, and the other whites arrived.

"What's the matter, Fuller?" asked Marsh, and Kiwetin addressed his son in peremptory tones. There was a hubbub of voices and languages, above which presently Marsh was audible, cursing his friend Fuller with great volubility and earnestness.

"Don't make no difference," he bawled, "you done a fool thing, 'n' 'f I'd been in the Indian's place I'd 'a' pulled your throat out. Now you go back to your tent, and don't show yourself again tonight. Git!"

Imperceptibly, almost, after the manner of strenuous episodes, the confusion and excitement died away. Two of the whites laid hold of Fuller and hustled him to their camp. Strongheart went to the wigwam where still stood the young woman, and went in with her. Kiwetin and many other men lingered, gabbling. Nelson caught Winterton by the arm.

"Come, Steve," he said, "Dick will want to know all about this, and so do I. Get a move on!"

"Wal," Winterton returned, in mild protest at being hurried now that there was no emergency to stir him, "you seen it all; much as I did, anyhow."

"Doesn't seem as if I'd seen anything but a red-skin battering ram in full action. Gee! what muscle, what savage force that fellow has! If Fuller hadn't been a pretty good one himself, I believe he'd have gone to sleep with the first blow."

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To Livingston's rather languid "What was the row?" Nelson replied with a brief account of what he had seen, minimizing in no respect his admiration for Strongheart's fighting prowess. "What it was all about I don't know," he concluded. "Tell us, Steve."

"Fuller got gay with Gezhikway," said Winterton.

"That girl who stood by the wigwam looking on?"

Winterton nodded.

"Is she Strongheart's sweetheart?" asked Livingston.

"His sister. She's a widow. Her husband got killed in a log drive last Spring."

"And that fellow, Fuller, insulted her?" suggested Nelson, his voice quivering with indignation.

Winterton nodded again.

"I believe Strongheart would have killed him if Steve hadn't interfered," said Nelson.

"Then he'd have got what he deserved," said Livingston.

There was silence for a bit, the young men reflecting on the episode while Winterton filled his pipe. When that essential article was in working order, he said, "That's one of the things that makes some of the Indians down on Soangetaha."

"What!" exclaimed Nelson, hotly, "defending his sister from insult?"

"No, not that," and the woodsman seemed surprised that the young man had not followed his train of thought. "You asked if Gezhikway was his sweetheart. That's what I mean. He hasn't got

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one, 'n' aint likely to have. The Chief 'n' the old men think he ought to take a squaw."

"I suppose Strongheart feels above his own people," mused Nelson. "Doesn't he?"

"Dunno 'bout that. Ain't so sure 'bout that. Anyhow, that ain't the reason why he don't take a squaw."

"Come, Steve, smoke up!" urged Livingston. "Give us the whole story."

"Wal, you see, Soangetaha had what you might call a romance. He was mighty fond of a girl, she was Black Eagle's only daughter, as purty a little thing as you ever seen, red or white. It was all understood atween 'em when Soangetaha went away to school, 'n' ev'rybody in the tribe b'lieved she'd be his wife when she was big enough. Then th' was a white man come to the reservation from the Soo on some business or other. He seen Shawanequay—that was her name, you know—'South-girl,' 'cause she was born one time when Black Eagle 'n' his family was visiting some Ojibway across the line. 'S I said, he seen her, 'n' liked her looks, 'n,' wal, she run away with him. I ain't sayin' the hull blame wasn't hisn, you understand. She was only a young thing 'thouten any more idees than most other Ojibway girls, no schoolin', 'though I dunno as that makes much difference. I p'sume mebbe you can see how she might git misled 'thouten much blame stickin' to her. 'Course he didn't marry her. Black Eagle tried to git her to come back, but she wouldn't. Said the man was her husband, which he wasn't,

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though like enough he made her b'lieve so. Anyhow her family had to give it up.

"Bimeby Soangetaha come home, schoolin' done, 'n' fer all I could see at the time, ready to settle down 'n' be an Indian like the rest, though he would wear city clo'es, 'n' you couldn't expect to change some of the manners he got in the East. Fust thing he asked about was Shawanequay, 'n' when he hearn what they had to tell him, he hiked it for the Soo. I reckon 'twas just as well for that white skunk that Soangetaha didn't find him. He'd left the Soo some time before for parts unknown, 'n' of course he'd left the girl behind. Seems he shook her just before her baby was born. The little un didn't live till her mother got well, 'n' she had to go peggin' round, supportin' herself with what work she could git when she oughtta been to a hospital. For these Ojibway women ain't any tougher, that I can see, than any other kind when they ain't took care of 'n' treated right. Look at the deaths from consumption on the reservation every year!

"Wal, Soangetaha found her coughin' her lungs away, starvin', nigh crazy, I guess, with grief. He took her home, Soangetaha did. She went with him that far, but died within a week. Sence then he ain't said more'n 'Bozho,' to any o' the girls of the marryin' age, 'n' sometimes I must say he seems onduly sensitive 'f a white man looks sheeps-eyes at an Indian woman."

"Well, I should think he might be!" exclaimed Nelson, when Winterton had puffed so long that

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it was clear he had finished. Livingston made no comment, but his eyes were very bright as he lay on the bed and looked up at the handful of stars peering down at him through the wigwam vent-hole.

“’N’ some of the old men,” added Winterton, “think as how he’d oughtta git over it ’n’ take a squaw as a matter o’ duty to the tribe, but Soangetaha he don’t seem to see it in that way.”

Then the woodsman pulled himself to his feet with abundant manifestations of difficulty, and lumbered off in the darkness to his quarters.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSPIRATORS FOR JUSTICE

Next day the council re-assembled in front of Chief Kiwetin's wigwam and dragged itself along, hour after hour, without apparent progress. The whites, as before, sat on the log, Fuller among them with a preposterously swollen eye, and blue spots on his throat. Strongheart, who had taken no part in the proceedings of the previous day, now sat on the ground behind his father, his eyes downcast, his features set in an expression of sullen resentment. The only thoroughly busy man in the gathering was Pierre Larocque, the interpreter. Kiwetin had professed himself satisfied with the definition of boundaries by latitude and longitude, and now sought light on the joint-stock feature of the proposition. Along in the afternoon it became fairly evident that, if the Indians should accept the general proposition, there would likely ensue a long delay while they satisfied themselves as to the equitability of the proposed division of interests. Such sticklers for exactitude were they, that they might argue the season out on the question whether their share should properly be one-third, or thirty-four per cent. The purpose of Strongheart's presence was indicated by the fact

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that now and then Kiwetin turned to him with a question, the answer to which served to verify the faithfulness of Pierre's interpretations.

Winterton and Nelson remained in the wigwam for the better part of the forenoon, but the woodsman tired of the debate at last, and wandered down to the shore to commune with his pipe alone. Nelson went restlessly in and out, and used up films recklessly from sheer lack of anything better to do, and Livingston fretted somewhat to see his chum so unsatisfactorily occupied. About the middle of the afternoon Nelson announced that he would try for some pictures of the village from the lake, if he could find Winterton to act as paddler. His departure from the wigwam was observed by one of the whites who, forgetting, if he knew, that an invalid was quartered there, presently left the log and strolled around to the side of the structure where he was invisible to most of the Indians, all of whom at the moment were listening with close attention to a long explanation by Pierre. Biding his opportunity, the white man jerked his head when he caught the eye of one of his companions, and the latter shortly afterward arose and strolled idly around the wigwam. These two halted for their conference close by the spot where Livingston lay, and above the eager drone of Pierre's long argument, for such was the real nature of his interpretation, the helpless guest heard what they had to say to one another.

"See here," said one, "are these redskins as stupid

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as they seem, or is there some devilish shrewdness hidden underneath?"

"Getting tired of it?" asked the other, with a chuckle.

"'Tisn't that exactly. I can wait with the next one, and I don't forget that Marsh told us we mustn't try to push things, that the Indians are bound to be slow, and all that, but to sit there and hear that infernal gibberish dribbling along by the hour—damn! it gets on my nerves. Do you think that cuss, Pierre, is playing the game straight?"

"Oh, sure! Marsh knows enough Ojibway to keep tabs on him, and besides, ain't he in on it?"

"Yes, but I didn't know but tribal loyalty or something of that sort might induce him to tip them off on the quiet, when this formal pow-wow isn't in session, you know."

"Guess we can trust Pierre's greed for that."

"Mebbe. I s'pose it's likely we can, but I feel damnably doubtful. That fool break of Fuller's—"

"Don't worry about that. I don't believe the redskins will lay it up against a white man that he thinks well of one of their women. It flatters the race, don't you see? Anyhow, Marsh is sure he's smoothed that over. No redskin could have cussed Fuller any more fervently than he did. You've got to be patient, Hayden. The stake is a big one and worth all the time the game takes. And I don't think we ought to talk about it here. Marsh says Indians are observing cusses, and suspicious. We'd better get back to the pow-wow."

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"All right, but I shall be nervous till we get their marks to the contract. Damn! if they should tumble to that latitude business—"

"They won't. They've approved that part of the deal already. Come on, and look benignant."

Livingston was thrown into a perfect fever of excitement by this dialogue. Until this moment he had been disturbed by no special distrust of his enterprising fellow-countrymen, for Marsh, the only one he had heard speak, was engagingly frank, and his former relations with the Indians had apparently been of a kind to establish a reputation for fair dealing. As for the others, lying within the wigwam as he did, he had caught no more than glimpses of their faces as they passed the door, and there was nothing in such casual observation to arouse suspicion. The details of the proposition, the definition of boundaries by latitude and longitude, the joint-stock arrangement, and clauses in the charter investing in the company the mineral rights of the land in question, had appealed to him merely as matters of curious interest, and he had observed the slow progress of the negotiation with the feeling that he was learning something of the methods of doing business in a strange land and with strange people. Now it was suddenly clear that the business methods of the strangers should be defined as chicanery, and he burned with resentment against them, and fear lest the Indians be victimized. His eager interest in Strongheart became secondary to desire to save his new found friends from the consequences of fraud.

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What could he do? It might be easy to expose the whites by telling what he had heard, and this procedure would have the inestimable advantage of enabling him to free his mind in vigorous denunciation of a pack of swindlers. Brave, generous youth longed to rush in, after the manner of knights of old, and right the wrong on the spot; but discretion counseled otherwise, for sharpers such as these might not readily be confounded by a report of a fragmentary conversation. It would never do, thought Livingston, to underestimate the strength of the enemy, which was to say, in this instance, the enemy's craft. Better, if possible, to take some procedure that would convict them of intended fraud beyond the possibility of denial; make the enemy supply a perfectly obvious proof of duplicity; but how? And meantime, there was the danger that Kiwetin might be persuaded to sign the papers.

The prime result of Livingston's first cogitations was a firm conviction that he must play the game in Marsh's way: oppose craft to craft, subvert treachery by secret operations, and that meant that nothing must be done that might put the rascals on their guard. His blood ran cold as he saw Kiwetin receive a packet of papers in his hand and look gravely at them, as if he could read them. What if he should sign the contract then and there? If it should really come to that, Livingston decided that he would cry out his denunciation, and trust to his own belief in the rascality of the whites to persuade the Indians of it; and, pending the necessity for aggressive action,

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he risked trying to attract Strongheart's attention.

He snapped his fingers lightly, and waved his hand up and down. Strongheart sat in full view, but his attention at that moment was absorbed with what the Chief was saying to him, and presently the documents passed from Kiwetin to his son. For quite a minute Strongheart bent his head over the papers, and then he began to speak in his native tongue, manifestly translating the documents. Other than the droning of his voice, there was perfect silence outside, only the occasional, distant cries of children at play breaking the monotony. Livingston felt momentary relief, for the crisis was postponed at least until the translation should have been finished, but his anxiety returned when he considered what might happen immediately afterward. If Strongheart's translation coincided substantially with the interpretation given by Pierre, would not Kiwetin, and the sub-chiefs, and the rest, sign the contract?

Livingston never had known keen agony of suspense such as he experienced for an hour or more during which Strongheart droned over the document, his tone varied occasionally as he raised his head to explain some difficult passage. At last, with a great throb of joy, Livingston saw Nelson, camera in hand, swing around the outer circle of the council. He paused for an exasperating moment when he was behind Strongheart, looking down as if to see what the Indian was reading, and then entered the wigwam. "Got some bully pict—" he began, and stopped ab-

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ruptly, puzzled and not a little startled by his chum's dramatic gesture of warning. Livingston, with one hand to his lips, shook his head energetically, and beckoned with his other hand. Nelson drew near on tip-toe, frowning in perplexity.

"Don't say a word, Frank," whispered the invalid. "A couple of those white rascals forgot that I was here, and I heard them saying things behind the wigwam. The Chief mustn't sign their papers. He must turn them down, understand? They've just seen you come in, so it will be all right if you go to the door and ask Strongheart to come in as if you wanted him to help you at something. I must see him as soon as possible. Take the first chance, old fellow."

It was almost too much for the quick-witted Nelson to grasp at once. He stood for a moment, staring at his chum, then nodded comprehendingly, set his camera down, wheeled about and looked toward the council. Strongheart had finished his translation. He held the documents toward his father, speaking earnestly meantime.

"Ye gods!" whispered Livingston, "he mustn't be allowed to sign that now!"

As Kiwetin took the papers, Nelson stepped to the door. "Strongheart," said he, "can you lend me a hand a minute?"

Strongheart arose and came into the wigwam.

"The Chief mustn't sign that paper, Strongheart," said Livingston. "Stop him if you can. Make him wait till tomorrow. It won't do at all!"

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"Is there something wrong with it?" Strongheart asked, with a quick glance toward the door.

"Yes, everything's wrong. I must tell you and the Chief all about it, but I don't want those other fellows to hear, or know that I'm on to the game."

The Indian's brow darkened. "I've just told my father," said he, "that Pierre's interpretation was correct. "Oh!" and he clenched his fists and shuddered, evidently suppressing a passionate outburst, "it seemed so attractive! Such an opportunity for my people to habituate themselves to the ways of civilization! To be engaged in an industry, to hold shares of stock, to comprehend business management, to feel the force of initiative in which we are so sadly lacking! To learn a useful lesson in all these things! What advancement might it not lead to? I thought. And now, if it must be given up, especially if it must be abandoned because it is wrong, my people will cling the more stubbornly to their unprogressive ways. They will glory the more in their stagnation. God in Heaven! what is there for us if we cannot undertake a simple co-operative scheme like this?"

Strongheart spoke in tones hardly above a whisper. The sharpest ear could not have distinguished his words outside the dwelling, but the tumult of tragic sorrow within him lent his utterance such force that both Nelson and Livingston were deeply stirred. To them the brief oration was as effective as if it had been delivered with full voice and free gesture in a legislative chamber. Livingston was

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not only stirred emotionally, but his judgment suffered a momentary shock. Was it wise for him to intrude his ideas in this affair, which was more than a commercial transaction inasmuch as it comprehended the relations of two races? His own righteous indignation against chicanery seemed so puny compared with the Indian's intense rebellion against the fate of his people. And yet, so the young man's conscience cried, no progress could be made on the basis of injustice; no good could come of ignoring, and therefore sustaining cheat.

"But, Strongheart," he whispered anxiously, "you wouldn't want your people to be defrauded, would you?"

"No! a thousand times, no!"

"And if it could be shown that it isn't the co-operative scheme that is at fault, but the men behind it? that the principle is all right, and that it needs only honest men to work it out?"

"Will you lay down a principle by which we may measure the integrity of men?" asked Strongheart, bitterly.

"I can't," replied Livingston, with profound humiliation as he recognized the subtle indictment against his own race.

"Well," said Strongheart, with another glance toward the door, "you have aroused my suspicions of Marsh's proposition with a mere breath. You see how quickly we distrust. Is there something hidden in those documents that I couldn't see?"

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"A great deal, I fear. Is there any danger that the Chief will sign tonight?"

"It wouldn't be like him, but I'll watch. Thank you, Livingston. I'll tell my father you want to see him."

"Yes, do! As soon as he can get rid of the crowd."

Strongheart reflected a moment. "Come out with me, Nelson," he said presently, "and sit down as if you were interested in what is going on. Do you know where Winterton is?"

"I left him hauling in the canoe."

"All right. After you've sat a few minutes, go and get him and bring him here. You'd like him here, wouldn't you, Livingston?"

"Oh, decidedly!"

Outside they heard Marsh's voice. "You see, it's all on the square, Chief. It's a give-and-take deal, the best chance ever given the Indians to make money, a whole lot of it, without risk. We take all the risk, you see, and as we put up a lot of money to carry on the work clean through a Winter before any money can come back, why, 'cording to our way o' thinking, we'd ought to have the biggest share of the profit. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Yes, yes, it seems fair," said Kiwetin.

Nelson and Strongheart sat on the ground behind him. Pierre burst into long speech, the tones of his voice proclaiming that he was making a plea.

"Big talk today," said Black Eagle, when there came a pause in Pierre's discourse. He addressed Marsh, who responded with vast good humor, "Right

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you are, Black Eagle, it's been a heap big talk. It took us a heap big thinking to get up the plan, and we allow that you've got to have all the time you want to think over your side of it. We don't want to hurry you. Pierre, here, seems to think we're in a dead sweat to close the bargain and clear out, but we ain't. This is a good place to stay, and if you people like, we can tramp together over the land for a few days, and you can see pretty much with your own eyes what we want. Tell 'em all that, will you, Soangetaha?"

Pierre scowled discontentedly at being thus superseded, but he held his peace, and Strongheart put Marsh's speech into Ojibway. The whites nodded acquiescence, and, as the council broke up for the day, professed themselves perfectly satisfied with the progress attained, though it is to be doubted whether any but Marsh spoke the truth, and in his case there may have been a drawing of the long bow for policy's sake.

Nelson lost no time in finding Winterton, and, when they entered the wigwam, the Chief and Strongheart were awaiting them. Livingston repeated the conversation he had overheard. He made no comment upon it, but scanned the faces of his listeners eagerly to learn its effect on them. Winterton's jaw dropped in speechless astonishment, and he stared at Livingston as if he doubted whether he had heard correctly. Strongheart's features were immovable. The venerable Chief looked vacantly into space, and his lips quivered with a fluttering sigh. His voice was husky when he spoke.

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"I no would think it of Tom Marsh," he said.

"Nor I!" exclaimed Winterton, explosively, and he struck his knee by way of emphasis; "and what's more, I don't."

"Then what do you make of what they said?" asked Livingston.

"Tom Marsh never done a crooked deal in his life," was Winterton's stubborn evasion of the question.

"That don't change the facts in this case, Steve. Many a man who's been upright all his life, so far as anybody knew, has gone wrong in the end."

"Tain't Tom Marsh's way."

"But how do you account for it? For instance, one of them is afraid Pierre will tip the Indians off, and the other says Pierre won't because he's in on the deal."

"Don't prove nothing. Pierre would rather take a chance of a commission any day than have reg'lar wages."

"Well, Steve," and Livingston's tone became aggressive, "you're not going to sit there and say that conversation doesn't suggest crooked work? You can't account for it on any honest basis."

Winterton's silence was confession that he was staggered. The Chief spoke again.

"It is so," said he. "There is something wrong. I wish we knew more about it."

"That's just what I want, too," said Livingston. "If Steve wasn't so stubborn in defending Marsh I think we might do something to convict the rascals."

"Mr. Livingston," said Winterton, gravely, "if it's

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a question of provin' anything, you can count on me to do whatever you want. I 'low the thing does look bad, but it's hard fer me to go back on my 'pinion o' a feller like Tom Marsh. 'F you've got any way to prove things, I'm with ye, fer I've got to b'lieve 'twill show that Tom Marsh is square, 'n' 'f that happens, the Indians can go on with the deal."

"That's the talk! Investigation won't hurt the innocent. Now, listen, Steve. I haven't had anything to do but think of this, you know, and after I got my suspicions aroused, I began to consider the crooked possibilities in the joint-stock scheme. I'm not a business man, but I've read the newspapers for some years, and I remember cases where the majority holders of a stock company have reorganized the concern and frozen out the minority, which in this case would be the Indians. That's what these grafters will do, you mark my word, if we give them the chance. They offer the Indians a one-third interest, and you'll find, if the Chief sticks for it, that they'll concede a bigger share. They start at one-third so that they can gracefully come up, as a pretence to satisfying the Indians. They'll willingly give the Indians forty-nine shares in the hundred, for, with their fifty-one they can reorganize any time, sell out to another company, you know, in which they hold all the stock. There are any number of ways by which they can hog the whole thing and let the Indians whistle for their profits."

"How be ye goin' to prove all that?" demanded Winterton, sharply.

"I can't, unless the Indians sign the contract and

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the company gets to work, and I admit I may be wrong, but if we can prove that Marsh's crowd is crooked in one particular, won't it go far to proving that they mean to be crooked in the rest of it?"

"*Falsus in uno, in omnibus falsus*," said Nelson.

"What's that?" asked Kiwetin, quickly.

Strongheart translated for him.

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, "that is the Ojibway way. If Tom Marsh crooked one way, he crooked in others. What can you prove, Livingston?"

Livingston breathed a sigh of relief. "I wasn't sure you'd all see it that way," said he. "Now I can get down to business. This latitude and longitude—how have they managed it? Reckonings by latitude and longitude are made by means of a sextant. Have they brought one a thousand miles into the interior from the seaboard just to work this scheme? You've seen the papers, Strongheart. Do they give the boundaries in terms of latitude and longitude?"

"Yes. The northern boundary, for example, is so many degrees, minutes, and seconds latitude, from a point so many degrees, minutes, and seconds longitude, to another point in longitude; and the other lines are stated in a similar way."

"Then if we can get hold of a sextant, and an ancient mariner to play on the thing, we can verify their reckonings. That will take time if we have to send to New York, or Montreal, for the thing."

"It will cost much money," said the Chief.

"As to that," Livingston responded, "if you don't mind, I should enjoy paying the cost. This accident

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of mine has knocked my plans sky-high, and I'll get just as much fun in back-capping these swindlers as I would have got from traveling. The point is, can the gang be kept here while we are sending for the instrument?"

"They go when they like," the Chief answered, "but if they wait till I sign, they stay here as long as you need."

"The' won't be no need to send to New York," said Winterton.

"How's that, Steve?"

"Why, the's plenty o' cap'ns on the lakes who've got sextons. They're not all freshwater sailors, you know. I know one who's sailed a ship as fur as Chiny. He's got his instruments he used when he was on the ocean. An' the's others. I know two or three right at the Soo—"

"Could you get one of them up here with his sextant?"

"Reckon 'twouldn't be very hard 'f he's to home."

"You must try for it. How long will it take?"

"Wal, Dossegay 'n' me could git there 'n' back in five days 'f we was pushed. Allowin' we have to hunt fer the man some, I reckon we could be back here in six."

"Chief, can you hang on to these men as long as that? You see, I want to convict 'em right to their faces. Give 'em a surprise party, you know."

"I think we make them stay a week," replied Kiwitin. "We take a journey with them, as Marsh said, and look at land with our own eyes, though we know it well enough. That take some time, and I can say

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we like plan. I don't believe they go if they think there's chance we sign."

"You've got to make 'em stay," said Winterton, "or I won't go to the Soo for the sailor and his sexton. Tom Marsh is all right, 'n' I won't have him cut outen this deal by suspicion while I'm gone."

"We understand," said the Chief. "Nothing is proved. Until it is, we friendly to Marsh and his friends."

"I'm satisfied," and Winterton pocketed his pipe by way of clinching his decision.

"All right," said Livingston. "Get a move on for the Soo, Steve, as soon as you can, and let it be understood that you're going to get something for the sick man. That'll throw them off their guard. There's only one thing I don't just see yet. How are we to verify their lines without letting them know what we're up to?"

There was silence in the wigwam until Strongheart and his father exchanged brief words. Strongheart said, "*Neen gigitokan nuh?*" and the Chief answered, "*Gayget, gigitokan.*" If Livingston had understood the words, he would have had further light on the conflict to which Strongheart was subject, would have apprehended, perhaps, one of the obstacles that lie between the Indian and civilization; for Strongheart, the educated man of twenty-four, said to his father, "May I speak?" and the father replied, "Yes, speak."

"That will be easy," said Strongheart. "Marsh and his friends will not hesitate to let me examine the papers. I have had them this afternoon, you know."

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If I should ask for them again, they'll surely give them to me, for, if they refused, every man in the tribe would be suspicious of them. I'll copy the descriptions of the boundaries, with all the figures—"

"That settles it!" cried Livingston. "Bring on your ancient mariner, Steve, and a surveyor, too, and get a government map of this region, if there is one. If we don't find that there's a nigger in the woodpile, I'll get on my knees in apology to Marsh and his whole crew. The only thing left is to keep quiet. I want the fun of seeing those fellows when the exposure is made."

"I'll bet my rifle against an old moccasin that Tom Marsh comes out all right," grumbled Winterton, "but I'll get Dossegay, and we'll hike for the Soo without waitin' for supper."

"Oh, Steve," said Livingston, suddenly, "look in again before you go. I've got a letter I want you to mail for me."

"Did you write to Dorothy, Dick?" asked Nelson.

"Certainly. You asked me to, didn't you?"

"Well, you spoke of having a letter, as if you'd written only one—"

"Frank, your niceties of language belong in the classroom. They're out of place in the wilderness."

"All right, Dick. Have your own way, but I'll bet the Ojibways have a plural form for their nouns, and that they use it when they mean it. How's that, Strongheart?"

"We have plural forms," replied the Indian, and the conversation turned upon the structure of the Ojibway language.

CHAPTER VIII

CHIEF KIWETIN, THE DEBATER

Winterton and Dossegay were off long before dark, and Marsh himself bade them farewell at the shore.

"We been so took up with our business," said Marsh, "which falls mostly on me, as the other men don't know nothing 'bout Indians, that I'd clean overlooked your having a sick man here. I'll keep an eye on him, Steve, while you're gone."

"Reckon he won't need much lookin' after," was Winterton's embarrassed reply, "but you might look in on him 'n' git acquainted."

Marsh did so that very evening, and his unaffected good humor impressed Livingston deeply. Indeed, the man seemed another Steve Winterton, only more alert, quicker in his movements, more flexible mentally, so to speak.

"I don't wonder Steve feels sore," thought Livingston, with a pang of regret, "but it's a crooked deal, and Marsh is in it. He's got to be exposed with the rest."

The next day was memorable for Livingston on two accounts: an excursion on the lake, and a talk with Chief Kiwetin. The village was almost deserted in the forenoon. A party of Ojibways, headed by

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Black Eagle, accompanied Marsh and his friends on an exploring expedition that was planned to cover at least four days. Yielding to his chum's urgent appeal, Nelson joined this party. Nearly all the rest of the population went, some to the hillsides, some to the islands in the lake, for blueberries, which were then in season and in marvelous abundance. Strongheart and Mukwa had put a large canoe in thorough order, and arranged a couch with blankets amidships for the invalid, so that he could recline in a comfortable attitude and even handle a trolling line without danger of again straining his ankles, which were yet far from well. Mukwa laid aside his pipe long enough to help carry Livingston to the craft, and then, smoking incessantly, wielded the forward paddle untiringly for hours, while Strongheart, in the stern, guided the canoe in and out of charming bays, and around the beautiful islets with which the lake was dotted. Now and again he advised Livingston to drop his line over, and the passenger was speedily rewarded with the thrill of a tugging pike. The Indian seldom failed to know just where the fish lurked, and when one was brought aboard, he would say, "There are generally two in that hole," and the canoe would be put about to gather in the other. It was not the finest fishing from the strictly sporting viewpoint, for an eight-pound pike surrenders with much less spirit than a two-pound bass, and, unless the fisherman be as fresh as the lake itself, a pike once attached to the end of a troll is as good as caught; but to the active young man who had been lying in the wigwam for nearly three

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days, it seemed the most glorious sport he had ever known; and he returned at midday, hungry, happy, and with fish enough to feed half the village.

Shortly after Joe had carried away the wreck of his dinner, Livingston saw the Chief passing, and called to him. Kiwetin stopped, looked in and said pleasantly, "They left you alone, eh?"

"Yes," said Livingston, "and I'm glad of it, now you've come, for I'd like to talk with you a few minutes, if you can spare the time."

Kiwetin immediately entered and sat down, looking benignantly receptive, a much more promising subject than his son had been on the occasion when Livingston first attempted to sound the depths of Indian character.

"I want to talk to you about your son, Soangetaha," Livingston began.

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, encouragingly.

"He's a splendid fellow. I like him immensely. He seems to me one of the ablest men I ever met—you know what I mean, that he has the capacity to do things; it's in him, don't you see, to be a leader, a man of influence and power?"

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin.

"He saved my life the other day, and you must know how I feel about that, but even if I had no reason to be grateful, I should see in Strongheart—Soangetaha—the making of an exceptional man, and I should want to do what I could to push him forward."

"Yes, yes," and Kiwetin's grave eyes lighted with appreciation—or patience, Livingston could hardly say which.

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Livingston also was patient. He was tremendously nerved up for this interview. The very fact that he had to lie still contributed, doubtless, to his capacity for concentration on the subject, and he was proceeding, according to his best lights, in a thoroughly diplomatic way, content to make allowances for the Indian's slow mental action, and to arrive at the crucial point by moderate stages. Kiwetin's noncommittal affirmations were not exactly stimulative to confidence, but Livingston was nothing if not determined.

"Strongheart has been to school," said he, a statement so elementary that Kiwetin did not feel it incumbent on him to acquiesce in it by so much as a nod. "He has learned some things that the Indians couldn't teach him, things that are of no use to him here, but which are not only useful but necessary to the life of the whites. You won't be offended if I use the word civilization, will you?"

"Word not new to me," Kiwetin answered. "As I understand it, civilization is life of white people. Indians' life is something else. Savagery, your people call it."

"I do not, now that I've seen it," Livingston hastily interposed.

"It no matter," said Kiwetin, tranquilly; "there have to be words for things in all languages. Savagery, civilization; Indian life, white-man life. We understand each other. Well?"

"Well," echoed Livingston, a bit disconcerted, "two different things, two ways of living. Now, some men are fitted for one, and some for the other. Isn't it so?"

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"Indian fit for Indian way," Kiwetin replied.

"Yes, when he stays in it, but when he has gone outside of it, and seen the other way, and learned to live it, he can't be his best, or do his best in the Indian way. He must have all the advantages of civilization to bring out the best that is in him. Civilization makes a bigger man of the Indian who goes to it. When he comes back here, there are many things he could do if conditions were different. (If you don't mind my saying so, he is like your own wigwam, too big for its purpose.)"

"There are times when my wigwam is full of guests," said Kiwetin, "but I understand. Only tell me this: can Indian who has gone to civilization make any use there of what he learned in savagery?"

"I think not," was Livingston's frank and perhaps too prompt reply.

"Very well, then, these things balance. Two ways of living. One kind of men for one way, another for other. Indian who goes out of Indian life to civilization is no longer an Indian."

"I see what you mean, and that is really my own view. Your son, Soangetaha, now, has been, we'll say, civilized. He comes back here and his new powers are wasted."

"That his misfortune," said Kiwetin, as tranquilly as before. "Indian can take nothing to white man, white man can bring nothing to Indian."

"Oh, I say, Chief! you must modify that. Why! the white man brought you the rifle, which you have taken up in place of your bow and arrow; he brought

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you steel axes, which are better than your stone tomahawks; he brought you cloths, and you no longer dress in skins; he has brought you kitchen utensils, and I see your women using them; he has shown you that houses are better, the year round, than wigwams; he has brought you plows, and shown you how to make the land feed you better; he has brought you many comforts which your fathers never dreamed of."

"And he brought us firewater," said Kiwetin.

Livingston felt the hot blood rush to his face. "Yes, he did," he confessed, feeling his whole argument shattered by a single blow.

"It is true," Kiwetin went on, "that we have given up bow and arrow for rifle, and stone axe for that of steel, but are we any better for it? or happier? or stronger? I no think so, Livingston. Our fathers dressed in skins and lived to greater age than we do today. Did we no lose something when we cast off our fringed garments, our feathered headgear, all those decorations which seemed to make us more fitted to forest? We took step toward civilization when we put on cloth shirts and plain trousers, but do we do our work any better, or do we feel better, or look better? But such things, mebbe, not important. Houses are. House of white man is not as good, year round, as wigwam. I know, for I have tried both, and I see more sickness in houses on reservation than there used to be when I was child and we all lived in wigwams which we set up where it was convenient in forest. With rifle a man can kill more deer and moose than with bow and arrow, but we used to kill all we needed

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with old-time weapons. Why should one kill more than he needs? We must use rifle now, because white man has come into forest and shot off game. (He despises our skin garments, but he pays Indians to kill animals so that his own women may dress in skins.) We have to use white man's tools, because he has made life harder for us. He hasn't made it any better. Do you hear those sounds?"

The aged Chief interrupted his argument abruptly, and Livingston heard the chatter and laughter of children at play by the shore.

(“Tell me,” Kiwetin resumed, “when children of civilization play, are their voices any fresher than those? Is their laughter any pleasanter? Are they happier, or better? I been in some of your cities, and I no like them. You come to forest for your pleasure; I no go to your cities for it, for they make me sad.) Suppose you had power over these children: would you take them from this playground to the streets of your cities?”

“No,” answered Livingston, with something like a groan, as the Chief paused, “let them stay Indian, if you will, but let us get back, you and me, to the ground we stood on a few minutes ago. We are considering the case of a man who has been to civilization and learned its ways. Where can he be most useful? Not here, Chief. Here, what he learned there will be in his way and make him unhappy. For the sake of the man who has learned something of the other life, he should be allowed to go back to it. Then only can he become all that Nature meant him to be.

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Here his newly acquired powers are stunted. Don't you see?"

"You speak of my son, Livingston. Let us be plain. No Indian should want to leave his own life. Here are his people, here he was born. These are conditions best fit for him. Here he should become the best that Nature meant him to be. I no have liking for Indian who would desert his people. They need him. I mean my son, Soangetaha. You have said that he is able. I believe it. He is fitted to lead. You speak truth. One day I shall go to my fathers; then Soangetaha must lead in my place. His people need him, they have a right to his services."

"Chief," said Livingston, "you have the best of me in most of the argument; that is, I can't answer you, though I feel that if I were as old as you I could do so. But I'm not beaten on the main issue. You have said you use the rifle, and the white man's tools, and so forth, because you have to, the white man having made your life harder. Now see what that leads you to. You have only begun, you Indians, to feel the influence of the white man's advance. Year after year his ways will creep on you, and your life, your own Indian life, will become harder and harder. Let us admit that you won't be any the better for it; let us admit that the old, simple, Indian way was better; let us admit all the evils the white man brings, firewater and the rest. The point is that they are here, and more are coming, and you can't stop them. Call it unfortunate, pitiable, tragic, if you will, and I'll say amen! but the facts can't be dodged, and you've got to face these facts and

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adjust yourselves to them. How does this apply to Soangetaha? He's had half an education. Give him more! Complete his civilization, so that he can return and be a really useful leader of his people. He can bring back ideas of progress and the ways to attain it. Send him back to school so that he can learn enough to bring the school to you. For you've got to have it. Those children playing out there can't live the old Indian life! They've got to lead the life which pioneers like Tom Marsh are bringing in here. Only a man who understands that life can teach them how to live it. Soangetaha has had too much education for the old, vanishing Indian life, not enough for the new life that the Indians must learn to lead if they are to live at all. You must admit that the whites are conquering the country. You see it, you've almost said so. They will sweep all over it in time, and the Indians must adjust themselves to the new, harder, uglier conditions. It's no discredit to you, you understand, but the fact is the whites have got advantages that make them stronger than the Indians. You must meet them in their way, Chief, or give way before them."

Livingston wound up his speech with an exclamation of pain; for, his earnestness mounting to excitement, he had wriggled to a sitting posture, leaning on one arm and gesturing freely with the other; and, just as he came to his climax, forgetful of his condition, he moved his lower limbs with such violence that the sprained ankles twinged in excruciating agony. His cheeks paled, and he all but fell from the low bed. Kiwetin fairly leaped across the wigwam, lifted the

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young man and gently laid him back where he belonged.

"Thanks, Chief," he said, mentally cursing himself for forgetting and so nullifying, as he feared, the force of his argument. "It's all right now. When a fellow thinks his feet are dropping off he has to holler, you know. I suppose an Indian wouldn't have yipped."

"Indian shuts his mouth to pain when it is inflicted by enemy," Kiwetin responded. "I've heard Indians groan when their stomachs ached. Sure it's all right now?"

"Oh, yes. Don't mind me. I'll lie still hereafter."

Kiwetin stood for a moment looking silently down at his guest. Then, "Livingston," said he, "I like you. You talk well. I believe your heart is honest. But you are young. You have pride of your race, and that is right. It would not be right if you did not think white men best of all people; but we, we red men, we have our pride of race, and we no admit that white man is better, or stronger, than we are. There are more of them, it is true, and they crowd us, but we should be weak indeed, we should be unworthy of our fathers if we let them take from us all what makes our life wholesome and natural. As long as we no can admit that civilization is better than savagery, as long as we deny that civilization make people better, or happier, we would wrong our race if we no resisted civilization in every possible way. War is no longer possible. The whites have a better understanding of war than we have, and they are more relentless. We must resist whites, and their civilization, in other ways.

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I used to be much in doubt, for I was anxious for my people, and I had some thoughts same like you have spoken. I was persuaded to let Soangetaha go to school. Result been bitter disappointment, and now he and tribe must make best of it. But I like you, Livingston, and I have liked to hear you talk. We are friends, I think?" and the venerable Chief held out his hand.

"I am proud to think you are my friend," said Livingston, solemnly, for he was deeply impressed.

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, "good-bye," and with a cordial grip of the young man's hand, he took his departure.

CHAPTER IX

STRONGHEART'S ULTIMATUM

"Well, Strongheart, the Chief and I have been discussing the education problem," said Livingston.

A flash of interest crossed the Indian's face and left it impassive. "You did not agree," he said.

"No, and yes. As I look back on the argument, we started pretty far apart, and when we stopped we were pretty much on the same ground, and that ground was his. Why! Strongheart, old chap, your father is a perfect giant at debate!"

"Could he be a good chief if he were not?"

"I suppose not. By jimminy! he deserves his title. He's a man of influence, all right, all right."

"Then he convinced you that I shouldn't go to the East for further education."

"Not by a long shot, he didn't! He had me twisted and standing on my head as far as the problem concerned Indians generally, but he didn't convince me that you don't belong in civilization."

"And you didn't convince him."

"I'm afraid not."

"I knew it would be so."

"I remember you said so, Strongheart, but I had to have my try. Now there's only one thing left."

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Strongheart looked his inquiry.

"Beat it," said Livingston. "I suppose I've no business to suggest, or advise such a thing, but I can't help it. I can't think of you stagnating here. Your life is your own, old chap. Take it into your own hands."

The Indian gazed gloomily at his adviser.

"I ought not to say anything more about it," said Livingston, hastily, "but who's to stop you, if you decide to clear out and be independent?"

"Who's to stop me?" Strongheart echoed, as if surprised at the question.

"It's what a white man would do under similar circumstances."

"Yes! a white man would!" exclaimed Strongheart, with profound bitterness. "That's the difference. You have been making a quick acquaintance with Indians, Livingston. Haven't you discovered why the Indian doesn't—cannot take that course?"

Livingston hesitated. "I think," he ventured, "you suggested it in one of your own remarks yesterday, when you mentioned the Indians' lack of initiative."

"That's it. God! how can you expect anything different of us? Here am I, a product of centuries of stagnation. Was there any evidence of progress among the Indians when your people first came to America? Were we not living then as we had lived for unknown ages? Were we not then ruled by the traditions of a hazy past? Was it not clear that our highest aim in life was to do as our fathers had done? Can you expect a man who is bowed down by such an

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inheritance to become suddenly independent? He can learn what is in your books, he can soon appreciate the beauties of refinement, enjoy the broader outlook; he can become a better observer than he was before; he can, and does, as I firmly believe, become a better man; but can he become a different man? Don't you see that deep in his nature the Indian persists? and that the descendant of those who did nothing, took no thought toward improving their condition, who could not even invent an alphabet, cannot revolutionize his nature by the mere process of adding to his knowledge?"

Strongheart spoke as if the iron were in his soul, his vibrant tones conveying conviction deeper than did his words. He checked himself abruptly. "Excuse me, Livingston," he resumed, "let us not talk of it. I am grateful for your interest and effort, but it does no good. It only makes me unhappier."

Livingston held out his hand. "I won't say another word, old chap," he said, "but I do think you inveigh too severely against your race."

"I do! I do! My personal problem blinds me. I glory in my race. That seems inconsistent, doesn't it? Let it be so. I actually feel proud that my people cling so loyally to their ancient ways according to which they reared generations in contentment if not in what the whites call prosperity. And I believe that my people have it in them to readjust themselves to meet changing conditions, and perhaps strike that always desirable happy medium, which, in this case, would be the progressive life of the whites without its excess

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of artificiality—to attain their refinements, comforts, learning, without their greed, their incessant haste, their ostentation.”

“What a dream that is!” cried Livingston.

“You speak truly. A dream! I have awakened from it already. Once more, Livingston, thank you, but let us call the subject closed.”

Black Eagle returned to the village next day with some of the men who had accompanied him on Marsh’s trip of exploration.

“It is a journey for nothing,” he said to Kiwetin. “We climbed Mujjemanitogidaki (the hill of the evil spirit) and looked over all the land that can be seen from there. You know it well. They told us how the lines would include only the region bearing the white pine. That was what they told us here. Then they wanted to fish, and I left them at it.”

To Livingston, Black Eagle reported that his friend, Nelson, was enjoying himself and getting many good pictures.

“It is well,” Kiwetin said, when Black Eagle had gone from the wigwam. “They will spend three or four days fishing before they know it, and when they return I will easily keep them here until Winterton gets back from Soo.”

Joe, who still acted as cook and special servant for Livingston, piled up skins and blankets outside the wigwam and moved his employer there that he might have more to engage his attention as the hours dragged by. There Livingston wrote again to Dorothy, telling her much about Strongheart and his hard problem,

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giving a summary of his debate with the Chief, and confessing that, though the case seemed hopeless, he could not give up the fanciful design of having Strongheart complete his education at Columbia.

(“You would like the little beggars who keep the village alive with their yells all day and far into the night,” he wrote. “When these Indian kids sleep is more than I know. I hear them laughing and skylarking when I am dozing off after dark, which comes late here, and their voices are generally the first thing I hear in the morning. For straight, undiluted happiness, give me the Ojibway boy. A couple of them had a bit of a scrap this forenoon, just enough to show that they’re human, you know; they were playing hunting, so far as I could make out, and one tired of being the bear. When the hunter had whacked him over the back with a stick about a dozen times, the bear rebelled; at least, that was my interpretation—Strongheart wasn’t here to enlighten me—and the hunter liked his stunt too well to change places. So the bear got up and cuffed the hunter good and hard, and the hunter bellowed quite as lustily as a white kid would have done under the circumstances, and then got back at the bear with his fists. Their mother, or at any rate a woman who had authority, butted in and separated them with a rapid-fire scolding, apparently, and after a minute or two of sulks on each side, they began to pitch stones at a stake driven into the ground—something like our quoits, quite as harmonious as if nothing had clouded their serenity.

“This was the only quarrel I have seen among the

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kids. Most of the time they are shrieking with laughter. They found me such a great curiosity at first that all play stopped. They would jam at the wigwam door and look in, motionless, silent, for minutes at a time, sizing me up, I suppose, and making up their infantile red minds whether I was worthy of recognition. Evidently they decided that I was, for now most of them speak to me cheerfully several times a day. What little English they know they practice on me. It is inconceivably comical and just a little startling to see a chubby, red six-year-old, his face plastered with evidence of his most recent occupation, his cut-down trousers incommoding him as much as if he wore skirts, his mouth on the broad grin—to see such a rudimentary savage concentrate his hospitable stare upon you and hear him say with the utmost cordiality, ‘Hullo, Livingston!’ There’s no undue familiarity in that, you must understand. These Ojibways have no word for ‘mister,’ or anything corresponding to it except *ogema*, chief, which, naturally, they won’t use in addressing me—though there was one occasion when I was alluded to as *ogema*, which I will tell you about when I return—and so, when a kid says ‘Hullo, Livingston,’ he is as respectful as his language and the customs of his race permit. Oh, I tell you, these people are great! and Strongheart is the mightiest man among them, unless I except his father, the Chief, who is a wonder.

“There’s another thing about them that will interest you. Most of us, I think, grow up with the idea that the Indians are dirty. So far as the Ojibways are

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concerned this is not the case. The Chief's big wigwam, my present residence, is neat and orderly to the last degree. His housekeeper, so to speak, is Gezhik-way, his daughter and a widow, who comes every morning to 'redd-up' the place. The Chief and Strongheart take their meals at her wigwam. Frank, who has had more opportunity than I to see the domestic life of these people, says all their dwellings are well cared for, and that the greatest care is used in cooking to have clean dishes. The blankets are hung out in the air for hours every dry day, and as for bodily cleanliness, I can speak from my own observation with regard to the kids. Of course they accumulate some dirt while at play—history tells us that in the ancient days before we were civilized, white children did much the same—but the squaws seem to be forever on the watch to wash the dirt off. As I write, a certain strenuous youngster is standing half up to his knees in the lake, bending over, while his mother is scrubbing his face, and that's the fourth time that particular youngster has had to undergo the cleansing process this morning.

"I can't say so much for the kids' clothes. They wear any old thing, mostly old, but why not? Why should they soil and wear out good clothes here? This is their summer village. They're all here for a holiday, just as Frank and I are, and there are no band concerts, or balls, or lawn parties to require the putting on of finery. I tell you, I like them, and it seems to me they've hit off a mighty sensible way of living, right down close to Nature, you know."

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Livingston had written himself "to a stand-still," as he expressed it. He folded his letter and gazed idly from one end of the village to the other, the position of the Chief's wigwam in the middle of the semicircle enabling him to take in the whole extent by merely turning his head. Kiwetin and Black Eagle were seated on the ground, smoking, in front of the latter's wigwam, perhaps one hundred yards distant. Two other old men joined them. Strongheart and Mukwa were just arriving with a canoe-load of freshly cut balsam boughs to replenish the beds in the wigwam. They brought the canoe to shore and began to unload, when Kiwetin called to Strongheart, who immediately left Mukwa to go on with the work and joined the group at Black Eagle's.

There followed a scene that stimulated Livingston's wonderment more than anything that had occurred since his arrival in the village. At first there was nothing to attract more than languid attention, a conversation between Strongheart and Kiwetin, the latter asking questions, apparently. The Indian voices rumbled deeply, as if the discussion were of a routine, unemotional character, and Livingston would have looked elsewhere had there been anything moving at the moment to interest him; but the children were invisible among the trees, and the squaws were either busy in the wigwams, or sitting motionless at the lake shore, as placid and mysterious as the water itself.)

Presently Strongheart's voice sounded sharp and resentful as he gave answer in the one word which Livingston heard understandingly in the whole con-

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versation. "Kahween! kahween!" (No! no!) said Strongheart, and Livingston wondered what it could be that the young man was denying so earnestly. Thereafter Strongheart's tones were tense; what had seemed to be the sullen humor that so often sat upon him, gave way to a manner betokening remonstrance, if not rebellion. Could it be that Livingston's suggestion had borne fruit in an open defiance of paternal authority and tribal law? Livingston's heart quaked at the possibility, for he had regretted his hot-headed advice, and feared to hold himself responsible if it should be followed. The Chief's tones changed, too, and Livingston racked his brain to discover what mood they voiced. It might be petulance, or indignation, or irony. Whatever it was, it seemed well calculated to arouse Strongheart to a high pitch of passion, for, apparently throwing aside all restraint, he spread his arms wide apart and spoke with great rapidity and all the force of intense feeling that more than once had thrilled the white listener when the words conveyed a comprehensible message. Even now Livingston was moved; it was like listening for the first time to tragic music, the indefiniteness of the appeal awakening a vague sense of fear and awe.

The old Indians listened like bronze sphinxes. Not one restless movement suggested either dissent from, or approval of the orator's views; not one pipe was removed from its grave lips, and the thin wreaths of smoke rising from the group never delayed or speeded their rising in token that the hearers' pulses were quickened by the tempestuous harangue; not even

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when Strongheart came to his strange climax was there so much as a shrug, or a glance aside, to say that his argument had made an impression one way or the other.

That climax astonished Livingston beyond measure. Strongheart suddenly put his hands to his body and fairly ripped off his outing shirt and tore it, and his citified necktie, in two; he cast his hat on the ground and put his foot on it; fists clenched and raised in air, he stood for a half minute longer, crying out his peroration; then, having paused for a few seconds motionless, silent, his eyes gazing over the heads of his audience to infinite distance, he dropped his arms, turned about abruptly, and went back to his work with Mukwa.

The old men puffed on as before, and it seemed to Livingston that several minutes elapsed before he heard again the deep rumble of their voices.

Mystified by this scene, Livingston sat long in retrospection, recalling the bitterness of Strongheart's English speeches, his tragic romance, his furious assault on Fuller; recalling the Chief's solemn condemnation of civilization; reviewing all the details, picturesque and suggestive, of the primitive life in the village; and he came to shrink with something like awe from his close contact with elemental passions. What had he, a mere tyro from an artificial civilization of which he knew as yet only its most superficial features, what had he to do with such beings as these? How should he presume to advise and guide them? In this mood he could not bring himself to ask Strongheart about the

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scene he had witnessed, and at the time Strongheart made no mention of it; he came and went as before, a little more silent, perhaps, but as solicitous as ever for the comfort of his injured guest.

Later, when many other things had happened, Livingston learned what it was that had passed before his uncomprehending eyes. The Chief began by asserting that his son had been talking with their guest about schools, and Strongheart acknowledged the fact. Kiwetin reminded Strongheart that he had been to school more than any other member of the tribe; he had been away many years; he knew many strange words; he could write; he could read not only English, but the language of a dead people; and so on, a review of facts to which the son assented sullenly, perceiving that they preluded something which would be to his discomfort.

"You are discontented with our Indian ways," said Kiwetin, after the groundwork of the discussion had been laid.

"I am discontented with them," Strongheart responded.

"You would like to go back to the whites."

"Yes, I would."

"You ought to be an Indian."

"I am an Indian. Therefore I cannot go back."

"But all the time you miss and regret the ways of the whites, and because we do not adopt them, you would go back."

"I would like to know more of their ways."

"Our guest has been inciting you to fresh

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discontent. You have asked him to plead with me."

It was here that Strongheart gave vent to the emphatic denial that Livingston had recognized through understanding the one word he used.

"He has talked to me," said Kiwetin, after the explosive "No!"

"It was his own wish," Strongheart protested. "I did not ask him to speak to you. I advised against it, for I knew he could not persuade you. You are more fixed than the hills. The sun will rise in the West and the moon give heat, when you consent to see good in the white man."

"I see good in the white man in his own place," Kiwetin retorted. "The white man's life is his own, and he is welcome to it. But I believe you. Livingston spoke from his own heart, not from yours, and I like him. He has the courage to speak his mind. He understands us better now, and, before he leaves us, he will not only see that you and all Indians belong where they were born, but that you are to be despised for wishing to be anything but what Nature made you."

"Let him see it, then!" cried Strongheart, his passion leaping beyond the bounds set by respect for paternal authority. "What is it to me what he thinks? What care I what he sees? It is enough that I see, I, Soangetaha, son of Kiwetin. I do know things of which you are ignorant. I do know that your stubborn determination to cling to the old ways will be the ruin of the race. Can I stand by and see my race

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shrivel on the face of the earth like weeds in Autumn, and not be discontented?"

"You can be anxious about your race," said Kiwetin harshly, "and still be an Ojibway. I have passed many nights under the stars trying to find in my mind the answer to the question, what is to become of us? and I have been true to my race. I am an Ojibway. I flaunt no rags to show my superiority. I live the life of my people. I wear such clothes as they have chosen to wear since the deer became so scarce that skins may not always be had. I parade no shirts and hats from the white man's cities. I am an Ojibway, and I would have my son be an Ojibway and forget the vanity he learned in his days at the white man's school."

Then said Strongheart, stretching his arms in a comprehensive gesture, "This is my land, here are my people, here I must live. I am an Ojibway, for such was I born, and nothing can change me. What is this you complain of? You use many words, but they are as ashes-heaped upon the coals of a dying fire. What are these ideas that have burned themselves almost out? You charge me with discontent with the Indian ways. What are they? Let your memories tell me, for the ways you really have in mind no longer exist. They linger in the recollections of old men, and that is all. You, Chief Kiwetin; you, Black Eagle, and you others, answer: where is your ancient faith? has it not faded before the light that shines in the teaching of the whites? Where are your war bonnets, your fringed shirts of deerskin, your decorated leggings? are they not laid aside only to be brought out on such

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special occasions as festivities, or revivals of old customs for amusement only? You cry shame on me for wearing a city hat and a city shirt; what is it you have on? Not such garments as the white men wear who visit us, not such garments as your fathers wore, but a pitiful mixture, part white, part Indian—half-breed clothes! They stand as symbols of your existence, a mongrel life, and you pretend to be proud of it!

“Oh! the days, the weeks, the months you have spent grumbling to one another at the encroachment of the whites! They are changing all things, you whine, and, with feeble resentment, you declare that the old Indian ways must be preserved, while all the time you practise some of the ways of the whites, and you know in your hearts that you, or your children, will have to practise still others. Ask yourselves why you have adopted the white man’s religion, an imitation of his garments, a weak semblance of his methods in other matters? You know that it is because of a certain power the whites have that is greater than yours. We could attain that power if you would not prevent us. You throttle your race by denying it opportunity to progress.

“What makes the power of the whites? Superior physical strength? No! Superior mental gifts? No! KIKENDASSOWIN—it is KNOWLEDGE! They have learned, and they know what they have learned. They think fast. Forty times they circle a subject while the Indian is feeling of its outer edge. The Indian sits still and waits, the white man, with sure knowl-

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edge, goes ahead and acts. We can teach them the secrets of the forest; they control us by their knowledge of the secrets of the air, the water, the lightning and the sunlight.

"What do you look forward to, you old men? Death! Grim Pauguk holds out his hands not now to men and women here and there, but to a whole people, and you who have the power to thrust him aside with knowledge, you sit idle in your wigwams and resent the efforts of any who seek to gain the power to defeat him. Hear me, Chief Kiwetin: your policy means a choice of shameful death by stagnation, or quick but glorious extermination. I am an Ojibway, and here I throw at your feet the trifles which you have magnified into symbols of my adherence to civilization. Bid me act, and never again will I put on garments of the white man, but in their stead I bid you bring forth the war bonnet. The only way to be Indian is to cast off all traces of civilization. Bedeck yourselves with eagle feathers; make the lake tremble with the clamor of the war drum; bid me lead the people to a demonstration that we are Indians now as our fathers were, and that, if we cannot live as our fathers did, we prefer to die in hopeless war.

"Thus only can we be truly Indian and realize your complaining dreams. Otherwise, Chief, we must gain knowledge, or die ingloriously. I, Soangetaha, have spoken my mind. You have my deepest and most profound thoughts."

Thus ended the debate between father and son in which each was unjust to the other, and each spoke

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with imperfect comprehension of the situation. It was Black Eagle who broke the long silence that followed Strongheart's fiery address.

"There is much truth in what the young man says," said he.

CHAPTER X

DICK TO DOROTHY

I've had a severe disappointment which I must tell you about because I have already paved the way for it in this screed, and my record must be complete. Only, when I paved the way, I thought I was preparing a climax of joy. It's about that land-grabbing scheme I tried to upset. I may as well explain now, as I'm pretty nearly over the difficulty, why and how it is that I have found time to write these yards of narrative. I had a bit of an accident, hurt my feet so that walking was out of the question for a few days. Didn't mention it before, for I didn't want anybody to worry, and now there's no excuse for the slightest anxiety, for I tried my weight on my feet today, and stood it very well for several minutes. A week more of rest, and I'll be able to walk and run as well as ever. It was only a sprain, you know, but it might have been worse, and, as a matter of strict fact, I owe my life to Strongheart. I'll go into all the thrilling details when I get back to little old New York.

So, you see, time would have hung heavy for a man who was perfectly well but under the necessity of keeping still, if it hadn't been that he could imagine

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he was talking with, or rather *at*, you by writing this endless screed. That's the trouble with this kind of talk—all one-sided. I've had an unfair advantage which I would have surrendered gladly if I could have heard your voice at appropriate intervals in an "Oh, my!" or, "For goodness sake!" only you don't give expression to such frivolous comments so far as I know.

Well, here we go wandering and maundering just as if white paper cost nothing, and fountain pens never ran dry. You see, I hate so to confess my disappointment. Marsh and his party got back to the village on the fifth day after Steve started to the Soo. Frank, who went with them—see note to that effect several pages back—reports having had a glorious time, superb fishing, magnificent pictures, and all that. So he's all right, and we will dismiss him. The land-grabbers pitched camp where they were before, just as if they expected to stay all summer, and the old Chief gave them the glad hand and joshed them merrily. Kiwetin would have made a howling success as a politician if only he could have been born in New York and had the advantage of a Tammany education. It was his policy, you see, to jolly them along, for he had promised Steve not to refuse to sign before he came back. Marsh thought the venerable diplomat was all ready to fall, and delicately suggested a resumption of the council sessions, to which Kiwetin blandly expressed his entire willingness, but pointed out that nothing could come of it just yet, as Black Eagle, one of the sub-chiefs, was absent.

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"It wouldn't be binding without Black Eagle's mark on the paper," quoth Kiwetin, "and if we go over all the business now, we'll have to go all over it again when he gets back."

"How long's he going to be gone?" Marsh demanded, with what I thought was an air of suspicion.

"Oh, tomorrow probably," says Kiwetin, "or the day after, possibly. Not later than the day after, surely."

The ancient wire-puller was safe on that, for, the moment he heard that Marsh and his crew were approaching the village, Kiwetin sent Black Eagle off in a hurry on the way to the Soo. Black Eagle was instructed to hit the trail until he got so far from the village that none of Marsh's crowd would likely stumble on him, and wait there till Steve came along and then return with him. That device, you see, made it certain that Marsh and his men would stay till Steve returned.

Steve came in next evening, that was yesterday, bringing with him a surveyor and a kit of instruments. The surveyor, Henry Johnson, was led to Kiwetin's wigwam and quartered in it. He told us things at once that justified all our suspicions, for it proved that he was the very man Marsh's crowd had engaged last Spring to fix the lines of the tract they wanted. Johnson had a government map of the region, on which there were few details, of course, but which was sufficiently accurate for our purposes, and Johnson could fill in such matters as lakes and high hills with pencil. Well, he had marked on the map the exact boundaries

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as they would have fallen if the Indians had accepted the definitions of latitude and longitude laid down in the contract. Every acre they own was included in it! The map Marsh showed was a fake. You see how the ignorant redmen would have been taken in. The map offered by the whites wouldn't have counted, but the precise boundaries as defined in the papers would; and once the scoundrels had got possession of the land, I am as certain as can be that the Indians would have been frozen out of the company, and their possessions would have dwindled to their meagre holdings on the reservation proper, which, of course, they cannot dispose of, the law forbidding it.

I think I hear you wonder why I am disappointed. Why! when we got up this morning we discovered that our white adventurers had folded up their tents in the night, or at all events at daybreak, which is around three o'clock, and stolen away! I did so want to be in at the death and see those fellows when the exposure of their rascality was made. I had some hot speeches all framed up for the occasion, too, and I can't foresee any opportunity of shooting them off unless a misguided constituency some day sends me to Congress and I can discover frauds which can be lambasted by substituting "wrongs of the peepul" for "wrongs of the Indians," and things like that. You see, the land-grabbers had recognized Johnson, and one of them got a chance to ask him why he was here. He answered frankly enough that he had been engaged to verify the lines he had made for them some months before. Of course he never would have had a chance

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to make that admission if Frank or I could have had the management of his coming into the village. We would have hidden him away, and sprung him at the dramatic moment like a jack-in-the-box; but Steve is no diplomatist. Honest as the sun, and simple as the most untutored Indian, he marched right in without concealment, and the land-grabbers, seeing that exposure was certain, preferred to sneak rather than face it.

Their departure was confession of their fraudulent intent, though we needed no more evidence than what the surveyor gave us. Poor Steve was all broken up over it, for he was certain that his friend Marsh would be cleared of any suspicion of wrong-doing. Kiwetin, too, was too much cast down by the plain conviction of his old friend to rejoice much over the fact that his people had been saved from inestimable loss. I think Steve was actually feeling sore against me, because I had been instrumental in exposing his friend, but that, happily, is all over now; for, just before noon, Marsh and Pierre, his half-breed interpreter, paddled to the village and explained things. That is, Marsh did. Marsh came straight up to Kiwetin's wigwam where Frank, and Strongheart and I were, as well as the Chief and Black Eagle. There was a lump on his cheek, a fresh scar on his nose, and a blue spot at the northeast corner of his left eye. Gee-whiskers! but didn't he look mad! but kind of sorrowful and dignified, too.

"My friends," said he, "I been took in. I been done good. Them fellers played me fer a sucker and got

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me dead to rights. I thought they was square, so help me! I b'lieved they was on the level, or I wouldn't have gone into their company."

I must interrupt Marsh's speech to explain that he characterized the company in terms that cannot be employed in describing the scene to a young lady. "What did I know about their blamed latitude and longitude?" cried Marsh, only he didn't say "blamed." That's a euphemism that will serve sufficiently for the ears of the effete and tender East, but which would be a meaningless misfit in the wilderness. Anyhow, Marsh went on almost tearfully to protest that he had been deceived, and that he had not been invited to join the company until after the surveying had been done. They offered him a good looking sum, part cash and part stock, to go in with them on account of his knowledge of the Indians, and they had agreed that he might conduct the negotiations in his own way, which is to say the Indian way, and be the boss of the business until the papers were signed. He was a cats-paw, you see, and he had no suspicion of crookedness till the party lit out while the village was asleep. He went with them wondering, because, if for no other reason, there was pay coming to him, the cash part of his remuneration. After traveling some hours, and pestering them with questions, it seems he came to an understanding with them, and he was so outraged that he wouldn't have taken their money if they had offered it, which they didn't. On the contrary, he preferred to get even by thrashing the whole crowd. I have an idea, from the marks of battle on Marsh's

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face, that they were just a little too many for him, but he evidently got some satisfaction out of it, and when the clouds of carnage cleared away, he compelled Pierre to come back with him.

So we all shook hands with Marsh, for we believed him, and Steve Winterton was the happiest man I ever saw. The only thing Steve said was, "I knowed Tom Marsh was straight," but he has been sizzling with joy ever since the explanation, sitting on a log, his face set in a placid grin, his eyes fixed in supreme content on Marsh, who is going to stay a day or two just to cement the pleasant understanding arrived at with the Indians.

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That line of dots means that a day has elapsed since I wrote the words above it. I think this is Thursday, but I am not sure, for nothing happens here to distinguish one day from another, and I've lost my count. Yes, I'm much better, thank you. With the aid of crutches which Strongheart made for me, I hobbled this morning from one end of the village to another, saying "bozho" at every wigwam, and getting the pleasantest greetings from all the people, men, women and children. Frank and I will yet make the trip to the lake which no white man has seen, and to which we were on the way when my accident happened. But that isn't what should make this page of thrilling interest. All that has gone before is overshadowed by the fact that STRONGHEART IS GOING TO COLUMBIA! Doesn't it take your breath away? It does mine, and I hardly know how to describe the way the thing came

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to pass. It really couldn't be done unless one could get into the minds of certain Indians and tell all that went on there for a considerable time. It is clear that the Chief has been mulling the thing over at least since the time I had my argument with him, and it is inferable that he has discussed it with Black Eagle, and probably with other old men. Nevertheless, nobody was more surprised than Strongheart. I had tried to give up the dream, and had almost succeeded, but Strongheart never had permitted himself to cherish it, and—

Well, about dark last night, Frank, Steve and Strongheart were with me in the wigwam. There had been wind and rain in the afternoon, leaving the evening chilly. So we were inside with a good fire going and making the quaint house as warm as an oven. We were still going over and over the land-grabbing business, and Steve said again that he "knowed Tom Marsh was straight," when in came Chief Kiwetin and Black Eagle. There was nothing significant in that, and they took their seats and lit their pipes as if they meant merely to join our conversation, or listen. It proved that they were there for a special purpose, and were waiting politely for a cue to introduce it. Steve happened to give the word.

"I ain't telled ye," said he, "how I happened to find Johnson. I went to Silas Walker, one o' them salt-water sailors I telled ye of, to git his sexton. Si was to hum, an' ready enough to lend his sexton, which, says he, it's strange that the old thing should be gittin' into service agin, fer it's only a few months since I

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lent it out to another party. Is it gittin' so that you have to use a sexton to lay your course in the bush? says he, an' I asked him who the party was that borried his sexton, an' it's Henry Johnson, the surveyor, says he, he had a job locatin' lines an' wanted my sexton to complete his outfit, he havin' his quadroon but needin' the sexton to find out where he was at before sightin' or somethin' o' that sort, says he. So I streaked it to Henry Johnson, an' as 'twas a matter o' business with him, he come along 'thouten argyment."

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, gravely, "everything happened fortunate after we once got started, but we no should got started if it no been for Livingston."

Now, of course that was true, and I knew it, but I hastened to disclaim any merit, or influence in the affair, sidetracking all my scheming with no end of mock modesty, for I was proud as a hen with a brood of ducks over what I had accomplished. In other words I fibbed in the way men generally do under such circumstances. It's a way the male creature has of throwing bouquets at itself, for if he appears becomingly modest, his deeds shine with the added lustre reflected from modesty as a background, don't you see? Well, the old Chief let me gabble my gabfest, and when I had finished, "Yes, yes," said he, which appears to be his way of negating anything that he regards as nonsense. It's highly disconcerting, that "Yes, yes," of his when you come to know what it means. I think I blushed like a fool. Anyhow, I ought to, and I was sorry I hadn't let him spiel on without interruption.

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"And Livingston," he went on, calmly ignoring my vapid disclaimers, "no could done what he did without knowledge of things the rest of us know nothing about. I have thought much about this. Before Winterton returned with the surveyor I saw that if it prove that white men were trying to cheat us, the discovery of that fact would be due to Livingston's knowledge. That mean, he had white-man knowledge with which to fight white-man dishonesty. This is very important. We Indians must not overlook it. More and more every year we have to deal with white men who are strangers to us, not like Winterton and Marsh, who are old friends and honest men, and it appears that even Marsh was deceived, for Marsh is like us in not having high knowledge. So it seems that knowledge is great protection to people, and we Indians must have as much protection as we can get. Government is supposed to take care of us, but government cannot see all things. It has few eyes for what goes on in forest. So it mean that we Indians must learn to take care of ourselves. This is a task what must fall on the young, for men like Black Eagle and myself cannot learn new ways. It is necessary, therefore, that somebody who is of us, and who has interests of the people at heart, should acquire white-man knowledge for our protection. So we have changed our minds. The way this cheat was discovered and prevented convinces us that our future leader should have more of that education what formerly we despised. We were wrong, for we did not understand. It seems there is no telling when knowledge of certain thing may be

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useful and necessary. Even knowledge of language of a dead people may some day save Indians from injury. I do not know, but, after what has happened, I think all things are possible with knowledge. Livingston and Nelson, you been our good friends. We ask you, do you think Soangetaha could learn what is necessary in school you go to?"

I was bewildered with joy, and I had had just enough experience with the Indian mind to perceive that the old Chief mustn't be interrupted. You have to let these people work out their reasoning in their own way. For both these reasons I held my tongue, wondering how to contrive an answer that should lead Kiwetin on to the next point, but Frank spoke up quickly.

"Of course!" said he. "There's nothing better than Columbia. They teach everything there."

"Yes, yes," Kiwetin responded, "but would teachers let Soangetaha study there?"

"Let him?" yelled Frank, "they'd tumble over themselves for the privilege of teaching him. Will you let him go?"

"I been thinking of it," the Chief answered with some hesitation. "You been our very good friends, and if there is no objection I should like it much if Soangetaha could go to same school with you."

I tried to give Frank a tip, but he let out a wild hurrah! before he caught my wink. You see, my debates with the Indians had shown me that in a matter like this they would be preternaturally solemn, utterly unable to appreciate the light-heartedness with

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which students take their opportunities for education, and I was just a little afraid that Frank would overdo the effervescent act. The Chief, you see, had swung clear around the circle, and, from opposing education and condemning civilization, had come to be a petitioner for them. It was our business to take him as we found him and not disturb his poise. But Frank's exuberance did no harm. Kiwetin said "Yes, yes," in a confused kind of way, and filled his pipe, and while he was about that, I got a cue to Frank in a whisper, and then added my mite to the discussion.

"Of course Soangetaha would have to pass an examination," said I, "but I think he could do it easily, and if there was any danger, he could go back with us when we return, a few weeks ahead of school opening, and prepare for exams by special study with a tutor."

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, then, with much more composure, for this was talk after his own spirit, solemn, bristling with difficulties, you see. And then we discussed details for an hour or more, details with which I don't need to burden you, for you can easily see what would be the nature of them. In the matter of expenditures, the Chief said the tribe would be ready to meet the cost, and I gathered that some sort of head tax would be laid, Strongheart going not merely as his father's son, but as the tribe's representative. Anyhow, they see their way in the matter, the thing that interests me being that Strongheart will be with us when the term begins.

All through this discussion Strongheart never said

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a word. He wasn't called on to speak. It was his business, now as always, to obey the dictates of his elders. But at the end, when Kiwetin knocked the ashes from his pipe and made some remark about going to bed, Strongheart addressed him briefly in Ojibway and then shook hands with his father and Black Eagle, saying "Migwetch," which is Ojibway for "Thank you." After that he shook hands with me and Frank, with a "Thank you" in English, and went out. He didn't show up till breakfast time this morning. Winterton tells me that he went from us to his canoe, paddled around the lake for hours, and afterwards ran miles and miles along the forest trails, keeping incessantly on the go all through the night. It was his way of working off his excess of joy, I suppose, and if he hadn't taken such strenuous measures he might have shocked the Chief by just such yells and cavorting as Frank and I wanted to indulge in. Really, if it hadn't been for my lame feet, I fear I couldn't have resisted the temptation.

Part II

CIVILIZATION

CHAPTER XI

DOROTHY

Fourscore children were dispersed over the slope below the trees that grew near the summit. The sultry August sun put a high premium on shade that day, and the grown-ups who had undertaken the task of looking after the children were glad that the configuration of the land made it possible for them to sit under the trees where they could keep their charges in view without any sacrifice of duty. It was sunlight for the youngsters, let it broil and bake as it would, straight, unimpeded sunlight, uncontaminated with city smoke and dust, unconfined by high buildings to a fragmentary stretch along one side of a paved street. Sunlight and grass, license to roll on the turf, liberty to pick such flowers as had survived the midsummer drought! How they reveled in it! Here and there you might see one lying at full length, clutching at the grass as if to assure himself that it was real. Again you would find a girl plucking buttercups with feverish haste, forming them into a tasteless bunch of

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bloom, as if she feared the homely flowers might run away before she could get them. Groups were at play, sometimes the identical ring games you may observe on Second Avenue after nightfall, sometimes imperfect attempts to imitate the May festivities which a few had seen from a distance in Central Park, when more favored children sang to their queen, and frolicked about the gaily colored pole.

It was their one great holiday, the one day of the Summer for most of them, the day when they were expected to get down to earth without let or hindrance, and yet, so significant was it, nearly all the juvenile members of the party bore evidence of being especially dressed for the occasion, and dressed as they would be for a function at the parish church, or the school-house. No costly clothes, at that, but no little finery, if colored ribbons count as such, and considerable regard for conventionality, if starched skirts and spotless linen collars may be regarded as concessions to formality. There were exceptions, not every one giving the tribute of fresh clothes to the holiday, for some undoubtedly came in the only garments they had; but starch or no starch, white linen or bare necks, there was no aristocracy of clothing in the field community. They were on even terms, out for fresh air, according to the grown-ups, for a good time, according to the youngsters, and to judge by ruddy faces and cheerful voices, they were getting their fill of both.

Sheltered by benignant oaks, a young woman surveyed the chattering slope, her eyes glowing with quiet enthusiasm. She glanced occasionally at a spot,

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also in the shade, where hampers were in process of unpacking at the hands of two hired men, assisted or superintended, or hindered, goodness only knows which, by three exquisitely gowned girls whose voices rivaled those of the children in gaiety of tone and incessant action.

"We must have the jam under constant observation," said one, with an air of profound wisdom.

"And the ice-cream must be dished out by a person with a mathematical eye," declared another.

"We might make Ralph Thorne do it."

"Perhaps Dorothy would prefer to take care of the ice-cream herself, as it's so important."

"Whatever became of that box of cake—oh! here it is. Open it for me, please."

She who overlooked these preparations for the feast which was by no means the least of the day's joys for the children, was quite as exquisitely gowned as her assistants, and, in the eyes of the young man who sprawled on the ground beside her, she was herself the most exquisitely charming creature that the sun had the privilege of driving to shelter in any part of the world. Young men are sometimes inclined to bias in matters of this kind, but he may not have been all wrong, nevertheless.

"It's good of you, Mr. Thorne," said she, "to take so much interest in my waifs and strays."

"How could I help being interested in anything that interests you, Miss Nelson?"

She looked down at him for a moment with a smile of tolerant amusement. Then she laughed outright.

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"How impossible you are!" she exclaimed. "What a self-sacrificing hypocrite!"

"Miss Nelson!" and he looked deeply injured.

Again she laughed. "Who was it who said something to the effect that a human being is a book? It doesn't matter who, I am only thinking how plainly you are printed, Mr. Thorne."

His reproachful eyes and down-drawn lips revived her merriment.

"That's a compliment," she assured him. "It was no reflection on your personal appearance, which is quite lovely, really. I was alluding to your mind. You are read as easily as any of these children, and surely that's complimentary, isn't it? Anything but ambiguity in character! But I must laugh at you, for I know you are unutterably bored—"

"Now, Miss Nelson! you really discredit your own perceptions. Am I so easily read? Then don't you see that it would be impossible for me to be bored when I have the privilege of being near you?"

"How nice! But that's really the point, don't you see? You are trying to convince me that you are my willing slave—"

"Guilty, Miss Nelson."

"Then you must pay the penalty, and if you have not a real interest in what interests me, you must assume it and act accordingly. Go and see what those boys are doing please," and she indicated a group of youngsters at some distance from any others who were evidently deeply absorbed over something on the ground.

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Thorne arose obediently and strolled toward the group. His approach was not noticed by the boys, for their attention was concentrated on their occupation, and when he came near enough to hear some of their words, his face lighted with an amused smile. This he quickly dismissed, and set his features in an expression of severe disapprobation which he fancied appropriate to the occasion; for what he heard was, "Come seven! come eleven!" One of the boys had a pair of dice, some had a few pennies, and craps, the vice of the pavements, was in full swing on the innocent turf.

"See here, kids, you must chuck that," commanded Thorne.

There was a hurried scramble to get out of the way, a hasty grabbing after the coppers that lay on the ground as stakes, a turning of alarmed eyes in the direction of the speaker. For the moment the young miscreants had forgotten that they were not in the city, and the interrupting voice appealed to them as that of authority in the person of the obnoxious policeman with his long club and his implacable hostility to oversteppers of morality. But it was not a policeman; it was no helmeted minion of the law; only a good-looking young man in white flannels, whose presence in the party theretofore had been an unexplained mystery. This was no figure to strike terror to the gamin of the East Side. Rather was he to be defied, if not openly derided.

"Gwan!" said the audacious leader of the group, "youse aint de big noise of dis 'scursion."

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"Well," retorted Thorne, nettled at their manifest disdain, "who is, then?"

"Miss Nelson."

"Oh, is she? Well, Miss Nelson told me to see what you boys were up to. If you don't think I've any right to stop you, go and ask her what she thinks of crap playing."

"Don't b'lieve she knows wot 'tis," said a boy, sullenly.

"Don't deceive yourself, Johnny. Miss Nelson hasn't been good to you ragamuffins all the year, and spent most of her time where you live, without learning what craps is."

"Say, youse!" exclaimed the leader, warningly, "youse put de lid on yer talk box or dere'll be trouble, see? We'll spoil dose white pants o' yourn—"

"Get out!" Thorne interrupted roughly, and with a threatening gesture. "You don't deserve the treat Miss Nelson has got up for you. Behave yourselves now, or I'll see that she packs you off without anything to eat."

Presumably the appeal to their appetites had more effect on the juvenile gamblers than the possibility of physical violence at the hands of a walking fashion plate; and yet, accustomed to being chased from their illegal pastime, it may be that they beheld in Thorne the momentary embodiment of irresistible compulsion and fled from him as a matter of habit. At all events, they fled, and he returned to the shade and Dorothy.

"What was it?" she asked.

"I should think," said he, "it would be enough to

discourage you from any further efforts to improve the condition of such ungrateful beggars. They were playing craps."

"That's a game with dice, isn't it?"

"Yes, and you understand, don't you? It's gambling. They were playing for money."

"Horrors!" she exclaimed in manifestly mock appreciation of his scandalized expression. He found it exceedingly difficult to understand her, impossible to anticipate what seemed to him her quickly changing moods. Whatever attitude he assumed, whether sincerely, or in deliberate attempt to gain her sympathy, she rebuffed and antagonized him.

"Surely," said he, and there was no mistaking his earnestness, "you do not look lightly on their gambling? You must take that seriously."

"I do," she returned a little sadly. "I should like to wean them from craps, for, as they advance in the social scale, it is so likely to lead to poker, and bridge, and betting on the races."

Thorne was bewildered. "Advance in the social scale," he echoed confusedly.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Is it likely that efforts to make good citizens of these boys are going to fail utterly? Surely there are possibilities for some, if not all, for they're just as human as you and I. There can be no dispute that gambling is an evil, no matter what the social level of the gambler. Of course I should like to kill the passion for it in these boys, and I try to, but it lies very deep. I hope you told them how wrong it was?"

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She concluded in a tone that was just a shade lighter, and the young man was quick to infer that she was again mocking him.

"I told them," he answered somewhat stiffly, "that if they thought it was right to play craps they should ask you about it."

"Did you!" she exclaimed heartily. "Now that was fine! You couldn't have given them a better form of reproof, Mr. Thorne, and I'm really grateful. I know that I have influence with them, some influence, I hope to make it greater, and the reference of any question wherein there is no real doubt, to me, is a help."

Thorne was mollified instantly, and, such was his moral make-up, he had no difficulty in dismissing from his consciousness the fact that his attitude to the boys had been anything but sympathetic. "You are most admirable in all this, Miss Nelson," said he, "but I don't see how you can stand it. These boys knew better. Think of their rank ingratitude! I told them they didn't deserve a holiday. Don't it make you feel that your sacrifices are thrown away?"

"I am sorry you told them they didn't deserve a holiday," said Dorothy. "Yes, they knew better, and the fact that they forget the delights of the country in favor of the vice of the city, shows only how deep the wicked passion lies, and how hard and patient the effort must be to eradicate it. I am sometimes a little disheartened, yes, sometimes, but with myself, not with the subjects. You are quite mistaken in regarding me as sacrificing anything. This work is my highest pleasure. I may not accomplish much, but I can at

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least have the joy of trying. You see, I am more fortunately circumstanced than these," and her eyes swept the grassy slope. "I cannot see how anybody in what is called good circumstances can forbear from trying to help those who are poor and unfortunate. Forgive me, Mr. Thorne. That's awfully like preaching. I didn't mean to slip into it. Confess now, a sermon would bore you."

The seriousness had departed, leaving her face all smiles, roguish, enchanting.

"On my word," he cried, "I can only repeat what I said before, and you must believe me. It is impossible for anything you say or do to bore me. You are so far above me, so far superior to any other—"

"Oh, Dorothy! Dorothy! Come here!" chorused the three assistants at the hampers.

"Excuse me," she said, rising hastily, "I must sacrifice your compliments to the necessity of averting disaster. No, don't disturb yourself, Mr. Thorne," as he began to rise. "I'm sure there's nothing that need trouble you."

He was glad to take her at her word, for it meant that she would return, and that the intimate conversation might be renewed at the point where it was broken off. It had been impossible thus far to bring her mood even approximately into tune with his own, and in spite of her evident disposition to regard him flippantly, he could but follow her example and try, and the present situation was well calculated to serve his wishes. So, while he raved a bit inwardly that something had happened just as he was getting well started,

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he foresaw no great difficulty in resuming the subject after the emergency at the hampers had been met and overcome.

Thorne threw himself back on the turf, inclined to bask in the light of such happiness as would be his when Dorothy Nelson should one day say she loved him, but there was a tiny cloud in his sky, not such as might properly enough have been visible to him if he could have perceived the immense gulf between himself and Dorothy, but a realistic cloud in the shape of an inquisitive small boy who stood like a statue, staring at him. While talking to Dorothy he had not seen the youngster, and he was foolishly mortified now when he suspected that the lad might have overheard that ardently begun speech.

"Hello, Johnny, what you doing here?" asked Thorne, trying to profit by Dorothy's comments, and pumping as much kindness into his tone as he could.

"Nawthin'," said the boy.

"Well, wouldn't you just as lieve do it somewhere else? Down at the other end of the field, eh?"

The boy grinned. "I like this well enough," said he.

"Oh, you do! Well, see here, perhaps we can strike a bargain. See this?" and he held up a small coin. The boy's eyes glistened, and Thorne tossed the coin to him. "Now," he added, "chase yourself, beat it, mosey, understand?"

It might have been better for Thorne had there been less understanding in that street arab's mind than there was. He caught the coin and ran down hill, much to Thorne's relief, but presently, when he came

near some of his friends, the boy slackened his steps, and his face puckered in deep thought.

"Say, fellers," said he, "see dat?" and he displayed his coin.

"Where'd ya get it?" was the natural inquiry. Such wealth was not to be possessed by one of their number without immediate suspicion regarding its acquirement.

"Dat guy wot come wid Miss Nelson an' de goils," he answered, "he give it to me. Wot d'ya t'ink it's fer? Say, he's dopy on Miss Nelson, he is, an' when he's jollyng her he don't like to be piped off, see? He wants to be all by his lonesome wid her, an' he gimme dis to beat it. Say, ain't dat a graft?"

It surely was, and as such not to be neglected. The youngsters of the streets are ingrained opportunists; they learn early that Fortune is not to be flouted by delay, but must be wooed persistently and speedily. So they put their prematurely wise heads together to decide upon the best means of taking advantage of the occasion, well knowing that Fortune would be unlikely to throw a soft guy in their way again. The result of their excogitations was presently a cautious advance of the whole party, about a dozen, up the hill. When they were part way up, all but one lay down, eyes directed toward the shade, while the one sidled onward as if indetermined. Dorothy was still busy with the emergency at the hampers, and Thorne, deep in a revision of his ardent speech, was beginning to feel that he had caught the winning words, when upon the glowing page of his fancy fell

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a blot. It jarred him to the depths to see that grinning youngster almost over him. He sat up.

"Didn't I tell you," he began, and then perceived that the boy was not the one who had been bribed to depart a minute or two before. "Run away," he said crossly. "I don't want you here."

The boy stood motionless. Thorne felt in his pocket and found a dime. "What'll you take," he asked, "to beat it and not come back till you're called for dinner?"

"That," said the boy, pointing to the coin.

Thorne tossed it to him and lay down again as soon as he saw his tormentor move quickly away. The spell had been broken somehow. He could not get back to the precise phraseology that had seemed so promising of effect. Dorothy's presence might recall it. He raised himself on his elbow to see what she was doing—Holy mackerel! there was another prying ragamuffin sidling up to the shade with an expectant grin on his face!

"What the dev—" Thorne began, and collected himself. "What do you want?" he demanded.

There are lads of the street whose wits are so sharpened that they can meet any attack with appropriate repartee and win a victory by sheer audacity, but Number Three had not risen quite to that level. His lips moved, but words wouldn't come; so he swallowed hard and grinned. The light of suspicion began to dawn upon Thorne, such a light as should have made him view the foibles of all mankind with tolerance if not with mirth; but Thorne was not of the kind, nor

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in the mood, at that particular time, to see the humorous side of the affair.

"Get out of here, you damned monkey," he exclaimed under his breath, "get out before I wring your neck!"

The boy found words at that. "It's wuth a nickel," said he.

"Worth nothing!" retorted Thorne, thoroughly angry; "those other kids put you up to this," and then he became speechless, for a dozen boys arose from their places in the grass a little way down the slope, and began to storm the heights. They had yielded to impatience. From a distance it had begun to look as if the graft were in danger of exhaustion, and there was no strong, diplomatic hand to hold them in check that the game might be played warily. Each was incited by eager desire to have a chance at the last coin, if but one more should be forthcoming.

Thorne was so shocked with amazement, so outraged by their audacity, that his impulse actually was to run away, for he was utterly at loss how to meet this cohort. He stood up, and the boys halted a few paces distant. As he merely frowned at them in deep despair of saying anything that could reach their intelligence without also reaching the ear of Miss Nelson, and so offending her, the boys, one and all, put on the expectant grin. It was Thorne's turn to swallow, for it wouldn't do at all to utter the words that arose within him, oh, such feeling words as were then throttled!

"Well," he said, after having mastered himself, but

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his tone was black with wrath, "speak up! What's your song?"

"We'll beat it 'f you want us to, mister," replied the boldest of the attacking party, with ingratiating blandness.

"Beat it, then."

"How much, mister?"

"Nothing, you infernal little blackmailers! Not a red! Understand? Now get out before I tell Miss Nelson what a nuisance you are. There'll be no ice-cream and cake coming to you if you don't stop annoying me, understand?"

The boys hesitated. Their grins gave way to scowls of disappointment mingled a bit with fear, for this white-clad young man evidently was just mean enough to tell tales as he threatened, and Miss Nelson would likely talk to them in a way that was a hundred times worse than a licking, or going hungry; but it was hard to forego such graft as two of their number had found so easy and profitable.

"Nickel apiece aint much, mister," grumbled the leader.

"Not a red!" snapped Thorne. "Get out, now, or I'll get you into trouble."

At that moment Dorothy finished what she had to do at the hampers and began to return. The boys saw her and wheeled about. Most of them ran down the slope, but the leader and one or two others were more dignified in their retreat; and the leader could not be vanquished thus. He must have the last shot, if he could not get a nickel. So he turned around.

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"Say, youse," said he, with lofty scorn, "youse is a four-flusher, youse is." Then, undoubtedly relieved of a heavy burden, he stalked after his companions.

"What was it, Mr. Thorne?" asked Dorothy, looking from the retreating boys to his flushed face.

"Oh," he answered, with a brave attempt at indifference, "just some impudence of the young savages."

"I am sorry if they have annoyed you," said she. "I'll have a talk with them."

"Don't, please," he urged, and he was wholly sincere, for he was morally certain that if she approached the boys they would give her a true account of the episode, and he could not endure the thought of being made ridiculous in her eyes. "Let it go, Miss Nelson. Everything is all right now you have returned."

"You are so easily pleased," she laughed, "but your speaking of savages reminds me of something that will interest you. You're going to have a savage of the real kind in Columbia next term."

Thorne looked his undeniable interest and curiosity, and Dorothy continued, "The boys would rebuke me for calling him a savage, I'm sure, and I really don't mean it, but force of habit, you know. The street boys cannot give up their gambling when they come to the country, and I find it hard to forget the prejudices of my childhood when I think of Indians. I used to be so frightened at the very thought of them."

"Do you mean that there's an Indian coming to Columbia?"

"Yes, an Ojibway, son of a chief. His name is

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Strongheart. The boys came upon him quite by accident. I infer from what Dick writes that it was some sort of accident to himself, and that Strongheart saved his life. Dick hasn't said much about that part of it, but his letters are full to running over with Strongheart, who must be a decidedly interesting man. I am quite eager to see him."

"So you've heard from Dick," said Thorne, and a girl of much less fine perceptions than Dorothy's could not have failed to note the twang of jealousy in his tone. He had spoken with strenuous effort to appear indifferent, but his soul was in torment, and the pain at his heart inevitably found an outlet in his voice.

"Yes," said Dorothy, sweetly, quite as if she found pleasure in adding to his torment, "and such letters! He was incapacitated by his accident, it seems, and so had no end of time for writing. There was a great deal to write about, and his letters are quite like a continued story. He has become deeply interested in the Indians, and especially in Strongheart, whom he fairly idolizes."

"I'll bet there's one person he idolizes more," thought Thorne, morosely. "How does it happen that the Indian is coming to Columbia?" he asked.

"He wants further education, and he comes here simply because the boys are here. If they had been in Yale, doubtless he would have gone there. But there are great reasons at the base of his decision to come to the East at all, reasons and difficulties, opposition, events leading to a change of views—it's all in Dick's letters. Would you like to read them?"

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"Charmed," said Thorne, and Dorothy bit her lip.

In fact the burden at his heart was somewhat lightened. It was inconceivable that Dorothy Nelson would descend to a vulgar bluff, and when she offered him the privilege of reading Dick's letters, she meant it. Therefore they could not be love letters, and therein lay comfort; but the sense of rivalry lingered and embittered the rest of the day. Dorothy chatted on about the trip of her brother and his chum in the wilderness, and Thorne listened with polite but for the most part silent attention. In due course he did his share manfully in distributing refreshments to the fourscore hungry youngsters; he helped assemble them when it was time for departure; and up to the very last he put himself to vast discomfort in his effort to win the gracious esteem of the girl who gave so much of her time to philanthropy.

No further opportunity for intimate conversation arose during the day in the fields. Perhaps Dorothy was to blame for that, for the inquisitive boys kept their distance, and the other girls seemed willing that Dorothy should monopolize Thorne; but youth is persistent when it comes to pushing an affair of the heart, and Thorne bided his time with patience worthy of his cause, and worthy of a more admirable character. It seemed to him that he might speak when at last the children had been dismissed in their home neighborhood, and the responsibilities of the day, so far as Dorothy was concerned, were over; but Dorothy could, or would, talk only of her self-appointed work.

"You have been very good, Mr. Thorne," said she.

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"I really didn't think you could endure the whole day with us."

"Miss Nelson! when you—"

"When I, and not philanthropy, was the magnet," she interrupted merrily. "I understand, Mr. Thorne. Let all that go without saying, and try, oh! do try to get up a real interest in human beings. There is such need of sympathy in the world. Don't you see?"

She spoke pleadingly, as if her one desire were to make a convert.

"I'm not lacking in interest in one human being," he began, but she would not listen.

"That is selfishness," she said, "absolute selfishness, and you don't do yourself credit by even thinking in such a way at the end of such a day."

"No, I suppose not," he responded with resentful humility. "But the difference between us is one of degree, I'm sure. I could be philanthropic, too, if the cause were big enough. What I can't do, and I might as well confess it, for you seem to see it plainly enough, is to get down with any sort of enthusiasm to the pleasures, the needs if you prefer, of a parcel of ragamuffins. It seems like such a waste of splendid effort and spirit, Miss Nelson. There is nothing so pitiable as misdirected energy, is there? And when it is misdirected consciously, it is unpardonable. A person of unusual intelligence should make sure to find a practicable field for her energy. I hope I do not offend you?"

"I like you ever so much better when you are honest, Mr. Thorne."

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He grimaced uneasily. "You hit hard, don't you?" he said by way of passing lightly over the allusion to his earlier pretenses at interest in her charges. "You don't seem to give me credit for trying to get up an interest in your street gamin. But let that pass. Take my view of philanthropy, now. If it were a matter of building hospitals, or organizing relief for some community overwhelmed by earthquake, or fire—"

"Yes," she interrupted, with an air of finality, "that is like a man. He must have something huge, imposing, obvious, to stir him. It shows how necessary it is that there should be women willing to submerge themselves in attention to little things. Good night, Mr. Thorne," and she held out her hand with a smile that was as free from mockery as it was beautiful.

Thorne was enraptured and driven to despair by it. So worn was he by the long day of boredom, and his futile efforts to arouse her interest in himself, that he took his dismissal without further resistance.

CHAPTER XII

ON THE QUADRANGLE

It was about two o'clock of a morning early in October that the watchman at Columbia rubbed his eyes in confident expectation that the action would cause a strange figure on the quadrangle to dissolve and vanish. The vision persisted, however, and the watchman drew near, with what caution and misgiving it would be unfair to say, for in the precincts of learning it is unlikely that superstitious fear would linger. What he saw was a tall man standing motionless, both hands raised above his head, which was thrown back, as if he were invoking the stars, or unseen spirits in the air.

"Mine! mine!" the watchman heard the man say in a tone of the deepest exultation.

The man's back was to the watchman, who stepped around in front and looked him over curiously. At once the man lowered his arms, but without the slightest manifestation of discomposure. The exultance that had vibrated in his voice, shone like a fire in the night from his eyes, and his lips were parted in a smile of unutterable satisfaction and joy. He returned the watchman's look, and greeted him with a cheery "Good morning."

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"Good morning," the watchman responded dubiously.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked the man, and again he raised his arms, but this time in a comprehensive gesture as if he would embrace all the buildings facing on the quadrangle. "It's mine!" he continued, smiling again, "mine! You don't understand that, do you, watchman?"

The watchman could not reconcile the claim with facts, but before he could say so, the other went on impetuously, "How would you feel if a multimillionaire should take you to a beautiful park where there was a grand mansion furnished with every luxury, and in it a strong-box filled with gold, and should tell you it was all yours? You could not believe it true, not at first, watchman, but when at last he made you believe, when you saw that it must be so because you were living there, with everything you desired at command, how would you feel then? You don't know, do you? You don't know how you would feel, or what you would say, but you would have to say something, watchman. It is not in the power of any human being of any race to shut himself up entirely in the presence of such vast fortune. And so I tell you again, it's mine! mine! I shall take it away with me, all I can carry, but," and here his smile became quizzical, "I shall leave behind me all that I take away. Do you understand that?"

The watchman felt moved to express relief that the man cherished no rapacious designs on the buildings, but the overmastering passion of the other restrained

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his flippancy, and he replied doubtfully, "Learnin' I s'pose you mean, aint it?"

"Learning, yes. Knowledge and, I hope, wisdom! Think of it—but no, it would not do you any good, for you could not understand. If you could, I should not be talking to you. There's another way of stating it. Here am I, in the midst of it, a part of it; it belongs to me, and I belong to it. This, watchman," again the comprehensive gesture, "this is where I belong! Come now, is it not past comprehension? Is it not wonderful?"

"I s'pose," said the watchman, slowly, "it ain't to be expected that a man of your race could take it all in."

The man's laughter awoke the echoes of the quadrangle, exuberant, happy laughter.

"Race! race!" he shouted; "what glorious nonsense! How much of it do you take in, watchman? You've been here for years, haven't you? Tell me how much you have taken from that?" pointing to the library, "and from that?" indicating University Hall, "and the rest of them? So much a week, is it not? Ho! ho! the sublime conceit of the superior race! Mind you, watchman, I should not say this if I thought you could understand it, for it would profane my mood to say aught that could pain or offend another. I do not expect you to understand. Can you translate the message of the birds that sing when your night's work is over? Can you put the starshine into words? Can you tell what the wind whispers to these roofs and walls?"

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"Don't you think you'd better be going to your room, sir?" suggested the watchman, at the first pause in the rhapsody.

Again that ringing, hearty, happy laughter. "Splendid!" cried the man. "I have freed my spirit to an ear that listened and understood not a word! What luxury! Yes, watchman, you are quite right. I should go to my room. You must think well of me, friend. I have given you something to cheer many a lonesome night with strange memories, haven't I? Come, you smoke, of course. Try this. Good night, watchman."

The man dashed away at a run, his steps almost noiseless on the paved ground. The watchman looked confusedly at the cigar that had been thrust into his hand, turned it over several times, at last put it into his pocket and returned to his station where for some minutes he sat in deep thought, occasionally tapping his head, and wagging that useful but not over-enlightened member, mournfully.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NOCTURNE IN G MAJOR

Strongheart's advent to Columbia was like that of any other earnest student. He took the examinations with no other ambition with regard to them than that they should determine his proper place in the student body, glad to review subjects in which he was deficient, glad also to pass in others and therefore gain the privilege of beginning new or higher subjects. Generally speaking, his presence was little marked at first, each of the many members of the university having his special interests to absorb his attention, the upper-classmen having associations already formed that made them unobservant of strangers, and the newcomers being adrift until accident and the discoveries of congeniality should enable them to form associations of their own. As a newcomer, Strongheart was exceptionally favored in having the ardent friendship of two popular upper-classmen, Nelson and Livingston both being proud to introduce him to their friends, to whom the Indian quickly appealed on his own merits, for he was always in quiet good-humor, earnest without being aggressive, interested in all that was brought to his attention. As Billy Saunders put it, "You forget that he's a redskin as soon as you've said 'how?' "

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Little time was allowed to elapse before Strongheart's discoverers presented him to their friends outside of the university. His first meeting with Dorothy, of whom he had not heard until he came to New York, was at her home, where he was the guest of honor, if one may use so pompous a phrase in connection with a small and informal dinner party. Nelson and Livingston had thought it all out during their last day in the wilderness when, after having visited the lake which had been their first objective, they spent a night at the reservation, to which Kiwetin and his people had returned. Both looked forward to the home affair with eager anticipation such as any can imagine who have ever found a treasure which they are sure all their friends will appreciate.

"Seems as if I couldn't wait to spring him on the crowd," Livingston had said, and Nelson, less impulsive, but equally enthusiastic, had replied that for Strongheart's sake it would be well to wait a bit after his arrival in the city. "Let him get shaken down into his new surroundings," said he, wisely.

"I suppose so," Livingston admitted ruefully. "It'll have to be at your house, of course."

"Rather!" returned Nelson. "You can't expect us all to go up to Albany just because Strongheart is your particular catch."

"Molly must be there."

"Sure. She'll balance Strongheart, though, if we have Molly, we must also have Billy, mustn't we?"

"I'd like to have the whole football team so far as numbers are concerned, but of course I don't say that

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seriously. We want this a kind of family gathering. Billy? Billy Saunders? Yes, I s'pose so. Billy's all right. You're thinking that he's rather fond of Molly, aren't you?"

"Well," said Nelson, dryly, "some folks remarked that he couldn't keep his eyes off Molly whenever she was visible last term."

Molly was Livingston's sister, also a student in New York. During the preceding Winter she had been in attendance at the National Academy of Design, where she covered some acres of white paper with black lines representing Roman heads and Greek limbs. She called them studies in the antique, and her one ambition, despite the persistent attentions of Mr. William Saunders, and no end of other good fellows, was to get into the life class.

"Terrible thing, this having a younger sister to feel responsible for," said Livingston. "I don't know whether Molly cares a rap for Billy, but if she did I think I should feel relieved. He's a good fellow, all right, if he doesn't lead his class in mathematics. Billy, of course. He'll balance Dorothy, I s'pose. That means we must have two other girls to balance we-uns."

"Well, there's Betty Bates and Maud Weston, from the Art School. They're thick with Molly, and probably you'd not find anybody more interested in an Indian than art students."

The plain fact was that the make-up of the party was a matter of supreme indifference to Livingston, once it was established that Dorothy and his sister were

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to be present. Observe that his own sister did count; he had mentioned her first, and, in further evidence of his brotherly interest let it be recorded that he had written her one letter during his absence in the wilderness, and sent her a picture postcard from every stopping place where such necessities of modern travel were to be found.

So Livingston said, "All right, Betty and Maud it is. They're the right sort. Shall we let it go at that?"

"No more?"

"Well, it isn't my house, and if it were, Frank, I honestly think that, for the first occasion, we'd all have a better time if we kept the numbers down. Not for the sake of being select, you understand, but for concentrating the joy, so to speak."

Thus it was decided, and such was the personnel of the first social gathering Strongheart attended, with the addition of Mrs. Nelson, Frank's mother.

The girls were all of a flutter over the event; that is, the contingent from the art school. Livingston conveyed the invitation to them in person, for he could not forego the enjoyment of seeing their manifestations of interest which could not have been more spontaneous and effusive if he had been the discoverer of the North Pole and were about to set that rare object before them. Not one of them had ever seen an Indian outside the Sportsman's Show at Madison Square Garden, or in the life classroom into which they took occasional surreptitious glimpses. To have one all to themselves was more than a joy, it was a distinction.

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"Will he be in full regalia?" asked Molly.

"He will have all his clothes on," her brother answered soberly.

"I should hope so!" indignantly, "but I mean, will he wear the clothes of civilization, or the picturesque garments of his race? Does he paint his face when he goes to a function? Oh! *do* you suppose he would pose for me?"

"Don't be silly, sis," said her brother; "Strongheart is a gentleman. See here, look at him," and he displayed one of Nelson's numerous snap shots.

The girls crowded around the discoverer, and immediately there were exclamations of unaffected astonishment and admiration.

"Is it possible that this is an Indian?" gasped Molly.

"He doesn't look a bit like a savage," said Maud.

"Why! it's a beautiful face," said Betty, holding her breath in very awe.

Livingston was abundantly satisfied. "Friday evening," said he, pocketing the picture in spite of their frantic demands for another look.

Dorothy was no less interested than the art school girls, but in another way. "I should think," she said, when the chattering trio arrived at her home ahead of the young men, "that Strongheart would appeal to you less as a curiosity than as a man worthy of the profoundest respect owing to the great purpose of his life. Think of devoting one's self to the uplifting of an entire people!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Molly, aghast, "is that what he is? I thought he was just a student, like the rest

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of the boys, only a real savage instead of the imitation article. Dick never said anything about his having a purpose in life. It robs him of half his interest. I declare! if I can't think of him as an Indian, I'd rather go back to my antiques."

Dorothy laughed and twined her arm affectionately about Molly's waist. "Come, Miss Chatterbox," said she, "does anybody go to the National Academy who hasn't a purpose—"

"Bless me! yes, lots of them."

"But not you, surely. Why are you there?"

Molly struck an attitude and answered with rapt gaze, "Art, with a capital A."

"Very well," said Dorothy, "are you any the less interesting for that?"

"Certainly not, Dorothy. On the contrary, my value, speaking of course from the viewpoint of desirable young men, is enhanced by my apparent unattainability, for I stand aloof from all frivolity—"

The end of the speech, if any were intended, was lost in a peal of laughter at the inconceivable picture of a non-frivolous Molly Livingston.

"But about Strongheart," she insisted, "is he so absorbed in his devotion to a whole people as to overlook the existence of individuals?"

"I think not," said Dorothy, "but I have yet to see, as well as you. I simply know that his coming to Columbia is due to the need of his people for enlightenment. He will one day be chief, and he wishes to fit himself to lead his people upward now that their

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conditions are changed, and the old, simple forest life is no longer possible."

"A future chief!" exclaimed Betty. "It's like entertaining a prince, isn't it?"

"Grand!" said Maud.

"I've wondered whether he understands the use of a knife and fork," said the irrepressible Molly.

"Oh! don't mention knives!" cried Maud. "I've had such perfectly delicious thrills when I've thought of the possibility that his savage instincts might be aroused in the dining-room. I've been scared half to death about it, and now I'm scared the other half because he threatens to bring with him the ponderous peace of a bishop."

"I sha'n't know what to say to him," said Betty, whose blue eyes viewed everything, animate and inanimate, with placid bewilderment. What Betty was in the art school for, nobody knew, she least of all. A person who was not devoted to Art-with-a-capital-A might have guessed that it was to beautify and purify everything she came in contact with. You couldn't look at her drawing of a rugged Roman senator and fail to see that his sculptured eyes would have been baby blue if the marble bust had been colored in harmony with Betty's copy. Her Venus di Milo was positively a pretty girl just on the verge of dousing her blue eyes in tears over the loss of her arms. Blessed be Betty! type of her who never will be anything but woman whether she strives in Art, or stuffs her head with Greek roots, or gives faithful attendance at the Browning Club.

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If Strongheart had known the nature of the anticipations with which his coming was honored, he might well have shrunk from the ordeal, and yet, when at length the real Indian stood before them, dignified but agreeable, apparently perfectly at ease, he faced young ladies whose demure conduct masked their giddiness, and gave no hint of the curiosity that stirred wildly within them. Only one thing occurred to distinguish the introduction of the Indian to the ladies from such a ceremony as would have taken place had the subject been an ordinary white friend of the students, and the exception, appropriately enough, was due to Molly. She gave the big, dark man her hand with unaffected and unreserved cordiality, and said, "I am awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Strongheart, for I have wanted to thank you for saving my brother's life."

"I thought he was worth saving at the time," Strongheart responded, "and now I know it."

Molly dropped him a comical courtesy in acknowledgment of the subtle compliment which was conveyed more by the Indian's smiling eyes than by his words.

There are here and there past mistresses of social diplomacy who have the knack of greeting a stranger in such a way that his pride is delicately flattered without being so exalted as to make him self-conscious; he is made to *know* that he is welcome, and that something in his character or career distinguishes him as one especially esteemed, but just what his distinction is, he is left to wonder with a pleased sense of his importance in the lady's eyes; which is to say that he is captured, foot, horse and artillery, not merely ready

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to lay down his arms, but already surrendered at discretion and gladly awaiting the pleasure of his captor; in still other words, he becomes suddenly conscious of his good fortune in making this lady's acquaintance, and therefore is put in the very best mood for displaying his own social attractions. Such a hostess was Mrs. Nelson, and her daughter, with her utterly conventional words of greeting, was a good second. Maud manifested fear neither of savage nor bishop when it came her turn to shake hands with the stranger, but bewildered Betty, conscious only that she was addressing an alien to whom she must say something, looked awesomely up at the big man and stammered, "How do you do? I—I've heard so much about you—er—How do you like America?"

"My people have always been fond of the place," Strongheart answered with the utmost seriousness.

Student folk are not famous for their consideration of others' feelings, and poor Betty was overwhelmed with confusion at the laughter that followed. "I guess you've forgotten," shrieked Molly, ("that he's more American than you are.")

"Why, yes! I'm so stupid," said Betty, contritely.

"Not at all," Strongheart protested. "There are two kinds of America, are there not? Your kind, with its old-world ways, and mine with its ways of prehistoric time. You asked, of course, how I liked the America with which you are familiar, and if I had not been stupid I should have told you that I like very much what I have seen of it, Miss Bates."

Betty's expression of gratitude for the Indian's mag-

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nanimity in thus coming to her rescue was so ingenuous that not the most inconsiderate student could have laughed again, and the episode was quickly forgotten. Introductions once accomplished, the talk ran for awhile on everything except topics in which an Indian might be supposed to have a special interest. Nelson and Livingston talked of college matters, football mainly, the girls contributing an intelligent and enthusiastic share to the discussion of the latter subject in which Billy Saunders ought to have shone, for he was a tower of strength on the team, and tradition had it that he endured the drudgery of an academic career solely for the compensation of playing the game; but Billy was dismally handicapped by the presence of Molly, for he was in that adoring and adorable condition into which a sturdy young man falls when he is blindly in love and thinks he has concealed the fact from everybody including the girl in the case. So big Billy was as silent as big Strongheart, who never volunteered a remark, but answered with entire readiness whenever a question was addressed to him.

It was not altogether the exuberant, unconscious selfishness of youth, which so often leads young people to direct conversation to the exclusion of all subjects in which their patient elders might participate, that induced Nelson and Livingston to keep the talk away from anything that might be regarded as drawing out Strongheart. There was really some measure of deliberation in it, for each feared that the Indian might be embarrassed, and each knew that it is not easy for an Indian to converse freely with strangers. In their

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way they were helping him to get used to the atmosphere, and yet, when he did speak, there was no indication that he needed the help. It became Mrs. Nelson's duty to give the Indian the intimation that he also was one of the party, and not merely a spectator.

"Are your first impressions of Columbia pleasant?" she asked, at a convenient break in the football gabble.

"I think there are no words, madam, in my language or yours," he replied, "that could say how pleasant. It is a beautiful dream, thus far, and my only unpleasant feeling is fear lest I wake from it."

It might have embarrassed a veteran society man to note how the girls became silent and fixed their eyes intently on Strongheart when he spoke, but he was undisturbed, presumably unaware of their rapt attention.

"I sometimes wish I could awake from a dream in New York and find myself in the woods," said Molly.

Strongheart smiled agreeably at her, but made no verbal response.

"Ha!" said Livingston, "I was in for a dream in the woods from which I shouldn't have waked at all if it hadn't been for Strongheart."

"I've never been clear about that," said Mrs. Nelson. "We quite understand that we owe it to you that we still have Richard with us, but how did it come about?"

Strongheart hesitated, glanced at Livingston, who was not disposed to help him, and replied, "Why, I hardly know myself. I saw him in the water, and as he did not seem to be able to get out by himself, I helped him. That was all."

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"That's all right, girls," said Livingston, "but it doesn't suggest Strongheart's ability as a swimmer. I'm not crediting him with courage, for I suppose the act didn't require any, but, with all his clothes on, he must have had to swim some, for I couldn't help myself. Didn't know anything about it till he had me lying, all comfy, by a fire."

"Strongheart built the fire first, and then pulled Dick out," explained Nelson, gravely, whereat there was mild laughter.

"I suppose you are quite at home in the water?" suggested Mrs. Nelson.

"I cannot remember when I could not swim," Strongheart answered.

All through the dinner, Molly held herself in check, but when it was over, and before music, or any general form of entertainment had been suggested, she yielded to her ravenous desire for information and opened up on Strongheart with, "Please, Mr. Strongheart, you must excuse me, but I'm just dying to ask you a thousand questions. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," he replied, and there was unmistakable amusement in his smile. "It is only a matter of time. We might go on the instalment plan, if you like."

"Good! Then tell me, you must pardon my ignorance, which is proper, Mr. Strongheart, or Mr. Soangetaha? That's your real and truly name, isn't it?"

If he had been any but an Indian, one might have suspected that he was having difficulty in suppressing outright laughter.

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"Neither is strictly proper, Miss Livingston," said he, "from the Ojibway point of view. We don't mister anybody, you know."

"Well, but you don't expect us to omit the mister, do you?"

"Certainly not, if you regard me as something very terrible."

"Oh! but I don't."

"Then omit it. I shall feel that we are on good terms if you do."

"I'll do it! But which shall it be? Strongheart, or Soangetaha?"

"It doesn't matter. They mean the same."

"But haven't you any other name? A given name, like Dick, or Frank, or—anything?"

What a grateful ray might have fallen upon the heart of Mr. Saunders if she had added, "or like Billy?" But she denied him that trifling solace, poor devil!

"Yes, indeed," Strongheart answered. "I think there were a dozen or so at the last count."

Molly's eyes opened wide. "How ever can you remember them?" she asked.

"I do not try to. One name is quite enough. The others are never used. You see, the Ojibways name their children from circumstances attending their birth, or that occur early in life, and, as the years pass, if a child's life is eventful, a good many names are given to signalize the different events. After a time one of these names becomes fixed by general usage; often it is a matter of accident, or a freak in popular taste

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which one, and thereafter the man or woman is known by that one name."

"I see," said Molly, "and that verifies what I was told by somebody, or what I read somewhere, that all Indian names have a significance, an appropriateness that is generally lacking in the names of civ—I mean—"

"No," Strongheart interrupted with a hearty laugh, "you mean civilized. Go on."

Molly's cheeks were on fire.

"Oh! what a break!" howled Livingston, in brotherly delight at her confusion.

"Dick!" cried Molly, almost in tears, "you know I didn't mean—Mr.—I mean, Strongheart, I assure you I didn't intend to draw any ungracious distinction. Honest, I didn't think of you for an instant as any but one of ourselves."

"I am sure of that," he responded gravely, "and I thank you for the attitude. It is perfectly true, however, that my people are not civilized, and I should be very foolish if I tried to blink the fact."

"It is what accounts for your being one of us, isn't it?" suggested Dorothy.

The Indian turned and looked straight at her, and a perceptible pause ensued before he replied, "Yes, Miss Nelson, yes, that is quite true."

"You must steel yourself against sensitiveness, I fear," said Mrs. Nelson. "We whites are likely to make many an unwitting allusion in your presence that we would not make if you were not so unquestionably on our level as to make us forgetful."

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"I think I am deaf to such allusions, madam."

"There was a time when you weren't, though," said Livingston. "I made break after break during the first hours of our acquaintance, and suffered abominably when I recognized them. At that time I thought you were sensitive, old chap."

"I was. I did not know you. I was guilty of the weakness of my race in being suspicious of all whites. I had to become convinced of your absolute sincerity, and you must admit it did not take long."

"Right you are. Cheer up, Molly. Your big brother said lots of fool things before he learned better, but Strongheart is a forgiving creature, and you have the advantage of being sponsored—"

"Bother, Dick! Do be quiet. Anyhow, I'm going on with my inquisition. May I?"

"I should be sorry if you did not, Miss Livingston," Strongheart answered.

"Well, what I was trying to come to was this: what is the special significance, or appropriateness of your name?"

The Indian had then his first moment of palpable embarrassment. "Oh," he replied hesitatingly, "I believe it was some fancy of an uncle who was good enough to be fond of me when I was a little fellow."

"Dodged!" cried Nelson. "That doesn't go at all, Strongheart. The girls want the story, and they shall have it."

"No, if you please," Strongheart stammered, "I'd much rather not. It's only a bit of village gossip—"

"That's all right, I'll be the gossip. You're fam-

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ished for a smoke, I know. Come, Dick, take Strongheart into the library and give him a cigar."

"Come on, Strongheart," said Livingston, with alacrity.

The Indian resisted. "On my word," said he, "I had much rather stay here than smoke."

"Can't be helped. Choice of evils, old chap. It's smoke in the library, or stay here and roast through Frank's narration. Take hold of him, Billy, and rush him in."

Strongheart put a good face on the matter and arose. "Ladies," he said, "I am the captive of the paleface and must submit to the torture of absenting myself."

Billy Saunders glanced appealingly at Molly, but her fascinated gaze was fixed on Strongheart, so, with deep melancholy clouding his heart, he followed Livingston and the Indian to the library. Nelson laughed lightly when they had gone.

"Strongheart never could have been induced to tell the story," said he, "and it would have been exquisite torture to him to sit here and hear me tell it. I had it from Black Eagle, for I asked the same question Molly did, and when I could get no satisfaction from Strongheart himself, I worried the other Indians till I found one who could speak English intelligibly and was willing to talk to me. So far as I could make out, our friend was about ten years old at the time he got the name that has stuck to him. It was while the tribe was summering at the same place where we found them last July. Strongheart was then staggering un-

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der the preposterous name of Tetebahbundung, which means judge, and which was applied to him somewhat in jest on account of his ability to settle the quarrels of his playmates. He and his little sister went out berrying together one morning. She was then about five years old, I think. They knew the trails thereabout quite as well as did their elders, and nobody felt any anxiety when they didn't return to the village by midday, but there was some little wonderment when it came to be about three o'clock and there was no sign of them. So the uncle our friend spoke of hit the trail to see what had become of the kids. The matter, even then, you see, didn't appeal to the Indians as serious enough to justify a general searching party.

"Well, the uncle had got some distance from the village when he met Gezhikway, the little sister, hurrying home so frightened she could hardly speak. In fact, the only word she could say was 'mukwa,' which means, bear. At that the uncle bade the child run to the village as fast as she could and tell the others to bring guns, while he hustled along the trail at full speed. He came by and by to a tolerably wide stream across which was a fallen tree that had been trimmed of its branches, and so served as a bridge. The boy was on the bridge, about a third of the way across, standing still with his fists doubled up, and his face turned toward the opposite shore. Confronting him on the bridge, and about a third of the way across, so that there was some fifteen feet between them, was a bear, seated on its haunches, looking at the lad out of his little beads of eyes."

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When this point in the narration had been greeted with exclamations of astonishment by the ladies, Nelson continued, "You see, the boy and girl had done more playing than berrying. They hadn't got lost, hardly. You can't imagine an Ojibway kid getting lost in the woods. No, they simply wandered about, heedless of time, until, when they started to return, they were pretty far from home. They had come near the fallen tree over the stream when they were startled by a bear that came across an open space toward them. When Black Eagle told the story, he enlarged considerably on the fright of the children, but it seemed to me he must have worked that up as a feature of the story-teller's art, for how could he know? Gezhikway may have been frightened, and the boy, too, for all that I know, but what happened was this: The boy took his sister's hand and ran as fast as she could go to the fallen tree; then he took her up and crossed with her in his arms. Arrived at the other side, he put her down and looked back. There was the big beast just stepping onto the bridge at the opposite end! The boy immediately stepped back on the log, calling to his sister to run home as fast as she could, and strode toward the bear, ready to fight him bare-handed, so as to give Gezhikway time to escape.

"You see, Mr. Bear had business on the other side of the stream, and he preferred crossing on the log to swimming, for the current there was fearfully swift, and dangerous on account of rocks that rose almost to the surface. But when Mr. Bear saw that mite of humanity approaching and threatening, he evidently

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perceived that it was a matter for prudent reflection, for he halted right where he was, about a third of the way over, opened his jaws in a yawning kind of way, and tried to stare the boy out of countenance. That latter is my inference, girls. Not even Black Eagle invented that, but I think it a fair inference, for the circumstances show that in fact the bear didn't have manslaughter in his heart. He simply wanted to cross the river, quite likely to go to some favorite blackberry bushes, and the aggressive small boy was in the way. And the boy, seeing the bear halt, halted too, for the purpose of his whole desperate proceeding was to gain time, and if that could be accomplished without an immediate fight, so much the better for Gezhikway.

"Well, that's the tableau. A barefooted, empty-handed, strong-hearted boy facing an obstinate, pig-headed bear which knew just enough to perceive that he couldn't cross while the human obstacle was in the way. Once, the boy said afterward, the bear got on his feet, licked his chops, and made as if he would proceed, whereupon the boy, with the peril of his sister still in mind, shook his fists, yelled something in classic Ojibway, and made as if he meant to charge; and the bear sat down again. Did you ever hear of such stupid obstinacy as that beast displayed?"

"I never heard of such nerve as that boy displayed!" cried Molly.

"Perfectly dreadful!" gasped Betty.

"I don't wonder they called him Strongheart," Dorothy said.

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"That's just it," said her brother. "Looking back at it, the old people saw that the bear had no designs whatever on the children. In fact, the Ojibways say that a bear won't fight unless attacked. He simply wants to be let alone, which was particularly the case in this instance, but the boy didn't know. It was his belief that if once he turned his back and ran, the bear would become aggressive, pursue, and kill him, and he wouldn't give the beast such a chance till he was sure his little sister was at a safe distance."

"But," Maud interrupted, "you are keeping us in dreadful suspense. How did it end?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Nelson, "how long did the boy and the bear face each other on the bridge?"

"Nobody knows, though probably not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, judging by the speed with which Gezhikway could run to the spot where her uncle met her."

"Even that must have seemed an eternity to the boy," said Dorothy.

"I've wished I could know what the bear thought of it," mused her brother, "but nobody ever found out that. When the uncle came in sight, a grown man, you know, Mr. Bear decided that it would be just as well to postpone his business on the other side of the river, for he got up, looked dubiously down at the rushing water, and then, using his hind feet as a pivot, managed to swing himself around. That done, he loped away and disappeared in the bush."

"I should have thought the boy would faint away when the strain was over," said Mrs. Nelson,

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"Not he! He was for chasing the bear, and would have pursued him just as he was if his uncle hadn't compelled him to go back to the village. They met the men with guns just setting out, but when the story was told, they decided to let the bear go. And from that time the boy was known as Soangetaha."

The story was discussed for some minutes, until Mrs. Nelson suggested that it would be hardly proper to exile their guest longer.

"Frank," said Dorothy, then, "Strongheart was honestly reluctant to having the story told, wasn't he?"

"Oh, sure! He's the farthest removed from a boaster of any man I ever knew. It was really playing rather unfairly to do as I did, but I couldn't resist."

"It's going to be embarrassing, then, when he comes in—"

"Right. We mustn't make any allusions to the incident. Proceed as if there had been no interruption—I'll tell you! Play something, Dorothy, and I'll call the other fellows in to listen."

Dorothy's approval of the suggestion was manifested in her immediate recourse to the pianoforte, and her brother went to the library, where he said, "My sister is going to play. Will you come in and hear her, Strongheart?"

A rippling prelude was in progress when the Indian re-entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Nelson caught his eye and silently intimated that she would like to have him sit beside her, which he did, and then Dorothy

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began in earnest. She played that masterpiece of Chopin, the Nocturne in G major, whose melody is woven through such bewildering modulations that the soul of the listener is taken in a whirl to the heights of ecstasy, until it shrinks in holy fear from such delight, as a devotee might close his eye after he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of heaven. Strongheart was enthralled. Representative of a people whose native melodies evidence a high regard for music, he felt his heart-strings tighten as the limpid phrases sped past, his blood ran cold, his fingers gripped the arms of his chair, his eyes sought the performer's face, which he saw in profile, as if there he could discern the secret of the mighty force that stirred him.

Perhaps he did discern it. His previous contact with civilization had taught him language, and the superficial things found in text-books. His eyes had seen the obvious evidences of the broader life, and, through books and association with his teachers, he had inferred many of those beauties of civilization to which he had alluded more than once when he argued with Livingston in the wilderness. But not until now had his eyes beheld the realization of his inferences. His previous experience went for nothing; all this was new—the university, the social life, the creature comforts of the wealthy, their manner of living in which art entered as an essential, familiar feature. From the moment he entered the house, the Indian had been observant, receptive; the unconventional habits of Mrs. Nelson's home, especially unconventional when given over to students, were yet studded with forms

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that were novel to the Ojibway, and that he seemed conversant with all the features of cultivated life was due to his incessant watchfulness, ever on his guard to do nothing that the others did not do, and to imitate them in every detail of their conduct.

It was all novel; better, it was all beautiful. What he saw was something real, not a figment of the imagination; he could believe in this, believe in it and love it, for it appealed to him as right, the highest development of human relations. "And I am a part of it! I belong in it!" was his underlying, jubilant thought. Ever present, therefore, beneath his composed features, was emotional excitement, exultant triumph in that he had, for the time being at least, attained his proper level; and on the heart glowing with this joy fell the mystic influence of music. It carried him out of the realm of reason, made of him a creature all feeling, and brought him to the climax of his amazing happiness.

That, then, was what he remembered most clearly of this first meeting with Livingston's friends—the wonderful uplift of his spirit when the music sounded; and it was inevitable that he should associate that exaltation with the person who was its obvious cause. He went to his room that night in a daze. He could not have said to his most secret thoughts what it was he felt, or why it was that his profound sense of triumph was leavened with a gentle melancholy that he would not have dismissed from consciousness for all the wealth of the world; but ever across his sensitive memory floated the elusive strains of the nocturne, and

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always they were accompanied by a vision of the face of her who sat at the instrument while they opened, one after another, the windows of his soul and let in the flood of light that revealed the glories of Paradise—and blinded him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SONG OF ELOPEMENT

The students at Columbia were not long in discovering qualities in Strongheart that brought him speedily into prominence among them. From the point of view of the Faculty he was eminently a good student, for he never cut recitations or lectures, and he did a great deal of supplementary reading; but such a man could not possibly be a "grind" of the traditional type, for his physical nature demanded imperiously that he give attention to it. Consequently he took many long walks, generally at night, and alone, for he was shy of seeking companionship, although no one ever seemed more appreciative of it when it was accorded him.

One frosty Saturday morning, the members of the football eleven went for an impromptu cross-country run. It happened that Strongheart was with Nelson just before the men started, and Nelson invited him to join them. The Indian complied gladly, and the ludicrous ease with which he surpassed the whites in speed and endurance made a deep impression on them. There was a weak spot on the team at that time that was giving Nelson, the captain, no little anxiety. One of the strongest players had been incapacitated by ill-

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ness, and among the ambitious substitutes was none who gave unqualified promise of filling the gap satisfactorily. Of course it does not follow that a man is a footballer because he can run across country faster and further than any other, but Strongheart's demonstrated athletic ability suggested to the harassed captain the possibility that he might be developed into one. He mentioned the matter to Livingston, who, as might have been expected, was cocksure that Strongheart would double the efficiency of the eleven. Nelson smiled at his chum's enthusiasm.

"If the Prex himself should fall by the wayside," said he, "and you had the appointment of his successor, I believe you'd name Strongheart."

"I believe Strongheart would make a mighty good shy at Prexy's job," responded Livingston, with great seriousness.

Nelson laughed and sounded Strongheart himself. Had he ever played football? Certainly he had; he had been one of a team of Indians who had beaten all comers in Canada. Good Lord! why hadn't he spoken of it? Nobody had asked him. Would he like to play on the Columbia team? Of course, if Nelson thought he would do, and the Indian's pleased expression told his now familiar observer that he would be, if not the most effective player, at least as devoted as any.

So Strongheart was added to the list of substitutes, and it needed only a little preliminary practice to demonstrate his entire capability. With no misgivings whatever, Nelson put him into play in the very next game. It was a contest, as football games usually are,

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to try nerve as well as muscle, head as well as wind; and the emergencies of the day brought the Indian to a sudden and thorough test of his fitness. He proved not only a giant in mere strength, but marvelously quick both in body and mind, grasping the tactics with the certainty of a veteran, and never failing to show that he had eyes for more moves in the game than the one immediately under his control.

Great acclaim was made over Strongheart's work in the game, which not only determined his permanent membership in the team, but established his general popularity in the student body. The young men were immediately proud of "our Indian," and his acquaintance was sought by many who theretofore had not been aware of his existence. So it may be said that if anything had been lacking to assure Strongheart that he belonged to the college, football supplied the deficiency. It rounded out his relation to the institution and his fellow students, and, quite aside from his interest in the game considered for its own sake, there was for him a special pride and satisfaction in the feeling that he was striving for his college. Every man on the team was inspired by identically the same feeling, but it is doubtful if any appreciated it to such a degree as Strongheart. His attitude toward the University was one akin to reverence; he longed for opportunity to serve it, and the game, as he played it, was ennobled by his lofty sense of devotion to his Alma Mater.

So the Ojibway's life fell into the pleasant routine of college activities, and, for as long as the football

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season lasted, there was hardly time in each twenty-four hours for all he wished to do. Weeks passed before he met Dorothy again. Once he caught just a glimpse of her. She had come up to the University to see her brother, for, although his home was in the city, he and Livingston had rooms in one of the dormitories. Strongheart was on his way from a lecture to his own room, and was crossing Amsterdam avenue, when the memory of that marvelous music he had heard on the occasion of his evening at Mrs. Nelson's came over him with unusual vividness. That music haunted him at all hours. It came to him as a yearning aspiration when he walked alone at night; sometimes it flooded his brain in the very middle of a lecture to which he was giving the most strained attention; once it swept over him when he retired, hot and panting, to the dressing-room after a fierce half at football. Often he deliberately recalled the sensations of that exalted moment, more often they recurred to him unbidden, and so now, on the broad avenue, he dwelt again in dreamy rapture, and noted with satisfaction the extraordinary sharpness of outline which the memories took on as evidence that the impressions of that blessed time were not fading. They were as real as when he heard the throbbing instrument pour forth its captivating strains, and saw her face alight with the joy of interpretation—her face, for, now as at first, the music and Dorothy were inseparable. Then, just when his pleasure over the distinctness of the memory was at its height, he became aware that Dorothy was boarding a car within a few paces of him. He stopped

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abruptly and stared at the departing car until it disappeared over the brow of the hill, and when at length he went on he noticed that his heart was beating tumultuously.

If Strongheart did not feel that the fates had been kind to him that day, there was a man who did, for Dorothy's visit had not been prearranged, and it was only by chance that Livingston went to his rooms while she was there with her brother. He had not been wholly without sight of her since the "family gathering," as he called it, but there had been no such frequency of meeting as his heart desired, especially during the period when the exigencies of training compelled the sacrifice of dinner parties and all functions tending to late hours. That period was now past, and it was one of Livingston's many compensations for existence that he could look forward to general social pleasures and, therefore, to more than occasional evenings with Dorothy. On this day the confab was brief, but in the course of it Dorothy remarked that she was going to spend the following Thursday afternoon at the National Academy, Molly and the other girls having begged her to inspect their drawings, assuring her that they esteemed her judgment more highly than that of their teachers. And so it happened, for surely it is unnecessary to state the connection in explicit terms, that early on Thursday afternoon Livingston said to Strongheart, "I'm going down to the art school to see my sister. Will you come along?"

"Of course," Strongheart replied; "where is the school?"

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"Near by, on One-hundred-and-ninth Street."

"Are visitors allowed? though I don't need to ask, for you would not go if they were not."

"Oh, yes. There's a good deal of informality about the art school. It isn't like our lectures and demonstrations, you know."

They picked up Nelson on the way and arrived shortly at the Academy building, whence, even as they entered its portals, came such a chattering and laughing as suggested anything but a school in session. Livingston led the way and opened a door into a large room where a score of long-aproned girls were whisking easels and drawing-boards out of the way with extraordinary energy. About the same number of young men were similarly engaged, save two who were gravely executing a *pas de deux* in a corner to the music of their own voices raised in a raucous warbling above the hubbub. Strongheart viewed the scene with infinite astonishment, and even Nelson exclaimed, "Great Scott! what's this?"

"Looks like a revolution, doesn't it?" said Livingston.

Just then, Molly, who was evidently the ringleader in the strange affair, saw the visitors and came to them on the run.

"What luck that you should come today!" she cried. "How de do, Strongheart," and she shook hands. "Isn't it immense?"

"What the mischief is it all about, Molly?" asked Livingston.

"Why!" she explained, "the committee has allowed

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us to have a treat this afternoon, and so we're going to dance. A committee of the boys has gone out for refreshments, and another committee," here she paused and looked anxiously about the room, her eyes resting with indignation on the pair dancing in the corner. "Now what do you think of that?" she cried disdainfully. "Wouldn't that kill you?"

"What's the matter?" asked Nelson; "what about the other committee?"

"That's the other committee," she replied, pointing with dramatic scorn at the dancing pair. "I appointed them to get music, and that's the way they do it! How ever can we have a ball if they don't get busy?"

"That may be their way of working themselves up to the occasion," suggested Nelson; "tuning up, you know."

"Is it music you want?" cried Livingston, with sudden inspiration. "I s'pose we're in on this? All right, we'll get the music. Come on, Frank. You wait for us here, Strongheart."

"Well, but," Nelson began, as Livingston seized him by the arm and hustled him toward the door.

"Don't you remember," said Livingston, in answer to his chum's expostulation, and added something that the others did not hear.

"Oh, cert!" exclaimed Nelson, and off they went.

"Well, that's all right," said Molly. "I don't know what Dick has in mind, but they'll come back with music sure enough. Want to make yourself useful, Strongheart?"

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"By all means. Anything but standing idle when there is something to do. What is your wish?"

"We must put all these statues and busts against the wall so as to make as much room as possible. Let's get this old discus-thrower out of the way."

There was a number of classic ladies and gentlemen in more or less dusty white who served as tireless models for the students of the antique class, and they were placed with their faces to the wall that there might be no misapprehension as to the non-professional character of the subsequent proceedings. Molly took hold of the discus-thrower with Strongheart, but she was not allowed to do any tugging and lifting, for some of the men students gave over their nonsense and pushed her aside. This brought about hasty introductions to Strongheart, whose fame as a footballer had reached most of the budding geniuses of the Academy, and who was therefore welcome aside from the fact that an introduction by Molly Livingston established him. Betty Bates and Maud Weston also discovered Strongheart's presence, and came up to speak to him. He fell into the spirit of the moment and returned their greetings with befitting informality, and without intermitting his work.

Altogether it took but a few minutes to make the room as ready as it could be, and the art students had assembled interestedly about the committee on refreshments who came in, some with paper bags of biscuit and cakes, some with dishes, and two with a heavy can of ice-cream, all these things picked up at bakeries and restaurants in the neighborhood, when there was

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fresh commotion as the self-appointed committee on music entered to announce their contribution to the event.

"Here, all you Mike Angelos," cried Livingston, "come out here and give us a hand."

The students rushed pell mell to the outer door, where there was no need to give them directions what to do, for there stood two grimy and bewildered Italians with their portable piano. Strongheart remembered that he and his friends had passed the men industriously grinding out tunes midway between the Academy and the University. The students immediately laid hands on the music machine and lifted it over the threshold, rolling it then into the improvised ball-room.

"Get busy, signori," commanded Nelson; "come now, prestissimo con amore allabazan!"

The Italians grinned feebly, and one of them applied his doubtful, but well-paid hand to the crank. Most of the future artists were already paired off and hopping tentatively over the floor pending the music to give them rhythmic uniformity, and as soon as one measure had been rattled off by the strident instrument the ball was in full swing. Nelson had seized Molly and waltzed away with her, Livingston caught Betty Bates in the same rustic-cavalier fashion, and all in the room, save the Ojibway and the Italians, were in motion. Strongheart looked on with an almost hungry smile, and presently Molly observed him.

"Why, Frank!" she exclaimed, "there's Strongheart posing as a wall-flower. That won't do at all,"

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She immediately broke away from her partner, who did not seek to detain her, and approached the Indian.

"Do you dance, Strongheart?" she asked.

"Not this way," he replied. "I never learned."

"It's high time you did. Come on, I'll teach you," and she held out her hand.

Strongheart shook his head and drew back. "Not here, Miss Livingston," he pleaded. "I should be in everybody's way, and—really, I appreciate your kindness, but you'd better excuse me. Perhaps I'll learn before the next occasion of the kind."

Molly did not insist, for she inferred that Strongheart was fearful of making himself ridiculous, and she had learned from her brother's talk about Indian character that ridicule is the one thing the red man fears most at the hands of the white. "Why not jump in and dance in your own way?" she said, but Strongheart merely smiled and shook his head as if he quite understood that the suggestion was not to be taken seriously.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You must not neglect this part of your education," and then she was whisked away by an art student.

"Gay, isn't it?" said Nelson, taking his place by Strongheart.

"Indeed it is! Does it happen often?"

"Probably not, but you never can tell what is going to happen here."

"You ought not to lose your opportunity for fun, Frank. Please don't stay out just because I'm here."

"I won't; but, you see, there are more men than

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girls here, and this is their affair. I'll find another partner presently."

The superfluity of men was not productive of more wall-flowers, for the men who did not find girl partners, at once took up with one another, such ill-matched pairs cavorting about the room with the most extravagant manifestations of joy in some instances, and with preposterously solemn countenances in others. The music machine was allowed no rest, and the scene on the floor changed now and then according to the measure of the tune ground out, or according to the sudden fancy of the dancers. There were soon pairs and groups of flushed and panting young people here and there, catching their breath, but at no moment was the floor wholly deserted. As the affair was impromptu, so it was unorganized for a time, and presently it took on a highly original form. Two young men who had not found partners began to dance grotesquely, squatting close to the floor, while they held each other by the hands, and circling around the room with every contortion of their limbs that they could invent and yet not collapse. These two kept their faces preternaturally sedate, and affected to be utterly oblivious of observers.

"It's a dare!" cried Molly, who had been resting for a bit. "Come, Maud, let's show them!"

Maud was quite ready for the ordeal. She and Molly clasped hands and fell in behind the two men, imitating their extraordinary antics in spite of impeding skirts, the men meanwhile adhering to their affectation of blindness to their surroundings. The

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room roared with laughter, and one after another the others, in couples, joined the odd diversion until nearly all were concerned in it. Even the Italians, taking turns at the melodious crank, grinned in appreciation of the frolic.

"Dick," said Strongheart, suddenly, for at the moment Livingston was out of the fun, save as he howled and wept over it, "how long will this last?"

"Oh, till they get tired of it. Another round or two, I suppose."

"I don't mean merely this grotesque exhibition, but the ball."

"Oh! all the afternoon. Why?"

"Because I've got to do my share. If I can't be civilized, I'll be a savage. I'm going to run to my room and back. Can you find me a side room, or a closet, anything to dress in when I return?"

Livingston's eyes glowed excitedly, for he guessed the Indian's intent. "You bet!" he answered. "Don't let the grass grow under your feet, old chap."

"I won't. Watch out for me, Dick."

He was gone like a shot, and many a man on the avenue during the next few minutes turned to admire the lithe runner speeding northward. At the bottom of Strongheart's trunk, unseen hitherto by anybody at Columbia except Livingston and Nelson, was a complete, old-time Ojibway outfit, from war bonnet to drum. In the simplicity of his heart, Chief Kiwetin had handed the articles to his son just before his departure.

"You are going to a great school in the greatest city

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of the whites," said the old man, "and it may be you will meet there some of the great men of the nation. There may be councils to which you will be invited, where it will be wise for you to appear as the representative of your people, when it would be more courteous to the whites to dress in the ancient way. So, take them, for it is well to be prepared."

Strongheart knew better at the time. He was conscious of humiliation that his father should be so little aware of the conditions of civilized life, but it was not in his heart to refuse the old man, especially when he knew that the gift of the war bonnet was of profound significance; for its feathers had been honestly won by Kiwetin in his younger days before the ancient customs had staled in the flat atmosphere of the reservation. It was a record of proud achievements, every feather standing for a deed approved by the chiefs of the earlier day, and the presentation to Strongheart meant that such differences as father and son had had in the past were forgotten, and, further, that the son was deemed worthy to wear the bonnet of the Chief. The son therefore had accepted the gift with becoming gravity, while he silently regarded it as a useless encumbrance. Here was unexpected opportunity to put it to use, and he hastened to avail himself of it.

Follow-your-leader at the Academy had given place to other diversions, and Molly was threatening to bring the affair into some sort of organization; she was hurriedly instructing an obedient youth in the manner of calling off Virginia Reel, when her brother, who had

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been absent, returned to the room, strode to the Italians and bade them rest. Before the crowd generally realized that anything was about to happen, there was the thundering sound of a drum from a side room, and, every face having been turned that way, the door opened, and an Indian chief in all the magnificent picturesqueness of trailing bonnet, beaded vest, fringed shaps and quill-decorated moccasins, stalked majestically in. At first most of the students supposed that one of the professional models had visited them, but they were quickly undeceived, for Molly cried "Strongheart!" in a tone that was heard by all. There was an outburst of applause, which was quickly stilled, so intent was every eye in watching the visitor.

His face as grave as if he were performing a sacred ceremony, Strongheart thwacked his drum slowly, and with measured tread circled the room. Then he began to beat a little faster, the strokes alternating in force, loud-soft, loud-soft, and his voice was heard in a wild song. At the same time his whole body took on motion; with genuflections and bending from the hips, with stepping and shuffling, with much turning and bowing, he made half the circuit of the room before the observers gave token of their appreciation. At first, so different is the Ojibway from the dance of civilization, that even these spectators were inclined to see grotesqueness in it, and, of course, none was there to know or dream of the vital significance that might underlie the movements; but presently, to these art lovers, the essential grace of the Indian's motions overcame their strangeness; what with the gorgeous color



HIS FACE AS GRAVE AS IF HE WERE PERFORMING A SACRED CEREMONY.

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of the garments, the brilliant headgear undulating as the dancer advanced, the fringes quivering, and every lithe movement suggesting restrained force, there was a spectacle to arouse the enthusiasm of any artist, and a hearty outburst of applause drowned the song. Some of the irrepressible male contingent let out falsetto yells, whereupon at least three girls cried "hush!" indignantly, fearful that their Indian friend would take offense. Their fine feeling in this instance was wasted, for, when Strongheart had completed the circuit of the room, he himself gave vent to an ear-splitting shriek with which no white man's voice could dream of coping, and immediately there was laughter and more applause. The Ojibway went whirling on with his dance, and, as he passed the group of his particular friends, he interrupted his song long enough to say to Molly, "Fall in," and then proceeded as if he had not spoken.

Molly took the cue at once. Imitating the Indian as formerly she had imitated the grotesque antics of the whites, she fell in behind him, and this was the signal for a prompt and enthusiastic renewal of follow-my-leader. Strongheart nodded as he saw the line lengthening when he looked behind in the course of his incessant turnings, and Nelson, catching his eye, hastened to take his place between Molly and the Indian.

"Catch this strain, can't you?" said Strongheart, singing three or four tones to "la la la la."

Nelson tried it softly, and his eyes were interrogation points.

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"When I come to that, join in," said Strongheart.

It took a few trials for Nelson to get the swing of the odd musical phrase, but when he grasped the fact that it was designed as a choral response to the leading dancer's solo, he put all the power of his lungs into it. The scheme "took" with the rest at once, and before Strongheart was half way around the room again, the whole assemblage was in a tortuous, bending, shuffling, prancing line, and at regular intervals all voices howled the choral response in more or less, generally less, tunefulness, producing an effect that would have put genuine savagery to the blush.

The line was so long that Strongheart caught up with the end of it, and he led his followers in a concentric curve to avoid running down those in the rear. Thus he passed several of the dancers, and thus, in the course of his constant turning, he came face to face with Dorothy. Aye, there she was, near the end of the line, she and Livingston together, both waving their arms, bending their knees, and shuffling around in conscientious imitation of their leader.

Dorothy had arrived at the Academy during Strongheart's absence, and Livingston, as soon as he had ushered in the Indian, had gone to her, and they had stood a little apart, watching the proceedings until they, too, were infected with the hilarious jollity of the occasion and forthwith joined the dance.

Sight of her almost brought the dance to disaster, for Strongheart halted abruptly and stopped drumming. He felt the fire in his cheeks, and Dorothy could not fail to see the flames heighten their copper

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hue. Fortunately it was the moment for the choral response, and such a caterwauling went up as would have drowned the drum if it had been sounded, and which, therefore, was not missed by any save Dorothy and Livingston who saw that the stroke was omitted.

There was no saying anything to Strongheart over such an uproar, but Dorothy sent a message to him, nevertheless, for she perceived the emergency. Instantly she redoubled her frenzied gesturing, and smiled delightedly; and Strongheart, reading her eyes, knew that she did not disapprove, but wished him to proceed. He was as quick to recover as he had been to falter, and so, bending and turning, increasing the speed of drum-stroke and step, he kept the dancers going until they became confused in the intricacies of the concentric curves, and began to stumble against one another. Then Strongheart gave his drum one fortissimo thwack, and shook the roof with a war-whoop.

The students clapped their hands and shouted; they crowded around the Indian, commenting, flattering, questioning. For a half minute it would have been impossible to answer questions or acknowledge compliments, even if they could have been heard distinctly, and in that interval Strongheart pushed his smiling way through the press until he stood before Dorothy.

"Ah, Strongheart!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand before he could speak, "it was splendid! I'm sure we've all disgraced you by our ridiculous attempts to follow your example, but we did our best, and it

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has been such fun! I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much."

"That's right!" cried a dozen voices.

"You see, I speak for all," said Dorothy.

"I did not realize that you were taking part in the frolic when I first saw you, and I was horribly mortified," said Strongheart, gravely, and then, with a quick glance aside, he changed his manner; for the moment, in the one presence, he had forgotten the very existence of these others. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," he added heartily. "I wanted to do my share, but wasn't quite sure how you'd take it."

"Three cheers for the Indian!" cried somebody, and the cheers were given with imitations of the warwhoop at the end.

"But, I say, Mr. Strongheart," said a young man, pushing his way to the centre, "tell us what we've been doing. Surely this wasn't all nonsense to you—that is, it wasn't wholly impromptu, was it?"

"I won't deny the nonsense," Strongheart answered, in his quietly pleased way, "nor claim that it was wholly impromptu. No, what you've been doing was a crude outline of the ancient Snake Dance."

There were exclamations of fresh interest, and a dozen questions at once. Strongheart did his best to answer, and presently one of the girls was heard to say that the song was the strangest she had ever heard.

"Barbaric, wasn't it?" Strongheart suggested.

"Well, yes," the girl answered, in some embarrassment, "it did seem so to me."

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"And it was," said he. "Most of our ancient ceremonial songs are barbaric, but we have others, love songs and so forth, that are quite different."

"Song! song!" shouted those who had heard.

Strongheart was taken by surprise, for it had been farthest from his design to lead up to this demand. He made as if he would withdraw, but Molly stood in his way.

"Now, Strongheart, you can't escape," she said. "You've brought this on yourself by venturing single-handed into the camp of the enemy, and you must take the consequences. The committee on refreshments is about to get busy, but you shall not be fed unless you sing. Now—sing for your supper!"

As ever, the Indian chose to put a good face on the situation, and, with an appealing glance at his especial friends, as if to apologize for what he felt compelled to do against his better judgment, he thwacked his drum to command silence.

"I yield to superior numbers," said he, "and if your torture is equal to mine, I shall feel amply revenged. This is a song of an elopement."

The giddy ones had to have their giggles at this announcement, and Strongheart waited until all were still. Then, quietly, without the clamor of the drum, and in a smooth, rich baritone, he sang:

*Bezahkah nindegobun,
Ahpetah tibikuk bezhakah, nindegobun—*

The students were generous with their applause. Such was their good feeling that they would have

applauded the Italians, or even one of their own number telling a dull story; and Strongheart was wise enough to recognize the indiscriminating character of the demonstration. He smiled agreeably at his audience, and then asserted that he had earned his supper, asking Molly if it were not so.

"Yes," she said, "you have done more to entertain us than all the rest put together. You sha'n't be imposed on any longer. Don't give them an encore, Strongheart. If you do, I sha'n't listen."

The students were easily swayed. A little urging, a little resistance, a good deal of clatter on the part of the committee on refreshments, and the ordeal for him was at an end, for attention was directed elsewhere.

One there was in the audience who did not applaud, her amazed silence being the highest tribute she could have offered to the singer and his song. She, presumably, was the only one there qualified to note the perfectness of the melody as a composition, the only one who could view the matter expertly. To her the song spoke in its own language as an expression of the spirit of beauty, and it came as a revelation, so unexpected, yet so fitting to the strong-featured singer and his barbaric dress. It was as if the voice of Nature called to her and said, "I am here; you have but to seek to find me; my beauty is here, not deeply hidden; you have only to ask and it is yours." Music—real, beautiful, appealing music—from an Indian! She had never heard of such a phenomenon; and the tune, as elusive and melting as it was winning, sank into her heart and dwelt there as a grateful memory.

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So, as the strains of a great singer of civilization wrought upon the Indian's spirit, the strains of an unknown, uncivilized composer wrought on the soul of the white woman, and by music both were brought to a new relationship, the gates of which opened and admitted them, and closed, never to be reopened for a backward step.

CHAPTER XV

THORNE'S GROUND FOR JEALOUSY

"Once more, Strongheart, please. It is so puzzling!"

Dorothy sat at the pianoforte; on the rack rested music paper, white, save for a few notes in pencil, many of which had been scratched out. In a chair at the end of the keyboard sat Strongheart, bent forward so that his elbows rested on his knees. Her brow was drawn into a tight little frown as she concentrated her attention on the Ojibway's song; his brow was contracted, too, but purely in unconscious sympathy with her, for what he did required no effort. As he sang softly, Dorothy's right hand followed his tones on the instrument, striking the keys lightly, now and then making an error which she corrected quickly.

"It isn't the intervals!" she exclaimed, with a ring of impatience in her voice, as she hurriedly wrote several notes on the paper; "it's the time. I can't count it. I don't know where to draw my bar lines. The accent comes sometimes in one part of the measure, sometimes in another. Such a puzzle!"

"I suppose our music is hopelessly crude," said he, and his evident regret and humility caused her to look up from her work with a bright smile.

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"On the contrary," she cried, "I assure you I should not try to notate it if it were. There's so much ugliness in the world that I would not attempt to perpetuate these melodies if they were not beautiful. The trouble is in my own limitation as a musical theorist. I suppose I ought to perceive at once the precise rhythmical structure of the tune, and I don't, that's all."

"You are very good to be so patient about it," said he.

"Certainly I am, if it is good to cater to my own pleasure. I think the patience is wholly on your side. Please sing it again."

Strongheart complied, and the search for notes and their time values was resumed. Weeks had passed since the frolicsome afternoon at the Academy. Before that event had ended through the sheer fatigue of the revelers, Dorothy had found opportunity to talk with Strongheart about the song which had impressed her so deeply by reason of its perfect form and, as it seemed to her then, its melancholy beauty.

"Is it written?" she had inquired eagerly.

"No," was his answer, "my people have no musical notation. Our songs are handed down, like our traditions, from one generation to another by word of mouth."

He told her, too, how the Ojibways are exceedingly shy of singing their songs in the presence of whites, fearful, as he analyzed it, of exciting the ridicule of the superior race; and how, as his people came more and more in contact with civilization, they tended to

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neglect of their own songs, picking up the music of the whites in preference.

"In time," said he, "our songs, such as they are, will be forgotten. They will disappear by reason of disuse. Already on the older reservations the habit of teaching the family songs to the children is beginning to be ignored. Whenever an old man or woman dies, some songs that existed only in their memories go out of existence forever."

To Dorothy this seemed nothing short of calamitous. Her love of beauty was shocked at the possibility that the music of an entire people might disappear. The one tune she had heard was worth saving for its own sake, quite irrespective of the romantic interest attaching to its origin; it was a fair inference that a people to whom its creation was to be attributed had created others of equal æsthetic value; and her artistic as well as her altruistic impulses led her to ask Strongheart if he would help her put such songs as he knew on paper. He assented with unspeakable delight, less interested, maybe, in the preservation of the songs than in the opportunity the work afforded him to be with her. Be that as it might, every spare afternoon and evening since the frolic had found him at the Nelson home, where the work went forward with unremitting zeal.

On this occasion, the song which proved so puzzling to Dorothy had not yet been perfectly committed to paper when the butler entered and announced Mr. Thorne.

Dorothy repressed the cry of vexation that spoke

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in her heart, and, having told the servant to admit the visitor, she said earnestly, "I can't drop this now, just when it's almost done. If we leave it for another day, we shall have to go all over it from the beginning, I'm sure. Two or three times more, and I think we'll have it. Do you mind?"

"In Thorne's presence? Not at all, if that is your wish, Miss Nelson."

Strongheart would have put his hand in fire if she had asked it; to sing in the presence of Thorne, one of his colleagues on the football eleven, was, spiritually, quite as painful, and the traditional stoicism of his race was manifested in his compliance without the faintest indication of his repugnance to the task she set him.

So Thorne came in, the embodiment of elegance in faultless evening dress, and of polished insolence in his manner—that is, toward Strongheart. His greeting to Dorothy was unexceptionable, but when he turned to the Indian with a familiar "How, Strongheart," it would not have taken a supersensitive nature to detect the disdain with which he secretly viewed the red man.

"You are busy at something?" said he, with a glance at the pianoforte rack, for Dorothy had resumed her place at the instrument. "Am I *de trop*? Do say so if I am."

"Not at all, Mr. Thorne, if you don't mind being ignored for just a few minutes. I am trying to take down one of Strongheart's native songs, and I have almost succeeded. Will you excuse us?"

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"I am non-existent, Miss Nelson," saying which, Thorne had the good grace to go to the further end of the room and make a pretense of interesting himself in a book.

Strongheart sang again, a little softer than before, and Dorothy's following fingers on the keyboard were proportionately louder, instinctively seeking to cover his embarrassment. Perhaps she became conscious of it; at all events an unwonted flush came to her cheeks, and the frown that knit her brows deepened. Her pencil wrought with greater certainty, and presently, after but one repetition of the melody, a satisfied "There!" gave notice that the task was done.

"Are you preparing to present the library with a collection of curiosities, Strongheart?" asked Thorne, with the flippant cordiality that never succeeds in masking contemptuous indifference.

Dorothy saved the Ojibway the difficulty of replying. "Curiosities, Mr. Thorne!" she exclaimed, "Far from it! Strongheart's people have songs of rare beauty, which should not be stigmatized as curiosities. He has been good enough to give me the privilege of putting some of them on paper."

As Thorne was not wholly an idiot, he saw his error and undertook speedily to correct it.

"I had no intention of disparaging the songs, I assure you," he said. "I used the word 'curiosity' much as I would apply it to rare first editions, for example, or ancient cut glass from Venice. I am sure a white man may be pardoned for not knowing the beauties of Indian song."

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"Of course, Thorne," said Strongheart. "White men do not hear them. So, how could they know? I took no offense."

"That's like you, Strongheart," and Thorne spoke with apparent sincerity. It was so manifestly his cue to play fair with the Indian in Dorothy's presence! "May I ask, then, in all seriousness, what you intend to do with them? Is it a collection for the library, or a library, Miss Nelson?"

"I hadn't thought of so great a thing as that," Dorothy replied, "though it ought to be done as a historical record. No, I fear that my work is more for my own sake. The melodies are beautiful, and while I wish they might all be notated, and so preserved, I am especially interested in their art value. That is, I think they could be made serviceable to white singers as art songs."

"You surprise me! Again without meaning the least offense, it seems impossible to associate Indian singing with the white man's conception of art."

"That is the natural attitude of the white," said Strongheart, hastening to speak before Dorothy could interpose, "for the white man knows nothing of Indian art. And it is true that in music we are centuries behind the whites. Miss Nelson is generous enough to find simple beauty in some of our melodies—"

"And art value!" she interrupted emphatically. "Let us convince him, Strongheart. There's one song, Mr. Thorne, the first I heard Strongheart sing, that we have put into art form, that is, it has English words which Strongheart wrote, a translation, you under-

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stand, of the original, and an accompaniment which I made myself. You shall hear it and become an apostle for our cause, for you must find that the song is beautiful, or set yourself down as deficient in musical feeling."

As she spoke, she rummaged in her pile of music paper and at length set on the rack a finished song. Then she seated herself and glanced smilingly at Strongheart. Perhaps she saw the mute appeal in his eyes, perhaps she felt his shrinking from the exhibition she demanded, but if so she had no mercy on him this time, for she played the prelude she had composed for the song, and Strongheart, as always meeting his emergencies manfully, sang the Song of Elopement, the English words of which he had put together at the expense of no little midnight oil:

*Here alone, wait I the hour;
Here alone, I wait the blessed hour,
Waiting lone, blessing the hour;
For at midnight she will join me here,
Blessed hour that brings my sweetheart near,
Long the wait, blessed the hour!*

"Bravo!" cried Thorne, at the conclusion, "bravissimo! Spendid! Wonderful! I am convinced, Miss Nelson. Behold me, henceforth a prophet and promoter of Ojibway song. And let me assure you that in your accompaniment you have caught the spirit of the tune with remarkable success. Is it not so, Strongheart?"

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"Yes," said the Ojibway, "the accompaniment completes the song. It polishes the raw material, if that is a proper way to speak of music, and makes of it something of which the Indian was incapable."

"Which is to say," said Dorothy, "that the Ojibway melody has art value."

Thorne hastened to coincide with this view, and expressed himself with such excess of admiration for the song, the singer, the words, and the accompaniment, that both Strongheart and Dorothy felt ashamed for him. The utter lack of sincerity beneath his mawkish flattery was death to conversation on the subject, and Dorothy turned the talk skilfully to other matters. This having been accomplished, Strongheart considered that he had been dismissed, but when he made as though he would depart, Dorothy frankly begged him to stay. This was unusual. It was their ordinary procedure to work either until Strongheart had to attend to his regular duties, or until Dorothy was fatigued; and his motion to adjourn had always been regarded by her as undebatable. In this instance, although her words conveyed no hint of a special purpose in requiring his presence, he felt that she did require it, and therefore nothing could have induced him to depart. As gracefully as possible he yielded to her request, and Dorothy talked vivaciously of football, that being the only topic of common interest to her visitors, although there was much emptiness in reminiscences of a season long past, and forecasts of a season long in the future. Of course there were some other subjects lightly touched in the hour that

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followed, but not one of the three found the time agreeable, and when at length Thorne arose to go, Dorothy made no effort to detain him. She was equally ready now to dispense with the Indian's presence, but Strongheart felt just a little bewilderment at the evident gratitude that shone in her eyes when she said "Good night."

So the young men departed together, but their ways lay in different directions, and each pursued his reflections alone. Thorne was in a rage. The jealousy that had burst into flame when he learned that Dick Livingston was writing letters to Dorothy Nelson, flared up again and burned now about Strongheart, as if the Indian were tied to the stake and fagots piled around him, which lamentable state of things Thorne devoutly wished might be the case. From the time when the students reassembled for the academic year, Thorne had studied the conduct of Livingston and Dorothy, whenever he saw them together, more faithfully than he did any of his text-books, and he had come to the firm conviction that, if love were there, it was as yet on one side only. That Dorothy's attitude toward her brother's chum was one of unstinted but unsentimental friendship, was too palpable to admit of a doubt, and Thorne had taken courage accordingly, and had carried on his determined suit with admirable patience, persuaded by Dorothy's persistent refusal to take him seriously, that he must pursue a long, unaggressive campaign before it would be prudent again to attempt a direct appeal. And now he had found her absorbed in music and poetry with Strongheart.

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"Damn the redskin!" said Thorne, softly, as soon as he had parted from Strongheart. "Is it possible that he has fascinated her? Such things have happened often enough, and Dorothy, with her notions about humanity, might be psychologically in tune for just such an influence as this Indian undoubtedly exercises over many persons."

He viewed and reviewed this matter for many a block in his walk to his destination.

"No," he concluded, after vigorous exercise had cooled his passion, "she's not in love with him. She wouldn't work at those songs in that way if she were. It's just one of her fads. He and his tunes appeal to the poetry in her, and there's nothing in her circumstances to prevent her from giving full swing to the fancy of the moment. The plain fact is, just the same, that I haven't yet made any impression on her, but it's not because of Strongheart. The Indian was in the way this evening, but he's not to be regarded as a permanent factor in the situation."

Thorne was not wholly in error. Let there be no misapprehension on that score. Dorothy was not consciously in love, either with Livingston or with Strongheart; she liked Dick with all the whole-heartedness of a loyal friend; she admired the Ojibway, and sympathized with him in a way that was to startle him when, presently, he discovered it; but she did not love him—not yet.

CHAPTER XVI

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

The next evening when Dorothy and Strongheart worked at music together they were uninterrupted, and, at the end of a long and arduous session, the Ojibway said, "I am more and more amazed at your devotion to this matter, Miss Nelson. I really think my people owe you a debt of gratitude for putting their songs in permanent form."

"I have told you," she responded, "how I minister to my own pleasure in this, and the work is too slight to justify even a hint of gratitude. It pales into such utter insignificance compared with yours. Even if I did not love the melodies, why should I not give a few hours to preserve those you are familiar with? Such passing effort should not be mentioned by you who are devoting your whole life to your people."

Well for Strongheart that the inheritance of repression was his in full measure, for her words came to him as a violent shock. Devoted to his people—his whole life—"What!" cried his soul, "is all this atmosphere of elegance, all this acquisition of learning, all this adaptation to the ways of civilization to be abandoned for the sake of those helpless, unprogressive, unappreciative people who are contented in their sim-

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ple wilderness life? Is the highest possible development of an individual to be sacrificed to the conjectural advancement of a handful of unaspiring people a single pace or two toward the broader life?

"Must I be crushed?" cried the soul, "just as I am learning what delights are mine by the power to acquire them?"

And the body cried, "Must I give up creature comforts as a concession to those who do not know them, or want them?"

And the heart cried, "Must I wither in the wilderness for the lack of the light from her eyes?"

And, biting deep while all this rebellion stormed in the secret places of his being, was humiliation, bitter shame, for Strongheart recognized that he had forgotten his people. He had become one of these by whom he was now surrounded; no need that they should tell him so, as often they did directly and indirectly, for he knew it! Intellectually: he was in the van, if not the actual leader, in all his classrooms. Physically: he was the admiration and despair of the athletes. Socially: he was received everywhere on even terms with the white students—no! there was a distinction, and it was in his favor; he was not only welcomed, but made much of, flattered, petted, made to feel that he was especially interesting. Eliminating the flattery and the petting, he received here a recognition of his worth that his own people had denied him; and they had denied him not from petty jealousy, but because his was a worth they were incapable of appreciating. Yet it was these people who, in the trustful simplicity

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of their hearts, had sacrificed that he might go to the East and learn wisdom for their protection.

The mind grasps a hundred reflections like these as the eye perceives a broad landscape from a hill top. Strongheart experienced not only bitter rebellion, and bitterer shame, while Dorothy was speaking, but a quaking fear lest something in his demeanor apprise her that he was utterly unworthy the encomium she passed upon him. How could he hope to be tolerated in her presence if she should discover his weakness, his selfishness? How could he continue to worship her while consciously unworthy of her respect? That was the vital question. All else sank into insignificance beside it, and instantly Strongheart's resolution was taken. He would be worthy of her respect, and to that end he would henceforth bear steadily in mind that these halcyon days in the land of culture and learning were but prepayment of the services he must and would render to his helpless, trusting people.

Dorothy suspected nothing of the commotion in her companion's heart, for just then she was too much perturbed on her own account by what she had nerved herself to say, to be as sensitive to his mood as otherwise she might have been.

"I must tell you, Strongheart," she was saying, "that I've been wishing for a long time that I could be of some real service to you and your people. I have hesitated to tell you what was in my mind, or even to hint at it, for fear you might misunderstand and be offended, but I'm going to be brave now and speak plainly. I hope you won't be hurt?"

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The rising inflection with which she finished helped him to keep mastery over himself, for she seemed to ask a question that required an answer.

"It is possible, I suppose, that I shall not understand you," said he, huskily, "but it is not possible that you could say anything that would be offensive to me. If I do not understand, it will be my fault, not yours."

"I have been thinking of what things cost, Strongheart," she began, looking frankly at him. "It doesn't seem to matter what our ideals are, the question of cost has to be considered, and I don't need to be told that your people have to contrive more or less to send you here. It is so, isn't it?"

"They thought it all over, Miss Nelson. Yes, it is so, but there is money enough for the purpose. They look on it as an investment."

"I understand, and if you could make the burden, light as it may be, lighter for them, you would do it, wouldn't you? Especially if there were a way to earn money and at the same time set people to thinking about the Indians? It seems that it is only necessary for us whites to become acquainted with an Indian to undergo at once a considerable mental revolution. (It is a quick educational process, and the more whites there are who come to a more correct perception of Indian character and capacity, even though their knowledge be superficial, the better it would be for the Indians, wouldn't it?)"

"So far as your argument is concerned, I concede its soundness," said Strongheart, smiling. "I am not

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averse to earning money. What is the method you would suggest?"

Dorothy breathed a sigh of relief. "That seems to break the ice," she said. "You know how I am interested in betterment work among the poor of the city. It brings me in contact with many earnest, admirable people, and also, from time to time, with persons of great wealth who are not so earnest but who have their uses in the world by reason of their means. It is the wealthy women I am thinking of—not to ask anything in charity," she hastened to add, as she thought she detected a flash of repugnance in his eyes. "Fashionable women," she continued, "vie with each other in furnishing novel entertainments to their guests at dinner parties and receptions. I think an Indian in ancient costume, who could sing lovely songs and converse intelligently, might be taken up by society women and become what is sometimes called a drawing-room fad. There are many persons of great distinction, Strongheart, who strive for these society engagements because they are so profitable when once the artist is in vogue. I believe I might help you to some engagements."

"Now let me see if I thoroughly understand," said Strongheart. "You would have me wear my feathers and buckskin, and sing these songs we have been working over, for pay."

"Yes, that is it. You would be ostensibly a guest; in reality a paid entertainer. I feel confident it would prove to be very remunerative, and it would not interfere at all with your studies. It would be 'off' time,

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such as you now give to the preservation of the melodies."

Strongheart reflected a moment. Then said he, "Miss Nelson, I do not need to think of it. You say you have thought it all out, and that should be enough. If you recommend it, I'll try."

"Thank you," said Dorothy, and she went on to tell him of a way by which the idea could be tested. Dorothy had a friend, Mrs. Kirk, whose at-homes were famous for the introduction of celebrities, especially those of the musical order. Mrs. Kirk did not pay for the entertainments furnished on these occasions, for, from her point of view, and apparently from that of many musicians, readers, and so forth, an appearance at her house was compensation in itself, an advertisement, so to speak, subsequent engagements depending on success there. Dorothy would arrange for Strongheart's appearance at Mrs. Kirk's, indeed she had already sounded that gracious lion-hunter, and had found her eager for the prestige of being the first to present a real live Indian to her guests. Dorothy did not put it in just this way to Strongheart, but she did assure him that both she and Mrs. Kirk would make special efforts to have certain fashionable women of vast wealth present at the function in the hope that one or more of them would be inspired to "take up" the Indian. There were Mrs. Goldback, and Mrs. Van Somebody, especially; both these ladies had been known to pay extravagant fees to entertainers, and each had a large following. They were on Mrs. Kirk's list, and she would make certain of their pres-

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ence to hear Strongheart; that is, she would invite him to come on the day when they were certain to call. On this occasion Dorothy would play his accompaniments. She suggested that he sing the three songs to which he had adapted English words, first in the Ojibway manner, with the drum, and then in English, with the pianoforte. If he should eventually get regular engagements, it would be advisable, of course, to employ a professional accompanist, or arrange with one of his musical fellow students to play for him.

To all of this Strongheart assented in perfect faith that Dorothy knew best. What was it to sing for people? He had done so under trying conditions at the Academy, under more trying conditions in Thorne's presence. Why, not, then, to a room full of fashionable persons? If they wished to pay him, so much the better, and if incidentally a few should be influenced to a truer view of the Indian people, so much the better still. It all seemed reasonable, the only shadow being the necessity, which he did not presume to question, of arranging for a strange accompanist if the scheme should develop into a business matter.

There were some things in the discussion with Mrs. Kirk that Dorothy did not deem it necessary to report to Strongheart.

"I want to be perfectly clear about it all, my dear," said Mrs. Kirk. "Your Indian sings and looks picturesque. He doesn't give a lecture, or talk unless he's spoken to. Is that so?"

Admirably plain speech, but Dorothy, nevertheless, failed to grasp its full meaning. "Surely, Mrs. Kirk,"

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she answered, "not only is it contrary to Indian disposition to volunteer remarks, but Mr. Strongheart is a cultivated gentleman, and it is inconceivable that he would err—"

"Fudge, not to say fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mrs. Kirk. "You miss the point altogether, my dear. As long as your Indian did not commit any vulgar atrocity, such as lighting a match on the piano, for example, he might be the most untutored, stupidest savage you please. It's the very fact that he's a cultivated gentleman that introduces an element of danger. It won't do at all for him to make people think. Come now, you know our weaknesses quite as well as I do, my dear. It isn't that we can't think, but that we prefer not to. My friends want to be entertained, that and nothing more. Can you guarantee your Indian for that?"

"Well," Dorothy replied dubiously, "I must confess that Strongheart's songs have made me think a great deal."

"Dorothy, my dear, you don't count. You would let anything set you to thinking. All I ask is to be assured that the Indian poses simply as an entertainer. He looks interesting and queer—handsome, you say? Very well, that's an asset when judiciously employed—and he sings his songs. After that he says yea yea, and nay nay, if people ask questions. He has no piece to speak, no theories, no appeal—"

"Oh dear, no!" cried Dorothy, "he will be the entertainer and nothing more, but if his entertainment makes people think without their being aware of it, it won't do any harm, will it?"

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Mrs. Kirk looked with an expression of regretful despair at her enthusiastic young friend.

"Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy," she sighed, "what a success you could be in society if your exquisite beauty were not alloyed with so much gray matter! I really suspect you of some subtle designs against the brains of my acquaintances. Will you never learn that the women I associate with insist that their thinking shall be done for them? and that they positively can't afford to have their feelings stirred? Touch the surface, Dorothy dear, not a pin-prick deeper than the surface, if you would succeed. But never mind, we'll try your Indian, and I will assure Mrs. Goldback and Mrs. Van Somebody on your unimpeachable authority that the songs are worth while for their own sake, and that the Indian is handsome, romantic, and the greatest of novelties. And I'll have some other people here, some from the literary and artistic set, you know, who will make things comfortable for you."

It took no little manœuvring on the part of Mrs. Kirk to complete the arrangements to her liking, for the previous engagements of Mrs. Goldback and Mrs. Van Somebody had to be regarded; but a day was found some weeks after Dorothy obtained Strongheart's consent to sing, when both the social leaders could be present, and on that day Strongheart donned his ancient costume, hid himself in a closed carriage, and was conveyed to Mrs. Kirk's at-home.

So far as numbers were concerned the function was a brilliant success, and Mrs. Kirk confessed to Dorothy that it was undoubtedly the presence of "the

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chief," as she called Strongheart, that induced so many to come. Certainly they all seemed interested in the Indian. He was ever the center of a group wherein some one person had questions to ask. What was his tribe? Where did he live? Had he ever been in battle with whites, or with other Indians? Did his people still live in tents? Do they still make those beautiful Navajo blankets? What! not make blankets? Why! we thought—oh! the Navajos live twenty-five hundred miles south of the Ob—Ob—what? oh! Ojibways. So hard, these Indian names. Yes? the Navajos speak a different language? Why! we thought all the Indians spoke the same language. How interesting! Lucy, dear, he says the decorative art characteristic of his people consists in porcupine-quill work, such as you see on his shoes, and on the bands around his—what do you call the thing you wear on your head? Bonnet! dear me! What is this material? Buckskin? Please, Mr. Strongheart, pardon our ignorance, but what is buckskin? Oh! deerskin. How interesting. Did you make it yourself? It's simply beautiful. See, Mrs. Dabster, how exquisitely these beads are worked. What nice perception of color harmonies. Oh, Mr. Strongheart, would you mind writing your name, your real, Indian name, in my book?

The Ojibway endured it tranquilly, for, after all, this was but meeting *en masse* the questions to which he had been accustomed from most persons whom he met individually. He was patient with ignorance, amused at times, and altogether well content, for underneath all the gabble there was the flattery of espe-

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cial interest in him, and, more than all, this was what Dorothy wished. She had planned it; therefore it must be right.

As for Dorothy, her admiration for the Indian deepened as she saw how perfectly he maintained his poise. She was not a little anxious when she perceived that her protege, so to call him, had become rather a cheap sensation, and she wished that he could have been brought forward with his songs soon after his arrival, so as to make the first impression a serious one, but in that matter Mrs. Kirk ruled otherwise, and Mrs. Kirk knew what she was about. Strongheart was her trump card and must, of course, be played last. Meantime Dorothy brought her special friends to be introduced to the Ojibway, and they gave momentary relief from the pressure of childish questions; and there was such relief as made Strongheart's eyes glisten in the presence of a man who said "Bozho, neezhe" (how do you do, friend) and spoke with quiet enthusiasm of a hunting trip he had enjoyed with an Ojibway guide in the region north of Superior.

From time to time somebody played noisily, and probably well, on the pianoforte; once a young girl, who might have been pretty if her eyes had not told too plainly of nervous overstrain, drew mournful strains from a 'cello; a German tenor sang the principal air in Gounod's "Faust" in Italian, and delivered himself of the high C with as much force as if he were on the stage of the Metropolitan, a position in the operatic world he never attained; an exquisitely garbed young woman recited "The Absent-minded

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Beggar," and brought out its "Pye, pye, pye," with intense feeling, perhaps, poor thing, because her dress represented the hard pinched savings of the Winter; and in spite of all these diversions, the guests lingered and applauded politely. Nothing could have been a clearer demonstration of the Indian's value as an attraction. All were waiting to hear him. Dorothy grew heartsick over the delay; her soul revolted at posing Strongheart as a freak, and she regretted with no little bitterness that she had not foreseen this phase of the event. It was growing late. Here and there a man was caught in the act of consulting his watch, and when Mrs. Kirk was the detective, she pounced on the abashed offender and begged effectively that he postpone other matters for just a few minutes longer. The Indian's songs would be such a treat! Strongheart would surely sing in a minute or two.

Why did not Mrs. Kirk bring Strongheart forward when the interest was at its height? Bless your innocent soul! because the real stars of the occasion had not arrived. The chief event of the day awaited the presence of Mrs. Goldback and Mrs. Van Somebody.

At last Mrs. Kirk murmured to Dorothy, "It's provoking enough! They said so positively that they'd come! I sha'n't be able to hold this crowd another minute. Better put the chief on. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" Dorothy answered, "by all means. Let's have it over with."

So Dorothy and Strongheart moved up to the piano-forte, took possession, and one after the other, modestly, gracefully, the three songs sweetened the air of the

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drawing-room. There was then a quarter of an hour that almost repaid Dorothy for the agony she had suffered during the exhibition of the Ojibway. The melo-lies went straight to the hearts of many, if not all the people. One, a lullaby, had to be repeated at once, and although the singing was the signal for a general breaking up of the gathering, a great proportion of the guests delayed their departure that they might press to the pianoforte and tell Strongheart how much they enjoyed the music and how surprised they were; to ask if the songs were published; if they could by any means get copies; if they were really, indubitably Indian and not taught to the Ojibways by white musicians; and so on, a world of ignorance, but pardonable, a world of genuine enthusiasm, with here and there the gratifying contrast of intelligent sympathy. Strongheart himself was elated. He could feel the genuineness of the demonstration, and forgive such part of it as was superficial and for the moment only. Surely, Dorothy had been right in maintaining that these simple melodies had a special appeal. He turned to her, his face glowing, after the last guest had departed.

"You must be tired to death," she said quickly. "Aren't you glad it's over?"

"Tired!" he echoed, "why should I be tired? The effort is nothing to a half at football. It seemed to me the people were well pleased."

Before Dorothy could answer, Mrs. Kirk, who was approaching, wheeled about suddenly, having heard familiar voices, and began to gush in the approved

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society manner with no less personages than Mrs. Goldback and Mrs. Van Somebody.

"Such a round!" sighed Mrs. Goldback.

"We were so afraid we should be too late," asserted Mrs. Van Somebody.

Mrs. Kirk understood. No need to tell her that the social season was nearing its end, and that all the devotees of fashion were driven to distraction by the pressure of engagements that filled every day to repletion. It was equally unnecessary for her callers to confess that, in planning the round that day, they had left Mrs. Kirk's function to the last, as the least important, and that they had so gauged their time as to be quite certain that all the special features of entertainment would have been finished before their arrival. It was plain as print that these eagerly sought dames had not been aroused to any interest whatever in the Indian and his songs, and that in their hearts they were congratulating themselves that they had escaped the boredom of listening to them. So, having these considerations clearly in mind, Mrs. Kirk said:

"Oh, I am so glad, for you are wonderfully fortunate. I was on pins and needles lest you should come early, for we had such a crush! And now you can have the chief all to yourselves. I am sure the chief won't mind singing just one of his songs again, will you?" and she smiled upon Strongheart as she ushered the great ladies into the drawing-room.

"With pleasure, if you wish, Mrs. Kirk," said Strongheart.

Such disappointment as the newcomers felt was

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masked, when Strongheart was presented to them, under a display of mild curiosity, and Mrs. Goldback murmured "So nice," as she sank into an easy chair. Perhaps it took all Mrs. Van Somebody's remaining strength to overcome her chagrin, for she sat down without a word. Dorothy was already at the piano-forte, her face as inexpressive as marble. "What shall it be, Strongheart?" she asked.

"Why," he answered, "the other ladies seemed to like the lullaby best. Will that do?"

"Certainly," and Dorothy struck the keynote.

Strongheart did not use the drum in the lullaby, but sang the Ojibway words first, and followed them with his version in English, thus singing the tender melody twice through:

*Close your bright eyes, my baby dear,
The spider with his web is near;
He'll spin it 'cross your eyes, baby dear.
Ayah! ayah! Go sleep, my baby, go sleep.
The spider with his web is here, baby dear,
Ayah, ah!*

He raised his voice hardly above a tuneful whisper, singing more softly and feelingly than Dorothy ever had heard him before. It was his instinctive perception of the vocal proprieties of the occasion, that is, the audience was small, very near, and there was nothing to distract attention from the song, as gentle and simple a tune as ever came from a white woman's lips to soothe her child. The instant the last tone died

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away, Mrs. Goldback jumped from her chair as if she were built on springs and somebody had pressed the button.

"Isn't it wild and weird!" she cried with her best assumption of enthusiasm. "Good-bye, Mrs. Kirk. So much obliged."

"It is so extraordinary, Mrs. Kirk," said Mrs. Van Somebody, "how you pick up such original novelties. Each one is more unique than the others. Your friends are very fortunate. Thank you so much."

In just a trifle more than three minutes from the time they entered Mrs. Kirk's home, they were out of it, one more social obligation discharged.

Mrs. Kirk accompanied them even to the outer door, contributing her full share to the lies of the moment. Viewed with the scientific calmness of a sociologist, it was full of enlightenment; three fashionable women, each lying to the fullest extent possible within the limit of time, each knowing that the others were lying, and each conscious that the others knew that she was lying. As we are not sociologists, let us flee from such unpleasant associations.

Strongheart stood as if rooted to the floor, gazing after the departing visitors, so startled from his native poise that his eyes fairly blazed with amazement.

"Wild and weird!" he repeated softly. "Good God!"

Recollecting himself suddenly, with a pang of remorse he turned to Dorothy. "I beg your pardon, Miss Nelson," said he, and found fresh cause for amazement when he saw her, for she was crying.

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She had risen, but was still before the keyboard, her face turned from him, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. At the sound of his voice, she looked around quickly, speaking through her tears.

"Don't! don't!" she stammered; "how can you ever forgive me for subjecting you to such a humiliating experience?"

Then she turned her head away again and sought to control herself. Strongheart's amazement and unspeakable disgust at the shallowness of the society women were swept away in a torrent of sympathy for Dorothy, and keen appreciation of her emotion. Of course she must suffer. If he, a man of the wilderness, felt cut to the quick by the insolent rejection of the finest he had to offer, how tenfold worse must she feel, she, a woman of the most delicate cultivation, who had been so ready to recognize the beauty of the Indian art, and so eager to bring it to the attention of others of her people. He understood her at that moment as thoroughly as Mrs. Goldback had misunderstood his music, and his heart swelled with a yearning to comfort that was almost irresistible. His arms strained with the impulse to enfold her, but something of which he was not fully aware held him motionless; it might have been the reverence for womanhood which every honest man fears to profane; it might have been this, mingled with his own personal worship of this particular woman, which bade him wait lest the idol repudiate his tribute. And then Mrs. Kirk was heard returning.

She found Dorothy gathering up the music, and

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Strongheart at some distance from her, looking out of a window.

"Well," said the hostess, "we made them hear something, anyway, but I'm afraid we must confess to failure, Dorothy, my dear."

"Failure!" exclaimed Dorothy, hotly. "Did you hear what they said?"

"Something deliciously absurd, wasn't it? Oh, yes! 'Wild and weird.' Could anything be more ridiculous!"

"Nothing could be more insulting to the singer and his songs," said Dorothy.

"Why! my dear, are you taking them seriously? It won't do, my dear. Don't you see, they knew they were coming to hear Indian songs, and in talking it over they had said to each other that the songs would be of the wild and weird variety as a matter of course. They couldn't imagine any other kind of Indian music, I couldn't myself, until I'd heard it; and, having heard and not comprehended a note, they had to say what had been their preconception of it, don't you see? They couldn't say anything else. It's simply funny. Isn't it, Mr. Strongheart?"

Strongheart slowly turned from the window. His face was lighted by the grave smile so characteristic of him, and he looked first at Dorothy, waiting a perceptible moment before he replied, "I think it is the best way to regard the episode, Mrs. Kirk. I am sorry only for Miss Nelson, who had made the songs possible for white people, and whose work on them deserved unqualified success. I think we should dwell

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on the fact that your guests generally were pleased."

"That's right," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Strongheart," said Dorothy, facing him in her frankest way, "would you care to repeat the experiment?"

"Miss Nelson," he answered, "I would not."

"Well," said Mrs. Kirk, after both had expressed their appreciation of the opportunity to try the experiment in her home, "I don't blame you for not caring to repeat it. It must be distressing to find that one has cast pearls before swine."

CHAPTER XVII

LIVINGSTON'S LOSING BATTLE

Spring had not come when our young people began to plan the Summer vacation. It was Dorothy who made the suggestion that served as a text for all their discussions. Her brother had brought Strongheart home to dinner, and the young men remained through the evening. On that occasion the Ojibway talked more freely of the life of his people than at any time during their acquaintance with him. It was not only that he had overcome the first restraints that make all Indians shy among strangers, but that the influence of Dorothy's idealization of his purpose was still strong upon him, so that, his thoughts dwelling much in the wilderness, and on the reservation, and the problems he must try to solve, he gave ready expression to them, and with unconscious eloquence presented a vivid picture of forest life.

"I should think," Dorothy said, toward the end of the conversation, "that it would be a real sacrifice for you to spend so much time in the city."

Strongheart looked gravely at her for a moment, as he often did, before replying. "Do I not seem like a civilized man?" he asked, presently, and Dorothy was too astonished to reply at once.

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Her brother laughed. "The general impression is," said he, "that Strongheart is the most civilized student at Columbia."

"Surely," said Mrs. Nelson, "nobody ever thinks of Mr. Strongheart in any other way."

"I knew that to be so," said Strongheart. "I only asked the question in order to make my answer to Miss Nelson perfectly clear. Yes, there are times when life in the city does seem a sacrifice. You know me pretty well, I think. I glory in my civilization. I have been marvelously happy in college. Perhaps because I had given up all hope of further study, I really have been eager for the book work, and I think I have appreciated it. It gives me profound satisfaction merely to look at the buildings of the University. I believe that I belong there, that I belong in the civilized life, and yet there are times when I have an overwhelming heart-sickness for the woods, when here I feel shut in. I can't set my course by a star, or a hilltop, and follow it in my own way, but I must go in a straight line to the end of a row of buildings, and then follow another row of buildings at right angles to the first. Even when there are few buildings I must keep to the beaten trail. I do long often for those paths in the wilderness that only an Indian can see and keep to. But, with all that, Miss Nelson, there is no sacrifice. The advantages and pleasures counterbalance the occasional melancholy."

Frank stayed at home that night, and, after Strongheart had gone, Dorothy said, "How I should like to see the land he speaks of with such deep feeling."

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"Well, why shouldn't you?" asked her brother.

"I have often wondered why I shouldn't," Dorothy replied. "Dick's letters last Summer interested me greatly in the country and its people. Since we have known Strongheart, the desire to see the places he tells us about has grown greater. Why shouldn't we all go to the woods for a short time next Summer? If mamma could put up with tent life for two or three weeks—"

"Oh, Dorothy!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, properly aghast, "would you make a savage of your mother?"

"Not on your life!" cried the son. "You can live in a tent just as luxuriously as at home. You've no idea of the contrivances that may be taken into the woods to make the most exquisite tenderfoot comfortable. There are bed bags that you blow up before using, and that are better than any feathers, or expensive mattresses—" and with the cheerful exaggeration of wholesome youth, he proceeded to show how Mrs. Nelson could live in the Canadian wilds without missing the creature comforts to which she was accustomed.

Mrs. Nelson laughed with good-humored incredulity at first, but she, too, had been deeply interested in Strongheart and his country, and by degrees she came from smiling assertion that the idea was impossible, to a promise to consider it. That meant that the battle was won, and by then Dick and Molly Livingston were not only cognizant of the undertaking, but a vital part of it. Plans were made with the utmost enthusiasm to engage Steve Winterton as chief guide, and pro-

ceed from the Soo directly to the Ojibway Summer village which should be their point of departure for such short excursions as they might find agreeable when on the spot.

The snow was hardly off the ground when Winton's illiterate acceptance of the contract came and was made the occasion of a general council at Mrs. Nelson's. There was really nothing to talk over that had not been thoroughly threshed out at previous councils, but even if Livingston's degree had been endangered, he could not have resisted the temptation to go over and over the plans for the Summer. This council, however, opened the way for a crisis not only in the plans for the Summer, but in the shaping of Livingston's future.

"Dick," said Molly, suddenly, "have you written to papa about this?"

"Hadn't thought of it," he replied; "have you?"

"Of course not. I thought that was up to you."

"Perhaps 'twas. I'm not sure. Anyhow, we might as well let the governor know what's doing."

Livingston dutifully wrote to his father the very same night, fearful that if he postponed it he would forget the matter altogether until it was time to start for the Soo. By return mail, promptness enhanced by a special delivery stamp, he received a reply from Livingston senior, of which the following is an extract:

"I had been quietly planning for a long time to give you and Molly a treat this Summer, and I shall be disappointed if you have committed yourselves to the

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woods so deeply that you cannot honorably draw out. By such contriving as a college student cannot possibly imagine, I have got my affairs in shape where I can venture to leave them for three months, and it was my dream to take my children to Europe and see the Old World through their eyes. It was my intention to let you make the itinerary absolutely according to your desires, providing only that it could be covered in the time limit, and I have gone so far as to book our passage by steamer sailing June 20. That, of course, can be canceled if necessary, and I leave the decision wholly with you, but I suggest that, while both Europe and the woods will endure for some years longer, the opportunity for me to revisit the old countries with my children while they are still impressionable is hardly likely to occur again, for you are not only growing older and more sophisticated, but I am getting more and more immersed in business with every year. I ask only that you let me know your final decision at as early a moment as possible."

Livingston took this letter to his sister, and said nothing until, having read it, she looked up inquiringly, with a suspicion of moisture in her eyes.

"Dear old governor," said he, "then of course that settles it, doesn't it?"

"Of course," she replied at once. "We're awfully selfish, Dick."

"I know it, and yet the governor has been most inconsiderate in making his plans without consulting us, hasn't he, now?"

Molly fixed him with a solemn stare and responded,

"He's old enough to know a lot better, especially in view of the example we set him."

Then they both laughed, Dick, it must be said, a little ruefully. "I don't mind confessing to you privately, Molly," said he, "that if I were to choose for my own pleasure, I'd rather three days in the woods than a cycle of the effete monarchies, but I take it that the governor has set his heart on this excursion, foolish old boy! and that we should be downright mean if we hesitated, or showed anything but the most extravagant glee over it."

"Sure!" cried his sister; "he's the best papa in the world, and I'm going to write him of my belated discovery to that effect. You must write, too, Dick. Don't fail, now!"

"Never fear. I'll write him a letter that'll make his poor old heart sit up and take notice. But we must let Frank and Dorothy know at once."

"Certainly, but it needn't make a bit of difference with them. They must go on with their plans just the same."

"Of course," said Dick, with a little gasp that his sister did not interpret correctly. Until that moment it had not occurred to him that the change in plans would put thousands of miles between him and Dorothy for the entire Summer. That prospect set a sudden weight on his heart, and, although it gave not an instant's check to his decision to abide cheerfully by his father's arrangements, it did more than depress him for the moment. As the weeks passed, and the time of separation drew near, he found that it

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was essential to his peace of mind that he should have an understanding with Dorothy.

There was no shadow of jealous fear upon him. Thorne's infatuation for Dorothy was as obvious to him as it was to the rest of the eleven, and others of his friends; but Thorne was by no means alone in his adoration of Dorothy, and it was sufficiently clear to Livingston that Dorothy favored none so much as himself to make him wholly at ease so far as rivals were concerned. Indeed, it may not be too much to assert that the generosity of his nature would have enabled him to see another succeed in her esteem with tranquil resignation to his own disappointment, and with no bitterness toward either her or the victor.

It never occurred to him even in his most fantastic dreams that Strongheart could be a rival, for, although the Ojibway had at times betrayed emotion after the manner of the white race, he was wholly successful in repressing manifestation of what was deepest in his heart whenever he chose to repress it, and his abject worship of Dorothy was one of the things he chose to hide. Moreover, with all the respect and affection which Livingston had for Strongheart, with all his supposably unqualified acceptance of him as an equal, there remained subconsciously and unconsciously a knowledge—not a feeling, but a knowledge—that he was nevertheless different, a man of an alien race. As yet no circumstances had arisen to call this knowledge into activity, and while it slumbered its effect was negative only, befogging Livingston's mind as to the truth and stilling him with a false sense of security.

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No, the only uneasiness in the heart of Dick Livingston as Summer drew near was due wholly to his own condition without reference to so much as the existence of others. He loved; with every month he loved more deeply; Dorothy was to go one way, he another; therefore, such is the logic of love, although presently each would turn about and approach the other, he must speak to her as he had never yet spoken.

The Nelsons, after a brief season of disappointment over the news that Dick and Molly could not go to the wilderness with them, continued to plan for their brief visit to the land of the Ojibways; and Dick, when his memory dwelt on the evening when he made the announcement, glowed warm with hope, for the regret in Dorothy's eyes and manner had been unmistakable. Indeed, it was she who cried, "Then let's not go! Let's postpone it till next summer."

Livingston promptly and emphatically opposed this suggestion. He pointed out that the proper time was now, when her interest was keen; that all arrangements were made; that he and Molly would be unhappy if their absence should cause such a radical change of programme.

"But, Dick," Dorothy protested, "it was your letters that aroused my interest, and I wanted to see the country with you."

"Thanks," he responded, bowing low in mock solemnity in order to mask his delight, "but Frank was there when the letters were written, and, if you want realism, you can take them with you and put the sheets of paper on the respective spots they describe. There

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were so many I think they'd cover pretty much the whole country."

Frank, of course, insisted on the original plan, and Mrs. Nelson, now that her mind was made up for it, thought it would better not be abandoned, and so, presently, Dorothy ceased her objections.

Strongheart, who had been inexpressibly delighted with the general proposition, was deeply grieved at the necessity for the withdrawal of Livingston and his sister. There, too, was an instance of deep love without a trace of jealous fear. With no pretense of exalting the Ojibway's nature and denying him the capacity for jealousy, it is well to point out that when he came to the East he had to take people as he found them; and, finding a pleasant, wholesome degree of intimacy between the Livingstons and the Nelsons, it never occurred to him that there was a special affection on the part of Dick for Dorothy. It would have been as reasonable for him to perceive a special feeling on the part of Frank for Molly, in which case he would have been in error; and, to his eyes, the conduct of Dick and Dorothy, when they were together, was precisely on a level with that of Frank and Molly.

So, then, love was playing his cruel game of cross purposes with some of these young people, and it was a game that could not go on much longer in the dark. Livingston suffered much tribulation in spirit before he could bring himself to speak to Dorothy, for when he drew near the subject he shrank from it as one unworthy of the blessedness for which he must appeal. There were moments when, even to his ardent heart,

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it seemed almost unholy to risk the sweetness of comradeship by presuming to seek relations of a more intimate nature. But to him who loves there is no logic in aught save confession, and one day in June Dick laid bare his soul, and Dorothy stood grieving at what she saw there. Her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" she cried, and impulsively she clasped his hand.

Dick thrilled at her touch, while yet his heart sank at her words.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. "Am I too late? Should I have spoken sooner?"

"No! no!" she replied hurriedly. "Believe me it is not that, but, oh Dick! we have been such good friends!"

"Well," said he, bewildered, "it doesn't follow that we're going to be enemies because I love you, does it? I had an idea that lovers were sort of sublimated, or double-extra-concentrated friends, or something of that kind, you know. You couldn't expect me to love you if we hadn't been friends, could you? I don't understand you, Dorothy. Can't lovers be friends?"

"Lovers, yes, I think so," she replied faintly, and, dropping his hand, she turned her head aside.

"And that means," said he, after a moment of painful silence, "that you do not love me, doesn't it?"

"Not in the way you wish, Dick. Oh! why couldn't we have remained just friends?"

Dick's heart recoiled in fear as the dreadful light suddenly dissipated his misunderstanding. He could

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not let this be the end of it all, he could not endure the thought of losing her altogether. Not count Dorothy as his friend? The dull, mystifying pain of her refusal became acute anguish.

"Dorothy!" he cried, "I'd take it back if I could. I can't, for of course I meant it, but don't throw me over! don't banish me—"

He checked himself, for she was looking at him in sad surprise. "How could I throw you over, Dick?" she asked. "It would be impossible for me to wish to banish you. Oh! how hard it is for a man and a woman to understand one another when they do not love equally and in the same way! Don't you see, Dick, that we can't be on just the same terms as before? That tranquil, happy friendship is destroyed." Her voice shook, and she paused to collect herself.

"There's something wrong, then," said he, "for I have been in love with you for more than a year, I was in love with you when I wrote those letters you seem to think so much of—"

"But I didn't know it," she interrupted, "and now I do. Whatever you wrote, or said, always appealed to me as the expression of a sincere friend, and not as that of a—"

"Lover!" he blurted, as she hesitated. "Is it possible you can object to receiving letters from one who loves you so much that he doesn't know how to find words to express it? Blame it, Dorothy, I can't descend to stock phrases, and I'm no poet to invent new ones."

"You don't need to, Dick. I understand."

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"Well, don't you want love of that kind?"

"I—I don't know, Dick."

"You've got it anyhow, Dorothy, and you can't kill it, or diminish it. There's just one—no, two things you can do with it. Tell me, do you mean you simply can't love me?"

"I wish I could, Dick! Can you understand that I love you so much that I wish I didn't have to pain you—"

"Stop at that, Dorothy! Don't say another word—"

"But you misunderstand—"

"No, I don't! You think well enough of me to wish you could think more of me. I understand you perfectly, you see. Now I was going to say there are two things you can do with my love. You can accept it, or silence it. Dorothy, don't you think that some time you might find you could accept it?"

There was a world of sadness in her eyes as she looked straight at him and answered, "I don't know, Dick. I'm afraid—"

He would not let her finish. "Then," he broke in, "silence me, my love, I mean. It can wait and hope, for you can't prevent that. If I can't have your love, I want your friendship. I must have it. You must let me write to you this Summer just as I did last Summer. I promise the same kind of letters. I won't harp on my one song, but I'll keep in touch with you. Please, Dorothy! Help me so much. Write to me as before, and let me write to you."

"I am afraid it would be a mistake," she faltered. "I shall always know now what is beneath the lines."

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"Let it be so," he insisted. "I will be frank with you and confess that I shall still hope to win. Come! it's an open field, isn't it? It's not against the law for a fellow to love a beautiful girl who's been his best friend. If you didn't love me at all, you'd turn me down flat. So, you see, I've got a fair start, and you can't be so unfair as to trip me at this stage of the race."

Thus Livingston fought out his losing battle, and won; that is, when at last their discussion ended, Dorothy had been persuaded that their relations could remain as before the revelation was made. He would write to her, and she to him, and Dorothy would not steel her heart against him. So much she promised, and this was so much better than the end had threatened to be, that Dick was almost happy as he strode back to his quarters at Columbia. Leaden disappointment still lay on his heart; but beneath it was throbbing hope that in time he could lift it and cast it aside.

CHAPTER XVIII

STRONGHEART'S DREAMS

Strange, waking dreams visited Strongheart during those pleasant Spring days. Gravely he considered them, turned them about and found them fair on all sides, weighed them and found them not wholly unsubstantial. His relations with Dorothy Nelson were about to be reversed. Now she was to be the guest, he the host. There were phases of life in the forest with which she was unfamiliar, and he would be the guide and teacher. In a measure she would be dependent on him and, instead of an occasional meeting at her house, there would be daily, close companionship. It would be his privilege to paddle her about the lakes in a bark canoe, to help her over the forest trails, to superintend the placing and arrangement of her dwelling, to make her wishes known to his people, all of whom would be for the time being her servants.

Such considerations, natural, inevitable, were the basis of the dreams which concerned the time when Dorothy's visit should have become a thing of the past. She would talk with his father, with Black Eagle, with Gezhikway; she would see his people and their circumstances with her own eyes and not through such information as he had tried to impart to her by color-

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less words. The problems of Indian life would become concrete, not inferential deductions. What he, as the future leader of his people, had to contend with, would be as a plain fact before her, and therefore she could be, what she had expressed the wish to be, really helpful. So much was more substantial than a dream of the night; it rested on certainties. Why not something greater, sweeter? Why should he regard it as impossible that she might see how she could multiply her usefulness immeasurably by becoming a personal part of the force working for the preservation and uplifting of the Ojibway people?

Slowly and gravely as he set this dream before him, logically as he assured himself that it might be realized, he yet drew away from it with quaking apprehension. Was he sure of her? As a character, yes! but as a woman—there was room for reasonable doubt. Was it really thinkable that one nurtured in luxury, whose mind and body were of the tender city growth, could go to the wilderness and thrive in such radically different conditions?

It was easy to conceive that Dorothy's imagination would be equal to undertaking humanitarian work in the forest; would her physique and her enthusiasm sustain her in the hard reality? Strongheart thought that this was questionable. Without the slightest disparagement of her, he analyzed her work among the poor of the city. She gave a generous proportion of time and energy to it, and she visited the poor in their meagre, if not squalid quarters, but she did not live with them, not for as much as one whole day at a

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time. She always had the relief, if relief it was, of a return to the comforts and niceties of her own home.

In other words, Dorothy's character had not been put to the full test. How would she endure the deprivation of familiar luxuries? How would she do without music? that art in which she was gifted, in which her attainments, to Strongheart's perceptions, were great, and that art which, more than any other, depends upon the conditions found where population is compact and considerably advanced in culture.

Sorry questions, these, and yet the day dream would not vanish into thin air along with the fantasies of night, for Strongheart's love was a form of faith, and this assured him that Dorothy Nelson would be equal to any course which her conscience and judgment told her was right. How, then, when she came to see the Ojibways in their native surroundings? Would she believe them worth the effort, the sacrifice necessary to lead them upward? The Indian's heart so quaked with fear of the answer to this question that he almost dreaded Dorothy's visit. It might prove to be a disillusionment for her.

Chief Kiwetin and several families had already left the reservation for the Summer village when Strongheart arrived home. He therefore went straight on and joined his father. They met with a cordial handshake, but few words. The old man made inquiry at once about Nelson and Livingston, and expressed great pleasure at the news that Nelson would soon come for a visit.

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"I am sorry Livingston isn't coming, too," said the Chief. "He's a fine young man. I like him."

"Nelson's mother and sister are coming," Strongheart added. "I think you will like them, too. They are good women."

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, "they will be welcome."

The Chief gave way to a fit of violent coughing, and Strongheart looked an anxious inquiry.

"It's the houses, Soangetaha," said Kiwetin. "I don't believe the Indian can live in a house. Every Winter at the reservation we catch colds, and yet our houses are tight, and we have just such stoves as the white men use. The white men must be different, somehow. I am much better in the wigwam, as I always was, and after I have been here a few days the cough will go away."

The son hoped so. He had never known his father to carry a Winter cold so far into the Summer, but there was nothing to do about it, and therefore nothing to say.

A week of restless activity passed. Strongheart again attached the fumiferous Mukwa to himself as a servant in all but title, and together they prepared the ground for the Nelsons' tents. They brought great piles of fresh balsam boughs to make the air sweet within, and to be used in the beds if the ladies should eventually decide to discard the contrivances of civilization which Mrs. Nelson insisted should be brought with them; they prepared a roll of birch bark for kindling, and they heaped up enough drift wood and fresh cut sticks to furnish campfires all Summer long;

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they fashioned cups and bowls of bark, prepared cords of tamarack, built a special fireplace, with smooth stones ready for cooking a meal in the ancient fashion, and set up tripods; they dug trenches to prevent any possible flooding of the ground reserved for tents. Strongheart contrived every day to find new things to do in the way of preparing for his guests, else he would have had to rush over the trails, or paddle on the lake, to still the tumult of anticipation that shook his soul.

Early one afternoon a number of canoes emerged from the shadow of islands in mid-lake, and Strongheart knew that the hour of one of his life trials was at hand. Already, according to the plans carefully made by himself and Nelson, she must have been in camp three nights on the way from the Soo. By so much she had become accustomed to roughing it, or possibly disgusted with it, but she had yet to see his people at home and realize how close to the soil they were.

The whole village gathered at the shore to greet the visitors. Kiwetin, Black Eagle, and other elderly men stood like statues, the squaws sat on the ground, the children raced up and down the strand and splashed the water with their bare feet. Strongheart was a little apart from the men, his face as immobile as any, but his soul gazing outward until his eyes ached. He recognized Winterton first. There was one passenger in his canoe, Mrs. Nelson, undoubtedly. Next in the line was a canoe loaded with baggage, propelled manifestly by Indians. These two canoes

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partially concealed two others until all were clear of the islands, and then the heart of the watching Indian leaped, for he saw a canoe in which the bow paddle was handled by a woman! It could be none other than Dorothy, quite regardless of the fact that, even at a distance, there was evidence to trained eyes that the paddler was not wholly familiar with her task. Manifestly the last canoe, whose paddlers moved with the regularity of a machine and the grace of birds in flight, was held close to the one in which the woman sat to render quick aid if any were needed. The lake was still, the sky cloudless; it seemed to Strongheart that earth and heaven, air and water, had entered into friendly conspiracy to make her journey safe and pleasant. That was her brother in the stern of her canoe. They had come quite three miles from their stopping place for dinner, and still she at the bow plied her paddle with vigor and, despite inexperience, with certainty that robbed the spectacle of any element of risk.

Strongheart could have held his peace; it would have been the most natural thing to do, although the Indian, at the approach of familiar visitors, is often extravagantly vociferous in his manifestations of pleasure; but these were people of civilization, and he was a civilized man. He cast aside a minute fraction of his restraint, waved his hat, and let go his voice in a falsetto yell that sped across the gleaming water and apprised the travelers that they were recognized. Up went Dorothy's paddle in air by way of salute, and a musical cry, sweeter than the song of any bird in

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Ojibway land, came floating back. Then her paddle dug into the water again, and the flotilla came steadily onward.

"Hello, Strongheart!" shouted Nelson, when the canoes were near the landing place.

The Indian could not answer. He waded in, as did Mukwa and some others, to help the paddlers bring their frail craft safely to the shore. Of course it was Dorothy's canoe he guided, and he held it steady until, flushed with exercise, her face already ruddy with the sun's painting, her eyes sparkling, she stepped upon the shore.

"Oh, Strongheart!" she cried, "isn't it glorious! They wouldn't let me paddle until today, and I believe I could have beaten Mr. Winterton if I'd tried."

"And if he had let you," added her brother. "Strongheart, old boy, how are you?"

Strongheart shook hands with each of them, his eyes more expressive of his pleasure than were his words, and hastened to assist Mrs. Nelson.

"At last, Strongheart," said she, in a tone that implied the successful passing of a crisis, "here we are in the land of the Ojibways."

"I hope your journey has not been unpleasant," he suggested.

"Far from it. It's fatiguing to sit still so long in a canoe, and I should think those who do the work have a little the best of it, but it is all so novel, and your country is so beautiful, that I really have enjoyed every minute."

"That is good. Glad to see you, Winterton. Mukwa

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will show you where your camp is to be. Let me know if you need help."

The veteran guide's lips parted in a smile that would have been quizzical if his heart could have descended so far toward ill nature, and after a pause he responded in Ojibway, "I've more help now than I know what to do with, Soangetaha. Did you ever see a small party with so much baggage, and so many to do for them?"

"The ladies are not used to our kind of traveling," said Strongheart, in the same tongue.

"Oh! aren't they? Well, when they do get used to it, let me know. I never traveled with people more contented, or easier to get on with. The old lady does what she's told and stays put without a murmur, and the young one—ayah!" and Winterton looked admiringly toward the visitors who at the moment were conversing with Kiwetin. "The young one! I tell you, Soangetaha, if I were thirty years younger she shouldn't leave this country without taking me with her."

"Why, you old softy!" cried Strongheart, delighted to hear Dorothy praised, "I never knew you to be disturbed by a pretty face before. What's happened?"

"It isn't her prettiness," said Winterton, "though that beats anything I ever saw, but it's the way she fits in with whatever is doing. She's forever wanting to help somebody, and generally she knows how without asking. She could easily make a fool of any man, I'm thinking."

"Don't be alarmed, Winterton, she won't try."

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Strongheart, happy as a child, having seen that Winterton understood the local arrangements, joined the group about the Chief.

"What has Mr. Winterton been saying about us?" demanded Mrs. Nelson. "My ears are tingling, so I know he has been telling tales."

"Quite right, Mrs. Nelson. He has been complimenting you and your daughter as good travelers. You have become acquainted with my father, I see."

"Yes, Frank introduced us. I have been trying to tell him what a pleasure it is to us to visit his country."

"Yes, yes," said Kiwetin, "you welcome. I am only sorry that Livingston could not come with you. He is fine young man. Soangetaha tells me he has crossed big bitter water."

"He and his sister went to Europe," Mrs. Nelson explained.

"Yes. I understand there are many small countries there, each with great many people, and I have often wondered how there could be room for them all."

"They are certainly more crowded than you are," said Mrs. Nelson. "You have room enough."

"Well, yes, I suppose so," Kiwetin admitted dubiously. "We don't get in each others' way very much, but white men are putting up sawmills and building towns in every direction. They pressing us closer every year." He was interrupted by a coughing fit. "Yes, yes," he added, wiping his eyes when he could speak again, "I suppose there is room enough for us. Is there no chance that Livingston will come up this Summer?"

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"I'm afraid not," Frank answered. "He has planned to be away nearly three months, and then college begins again. A year from now I'll bet you nothing can keep him away."

"I should like to see him again," said Kiwetin, sombrely.

Strongheart conducted his visitors to the Chief's wigwam, and then excused himself that he might see that all his arrangements were observed in the placing of their tents.

"I've had one of my life's desires," said Dorothy, when they were alone. "Ever since I read Dick's letters I have wanted to hear Chief Kiwetin say 'Yes, yes.'"

Her brother laughed. "It doesn't take much provocation to bring that out," he said.

"I came near laughing, too, the first time he said it," Dorothy went on. "I had forgotten to expect the mannerism, and when he used it in that hasty way, as if he were apologizing for putting you to the trouble of speaking, the impression given by Dick's letters came over me, and I had all I could do to keep from laughing outright. And then later, when he said 'Yes, yes,' again, I wanted to cry."

"Good gracious! Why?"

"Didn't you hear him cough? I'm afraid the Chief is in a bad way. Did he cough like that last Summer?"

"Not that I remember. I s'pose he's caught cold."

Dorothy said nothing more on this matter, for the reason that her soul was heavy with apprehension which seemed, even to herself, exaggerated in com-

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parison with its cause. Why should she be disturbed by an old man's cough? Of course she was interested in Kiwetin, and regret that he should be ailing was natural; but she knew no reason why the Chief's health should appeal to her as such a personal affair. She felt as if a prophet had foretold her own unhappiness, but she said to herself that her brother's careless view was the right one, namely, that there was no evidence, even in a distressing cough, to warrant the supposition that this dweller in the open was in a serious condition.

The visitors saw little of Strongheart until evening. To him it seemed impossible to restrain the impulse to seek her presence, and this very attraction decided him to resist by occupying himself elsewhere in providing for her comfort. So he gave unnecessary help and oversight in setting up the camp, and it was Frank who took Dorothy and his mother from one wigwam to another, introducing them to Black Eagle, Gezhikway, and such others as had been in the village during his visit of the preceding Summer.

Dorothy found everything fascinating, and glimpses of Strongheart busy at a distance, were quite enough to prevent her from wondering why he was not in constant attendance. Her soul was still as serene as the Summer day with respect to the impending crisis in her life. Indeed, Dick Livingston was much more in her thoughts that day than was Strongheart, for every step she took recalled something in his pleasant letters, and her heart ached not a little as, now and then, her memory recurred to the disappointment she

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had been obliged to inflict on the good fellow. "Why," she sometimes asked herself, "why is it that I do not and cannot think of Dick as he wishes me to? What have I done that I must be the source of pain to the best friend I have?"

Mrs. Nelson invited the Chief and Strongheart to supper at her camp, and both came without ceremony. Dorothy noticed that Strongheart was remarkably silent, quite like the passive stranger she remembered on the occasion of her first meeting with him. She wondered if it might be because of his father's presence, that is, that at home he must abide by the ancient customs of his people and, despite his maturity and education, speak only when the elder man permitted?

Doubtless there was that in the situation as a factor, but Strongheart's silence was not indicative of inactivity. His senses were alert, his reason at exercise. Then, as ever throughout the visit, he was covertly watching and studying Dorothy. Whatever passed before her eyes, whatever happened by accident or prearrangement, he observed its effect on her, estimating the impression it made, and weighing it for its possible influence on his future. Thus, when the long, bright hours between supper and sunset had passed, and twilight began slowly to drift down upon the lake, he saw her eyes dreamily reflect the changing colors, her lips half part in appreciation of beauty that found its complement in the speechless places of her soul. His land was taking possession of her, and she was content. And a little later, when the stars shone with such brilliance as they never display in the

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atmosphere of the metropolis and its neighborhood, when the islands lost their outlines and merged in the general shadow, when the smoldering campfire worked its wizardry and colored the faces of all so that visitors and Ojibways seemed to be of the same race, he saw her eyes suddenly dilate with glad surprise, he saw that she caught her breath and held it as if she would still even the beating of her heart that she might not miss the faintest sound that came gliding across the silent floor of water to her as a special offering of the Ojibway people to their guest. For, somewhere out on the lake, was a canoe, or a flotilla, may be, whose passengers were singing. Distance, and the water, and the holiness of night softened the voices and smoothed away their crudities; the melody rose and fell as if it sprang from one throat; the high tones rang with the glad spontaneity of bird warblings, and the low tones at the end lingered as if reluctant to finish, and died away into breathless silence.

Dorothy knew the song. It was one of those she had laboriously reduced to notes and framed with harmony that could but approximate to the exquisite enhancement given by Nature's surroundings; Strongheart's first song, the song of elopement. She turned to see him looking inquiringly at her, and, interpreting his glance to ask whether she recognized the song, she nodded and smiled, and then gave attention again to the distant music. It seemed to him that the spirit of his people appealed to her through their art, and that she, as a gracious queen, gave favorable ear to the petition.

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"Beautiful!" she exclaimed under her breath, when the last strain had dissolved in the night, leaving the darkness sweet with memories of music; "Mamma, did you ever hear anything so impressive?"

"Never," replied Mrs. Nelson. "The effect is quite unlike that of music generally. I suppose it is the unexpectedness, and the mystery of darkness, and the peaceful surroundings, that make it seem like a religious service. I'm afraid I can't express it, but it's awe-inspiring."

"Almost uncanny," suggested Frank.

"What does it mean, Strongheart?" Mrs. Nelson asked.

"The song, Mrs. Nelson? Surely you remember it?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard you sing it in your two languages. What I meant was, is there any special significance in the singing now, at this time and place?"

"I think not," Strongheart replied. "Some of the people have gone out on the lake in the cool of the evening for pleasure, and they sing. That is all. The whites do the same, don't they?"

"Never a tribe of whites had surroundings to exalt their pleasure to such poetic heights," said Dorothy, "and, so far as I have observed, no party of whites ever sang spontaneously music that seemed so appropriate, so essential a part of the scene and atmosphere."

"You're right there, Dorothy," said her brother. "If that was a crowd of our people, now, they'd be bawling 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'Sweet Bye-and-bye,' and 'Bluebell,' in turn, and each with more

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lung power than sentiment. I didn't pay much attention to the music of the Ojibways last Summer, but I did get the impression of a difference between the Indian and the white-man point of view with regard to the art. It seems to me the average white man sings for the fun of the thing, and that the Indian sings because he loves music, and feels, unconsciously, perhaps, that it is necessary to the expression of his deepest feelings. If I am right, it follows inevitably that the Indian, whatever the words of his song, will produce music more appropriate to the general situation than the white man does."

"Well done, Frank!" cried Mrs. Nelson. "Between the camera and football you may develop into a philosopher."

"I suppose I ought to apologize for having a serious thought or two," said Frank.

"Don't let's get frivolous just yet," Dorothy pleaded. "Frank is right. The white-man music, with all its beauty, is complex and artificial. It smacks of the hall, some of it dignified and some of it cheap, some proper to Carnegie Hall, some to the vulgar vaudeville. None of it speaks of Nature. This music does. It has come into being as spontaneously as bird songs, created by Nature-lovers—oh, hush!"

The discussion ceased abruptly, for another song was floating across the water from the singers in darkness upon it, and, as his guests bent their attention to the music, and Strongheart concentrated all his thoughts on Dorothy, he wondered if his people were forging chains of delight to bind her to their land and

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themselves. And just when wonder grew to conviction that it would be so, his soul drew back, abashed. How had he dared cherish such dreams? What had become of his reason? What folly to pose himself for an instant as worthy of her! She seemed even then so far away, existent in so fine an atmosphere that the breath of her worshiper would poison it—what could he, then, but sigh over her utter unattainability?

Strongheart's humility endured throughout the entire visit. Not once until the day of departure came, did Strongheart the man overcome Strongheart the worshiper. Yet always was he watchful, observant of every slight manifestation of the impression made upon her by his people. Her interest was unmistakable; her sympathy seemed to be deeply stirred, not as one who pities, but who loves. The children scampered after her, and were content to sit still with her; the squaws, bashful, embarrassed by her attention, yet smiled sheepishly, and giggled behind their aprons when she spoke to them; the old men nodded their heads approvingly when she passed.

One of their excursions took them to the reservation where Dorothy saw the log huts which the Chief condemned as improper for Indian habitation. She saw the meagre farms, little more than gardens, the trader's store, the pathetic attempts of some of the people to imitate the whites in the decoration of their rooms, colored supplements of Sunday newspapers taking the place of paintings, an atrocious chromo here and there insulting the landscape. In more than one house she found a cabinet organ. Nobody could

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play on it, but there were children in the family who some day might learn, and meantime, when a stray visitor like Dorothy played, all the neighbors gathered to listen, awestruck, too overwhelmed with delight to speak. On a Sunday they went to the rude little church where the missionary, one of those rare workers who realize how necessary it is for the white teacher to submerge himself among his people, conducted the entire service in Ojibway.

"Ah, Strongheart!" said Dorothy, after this visit, "what a mission you have! To be the leader and guide of all these good people! How they need you, and how you will toil for them! It seems to me a glorious prospect. So much higher and better than the careers our white boys look forward to."

"Then, Miss Nelson," said he, hesitatingly, "you think the people worth the effort?"

"Why, Strongheart! are they not human beings? I should think them worth the effort, the most strenuous effort and greatest sacrifice of which their leader was capable, even if they were degraded and insensible; and they're not degraded."

"No, not degraded," said he, "but I wonder if you see how motionless they are? how hard to start from the rut."

"I apprehend it, I think," she answered. "It will take vast patience, and the work can only be begun in your lifetime, but what a start you can give it!"

Dorothy would have liked to linger the Summer through in Ojibway land; even Mrs. Nelson left it with pleasant regrets; but the visit had to be brief,

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because Dorothy had her work to do in sultry August among the poor of New York; and all too soon the morning came when Winterton dismantled the camp and loaded most of the articles in a canoe. Outfit for one man was left behind, for Frank was to return, after escorting his mother and sister to the Soo, for an extended trip northward with Winterton and the camera. On that morning Strongheart endured a mighty struggle with himself. It was the imperious demand of Nature that he speak and tell her all that was in his soul; reason assured him that it was not yet time. Blind passion cried that if he let her go uninformed, she would never return—not to his country, but to her present emotional state; that no conditions in the city could be so favorable to his desires as these; but reason resisted! The hour was not yet. The memory of this land would endure with her as a vital part of her being, or it would fade; he would know after his return to college; reason and *hunger for the civilized life* bade him wait till then, when he could direct his course according to the permanence or transitoriness of her immediate impressions. Reason was almost as blind as passion, but it triumphed, and the silence of the Indian was on him as he exerted all his inheritance of repression; but the desire of his soul cried in his eyes, and the look which Dorothy caught as she shook his hand in farewell pierced to the depths of her nature, and when she took the paddle which he handed her, she could hardly hold it.

“Bye-bye, old fellow,” she heard her brother say,

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his cheerful voice seeming at a great distance; "see you later. Get busy, Dorothy."

Mechanically she dipped her paddle; for a few strokes her arms were nerveless; a truth had been revealed to her too suddenly for calm acceptance. Well was it that the exigencies of the moment compelled her to keep her face away from her brother's.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PLOTTER

The great crisis in Strongheart's life came early in the next academic year, when incidents in connection with a game of football set the Ojibway and his friends face to face with an elemental problem, and forced them into new relationships.

Nelson was again the captain of the Columbia Eleven, and his best individual subordinates were Strongheart and Livingston. General interest in the team and its prospects rose to an unprecedented pitch as the season drew to its close because, first, Columbia's most formidable rival had an exceptionally strong eleven, and, second, because it looked as if Columbia would go upon the field for the decisive game handicapped by the absence of at least one of its best players. Strongheart had met with a slight accident; a burly adversary had fallen on him in a scrimmage in such a way as to strain the tendon of his ankle. The Indian was unable to finish that game, and the surgeon had expressed grave doubt whether he could venture to play again during the season.

From the beginning of the academic year, Livingston had devoted himself to football with ardor that surprised his associates and caused no little comment,

all of the most favorable character. It was generally supposed that his extraordinary interest was due to the fact that this was his senior year at the University, and the last occasion, therefore, when he could play the game for his college. The fact was that Livingston had exalted the game to a degree of romanticism which is not altogether uncommon among students who have come within sight of the end of their school days. He had hastened to Dorothy after his return. If he had cherished anticipation of finding her more favorably disposed, he knew his disappointment at the first glance into her eyes. Affection of the sisterly sort shone certainly in their limpid depths, but a definite regret also. It required no extraordinary gift of divination to perceive that she had nerved herself sorrowfully but determinedly to oppose him. Yet he must have her attitude in plain words.

"Your letters were delightful, Dick," she said.

"And not too personal?" he suggested.

She shook her head with an elusive smile.

"Dorothy," said he, "the matter that I promised not to incorporate in words was beneath the lines, just as you said it would be."

"I am sorry, Dick."

"And you'd much rather I wouldn't bring it to the surface now?"

"It is not pleasant for me to give pain, Dick."

"Never mind the pain. There's nothing worse than uncertainty. I want to be clear on a point or two. Try to forgive me for one blunt question. Are you pledged to somebody—"

"No, no, Dick!"

"Then I'm still in the running. If you'd said yes to that question, I should have said God bless you, with as much grace and sincerity as I could muster, and have let you alone forever. As it is, you can't help the fact that I love you, but I'm not going to be so small as to annoy you with importunities. I'll give you no trouble, Dorothy, but I want the answer to one more question. I don't need to say that I've done a whole lot of thinking this Summer. I have held you and myself up to my analytical eye and looked us both over, and I have said, 'Here's a pair of us, remarkably alike in certain respects, totally unlike in others. We're the children of wealth. Socially, we are equal; intellectually, if I may say so, we are on the same level; morally, we are wide apart. I am an idler, you a worker. You justify your existence and your fortunate circumstances by doing good for others. I don't do a blame thing but cater to my own enjoyment, which, for the sake of the argument, we will agree is reasonably innocent.' So I have called myself to the bar and condemned myself for a chump to dream that I could win your love. 'Dorothy,' said the judge in these proceedings, requires that the man who loves her shall be one who accomplishes things. He needn't necessarily be a philanthropist, I'm sure, but he must at least be one who *works* with some sort of purpose. You,' said the judge, addressing me, 'do just enough studying to pass your examinations, and when you're in the big world you'll probably escape jail and the gallows, but you'll be about as useful to

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the community as a rusty bronze statue in Central Park, and not half as ornamental, and when I think of those statues,' added the judge, 'that's saying a whole lot.' "

"Dick," cried Dorothy, almost hysterical between laughter and tears, "I never condemned you—"

"I know it," he interrupted. "My analytical self did that, but I believe you approve the judgment. Isn't it a fact, now, that you would want your lover to make a stir, to be up and coming, to try, at least, to do something worth while? Tell me!"

"Why," she answered, more painfully handicapped than he could dream, "I do admire action and purpose as opposed to idleness and indifference. So much is true, but honestly, Dick, I never had thought of you as lacking in the qualities I admire. You are my friend—"

"But, to win your love I've got to be more than what, for politeness sake, we'll call a good fellow. Now let me tell you, Dorothy, that with you to inspire me I could struggle, and sacrifice, and fight for any sort of career you wished me to undertake. I wish you'd guide me. I'm going to graduate pretty soon. What shall I be? You must help me find out, this Winter. Meantime, I'll meet all the requirements of the faculty so far as books are concerned. That's nothing. It demands no special exertion, and the only thing else I can do is to play football as the game never was played before."

She looked at him in some perplexity. It was plain enough that his lighthearted way of discussing the subject was all assumption; that beneath his half

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bantering manner lay earnestness and fine feeling. But the sudden intrusion of football disconcerted her for a moment.

"See here, Dorothy," said he, noting her confusion, and his manner becoming at once unmistakably serious, "football requires sacrifice, exertion, and purpose to win. It's the only real thing I have to work for at the moment, and I'm going into it this season in the same spirit with which the knights of old went into the tourneys. I'm going to play the game feeling that the struggle is for the honor of a lady who is looking on at the lists. I want to feel that the lady is observant, and that she will recognize that I fight for her."

"I believe," said Dorothy, "that the ladies in the case of knights of old were not bound to give their hearts to the victors."

"Let it be so. The knights fought valiantly for the mere emblem, a ribbon, or whatever it was, that their ladies bestowed upon them. If they were inspired to the utmost effort and daring, why shouldn't I be? I'd like to think that you were the dame whose colors I wore in the combat. I haven't any purpose in life as yet, except to win you. Isn't it something to go at the one thing that is to be done with all the vim of which a man is capable? While I'm hunting for a career, or a purpose, football is to be played. Therefore I'll play it as if, for the time being, it was all there was in life."

"Good," said Dorothy, "I agree to that. Of course I want Columbia to win, and equally of course I want you to do your best."

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"I shall, for thinking of you, Dorothy, and when the time comes that I see a more serious purpose ahead, I shall tackle its difficulties in the same spirit."

True to his attitude, Livingston refrained from making love to Dorothy, and he plunged into football, as noted above, with such excess of devotion as to cause comment.

"Don't you think there's some danger of carrying this thing a little too far?" Strongheart suggested one day, when preparation for the great game was under discussion.

"Can't be helped, old chap," Livingston replied. "My heart is in this game, literally. You see, Strongheart, I am much interested in a certain young lady, and I know she'll be delighted if we win. I'm going to play for her quite as much as for the University."

"Right enough," the Ojibway responded. "The more spirit of that kind, the better our prospects, but what I'm getting at is that you may endanger the very thing you strive for by overdoing the training. I'm not a good judge of such a thing, of course, for I'm not a city man, and my summers have hardened me so that I don't need to train in the same way as the rest."

"That's just it, Strongheart. You're always fit, as a matter of habit. Now, in my case, I get up a certain degree of efficiency, and then let it go. All last Summer, you see, I was knocking around in hotels and trains and boats, exercising my wonder-box mightily, and letting my muscles go to waste. I've simply got to train hard so as to be at my very extra best. It's

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for her sake, don't you see?" and he laughed cheerfully, as if he would not have his intimate disclosure taken too seriously.

Buckley, the team's coach, was not so gentle as Strongheart in calling Livingston's attention to his error.

"See here," said he, a day or two later, "you're going to be no good. You won't be worth a damn if you keep on this way."

Livingston looked so scared that if Buckley had been anybody but a coach he would have relented, and administered his admonition in soothing terms. But no; it is the province of the coach to recognize but one feeling: the desire to win. He knows nothing of good intentions. Good fellowship, friendship, common courtesy, do not exist for him until the game has passed into history.

"I s'pose you think you're doing a hell of a good thing by training until your muscles are brittle as glass," said the conscientious Buckley. "First thing you know you'll faint away while walking onto the field. Don't be a damn fool any longer, now, but break training and take a fresh start."

"Break training!" echoed Livingston, blankly.

"Yes, overeat, sit up all night, go on a tear, take a drink or two, anything so long as you give your infernal system a shock. And when you've sobered up, get down to work again with something like discretion. Get Nelson, or Strongheart, to steer you if you don't know how to take care of yourself."

Livingston was horribly humiliated, but his humilia-

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tion was nothing to his fright. It was maddening to think that he might not be in condition to play in the game, or, to be in apparently good condition and yet really in such shape that his weakness would develop fatally at some emergency where the issue of the contest depended on him. There was nothing for it but to take Buckley's harsh rebuke with the utmost seriousness, and, as the simplest, quickest, and probably most effective way of breaking training, Livingston sped straight to a barroom and dosed himself with whiskey. Buckley had demanded that he give his system a shock, and that desideratum the fiery liquor accomplished with admirable fidelity to its purpose. Weeks of abstemious living were poor preparation for resisting the effects of alcohol, and when Livingston emerged from the barroom, he was the most serene optimist in the vicinity. Buckley was right; a little rough in his manner, but his heart was all right; many a game had been lost by over-training, all right, and Buckley knew the symptoms; he had diagnosed the case correctly, and the remedy had been applied in the nick of time; everything was all right now.

It was while Livingston was in this condition of perfect contentment, disposed, indeed, to look with loving forbearance on the foibles of all mankind, that Ralph Thorne ran across him, and Thorne's sharp eyes took in the situation at a glance. Thorne, too, had been to see Dorothy, and he had retired from her presence firmly convinced that the one obstacle to his success lay in her attachment to another. All that was mean within him was stirred to the deeps by his

jealousy, which demanded a definite object on which to fasten its poisonous fangs. He looked over the field and eliminated quickly all but Strongheart and Livingston. It was difficult to believe that the Ojibway could be a potent factor in the case, but everything was possible, and Thorne kept him in view during the early part of the term equally with Livingston. He had occasion to see them in Dorothy's presence more than once, and the result of his observations was the fixing upon Livingston as his favored rival. Nothing then would do but he must discover some way to discredit Livingston in the eyes of Dorothy, and much gray matter that might have been profitably consumed in overcoming Pol-Econ went to waste in vain efforts to invent a scheme of vengeance whereby Livingston might be disgraced without the apparent activity of Thorne himself as an agent in the matter. When he met Livingston, and noted his condition, the possibility of a way burst upon him and warmed his sore heart with pleasing hope.

"Hello, Dick," said he, and then, with a fine show of indignant surprise, "you've been drinking! What the devil do you mean when the most important game of the season is yet to be played?"

"It's all right, Thorne," Dick responded with portentous gravity, "I assure you it's all right. Buckley's orders. Yes, on my word. Trained too fine, you know. Muscles brittle as glass. Break training, says Buckley. Man of keen discernment, is Buckley. Sound judgment. He knows. Take a drink or two, says Buckley. Give your system a shock and take a

fresh start. That's what I'm doing, Thorne. Got the shock aboard, and tomorrow I'll unload and get on the water wagon again and go to work."

"Well, I'm relieved to hear that," said Thorne, grasping him by the arm. "Better come up to my room for an hour or two. I'm on the water wagon myself, but there's a drop in the decanter if you should feel like another. And up there nobody need know that you're drunk."

"Drunk!" cried Livingston, hotly, "I'm not drunk. Who says so?"

"Well," replied Thorne, laughing, "I noticed it, you see, and if some of the younger members of the team should catch on, it might have a bad influence on them. They wouldn't understand, you know."

"That's so," said Livingston, after thinking very hard for a moment, "that's so. Might mislead them. You're right, Thorne. I'll get out of sight."

To Thorne's room they went, where, shortly afterward came, as Thorne knew they would, three men-about-town, or, in less polite language, gamblers. One of them, Fred Skinner, was Thorne's regular medium for the placing of bets on races and all forms of athletic contests. These worthies had called for a session at poker, and Livingston was invited to join the game.

"Stay out if you think best, Dick," said Thorne, with affected kindness. "Better not play if you think your judgment would be at all hazy."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Livingston, "judgment's all right. My mind was never clearer. Don't make me feel like a fool, Ralph. Gimme chips."

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"Just as you say, Dick, but you know what poker is. We play the game for all it's worth, and friendship doesn't count."

"I'm no kid," was Livingston's dignified rejoinder.

The cards were shuffled and dealt, shuffled and dealt, and for some time Livingston managed his hands with such discretion that Thorne feared his opportunity for revenge would slip from him. He placed the decanter within Livingston's reach, and cursed silently when his guest declined to apply himself to it. Livingston won a little, and that fact more than any other completed the fuddlement of his brain that had been temporarily stayed by his effort to concentrate attention on the game. Shortly afterwards he bet all his chips against Skinner on the strength of a full house of jacks. Skinner had a full of queens.

"Well!" exclaimed Livingston, as he saw his chips go to the other side of the table, "that's poker. I'm sure I didn't over-bet my hand."

"Sure not," said Skinner. "It was your bad luck. That's all. Next time it'll go your way, probably."

"Trouble is there can't be any next time," said Livingston, after fumbling in his pockets. "I'm broke. You see, I didn't come prepared for a game."

"That doesn't matter," said Thorne. "You don't need to quit the game just for the lack of a little money. Give me your I-O-U for what you want."

It struck Livingston that this was remarkably generous, and yet it was quite in accord with his own affectionate regard for his fellow-men, and, as the dealer paused in doubt whether to give him cards, he

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ended what little hesitation he had by saying he would take a hand, and he made out an I-O-U for a hundred dollars.

The game proceeded with varying fortune, but as the hours passed, Livingston had occasion repeatedly to replenish his working capital by exchanging I-O-Us for chips. Luck was going against him, it seemed, but it might turn. He was persuaded it would if he stuck to the game long enough. How much he had lost he did not know, but it was more than he could stand, and the only way he could get even was to keep on playing.

And so it came about that when the session ended just before sunrise, Livingston's I-O-Us were counted and found to amount to the appalling sum of three thousand dollars.

"Lord Harry!" gasped Livingston. "Three thousand! why!—" and he looked blankly at Thorne.

"Hard luck, Dick," said Thorne, lightly. "You played your hands all right, but luck was against you. That sort of thing will happen once in a while in poker, you know."

"Yes, but—" and Livingston choked, unable to continue.

"See here, Livingston," said Thorne, looking at him sharply, and putting a cool edge on his tone, "do you mean to say you can't meet those obligations of honor? that you played without knowing you could make good?"

"Of course I'll make good" Livingston retorted, offended at once. "I was merely expressing surprise.

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I'll take up those papers in a day or two. You understand that I shall have to send home for the money?"

"Oh, that's all right."

"To you, yes, but I suppose I may be pardoned for not looking on the consequences with any high degree of exhilaration. It will probably mean my immediate withdrawal from college."

"Why! what the—"

"Don't think I'm playing the baby act," interrupted Livingston, hastily. "I should pay those notes if I was to hang for it next minute. I ought not to have spoken of it."

"But my dear fellow," Thorne protested, "don't misunderstand me. You mustn't leave college. Why! you're absolutely essential to the game now that Strongheart is out of it."

"The game will have to be played without me, I fear. It's all right, Thorne. I shouldn't have risked—not the money, which I can get, but the game. I did, and I must take my medicine. You see, the governor won't stand for any form of gambling. He's been willing enough to put up for my scrapes when it was nothing worse than damages to some barber whose pole had been ragged, and things like that, but gambling, and such a sum, ha! it's too bad, but it'll be home for me and no mistake."

"It mustn't be!" cried Thorne, in apparent distress. "We must find a way to adjust—"

"No! don't offer me any concession. I won't have it."

"Well, I admire your spirit, Dick. I'd feel the same

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way, but suppose I could suggest a way to get even without informing your governor, or going to any trouble whatever? It can be done in one coup, Dick. Put up three thousand on the game. We're sure winners."

Livingston laughed bitterly. "You ask a man who's cleaned out to bet three thousand! Why, where the mischief—"

"I'll raise it for you, Dick. Come now, this isn't offering you any concession, don't you see? Give me your I-O-U for another three thousand, and I'll get Skinner to put it up on Columbia. How's that, Skinner?"

Skinner, who had listened interestedly to the whole conversation, said he could easily find takers for the amount. It was a good way to even up things, he thought.

Livingston felt horribly tired. There were splitting pains in his head. The more he tried to think of it, the more it seemed that any device which promised to relieve him from exposing his folly to his father should be adopted. And there was the game. He knew his worth in the Eleven. It would seem like deserting his college if he failed to grasp an opportunity to serve her. And so, when he walked out in the cool of the morning to find his own quarters, he left evidence behind him that he owed six thousand dollars to Ralph Thorne.

CHAPTER XX

THE GAMBLER'S CHANCE

The real purpose of Thorne's apparent generosity to Livingston will be clear when it is known that his own money was placed heavily against Columbia. He had coolly estimated the merits of the opposing teams and had come to the conclusion that Columbia, with Strongheart absent, would be beaten, and he had bet accordingly. Therefore, as he forecast the issue, the game would leave Livingston hopelessly in debt, and his ruin and disgrace would be assured. Thorne might have been reasonably sure of his revenge if he had left Livingston to struggle unaided with the original debt of three thousand, but he preferred not only to make assurance doubly sure, but so to contrive matters that he himself would shine in a favorable light if ever the circumstances became generally known. It would look as if he had gone out of his way to save Livingston.

So it was a comparatively contented Thorne who went about his various duties during the few days succeeding the game of poker. Then he was subjected to a rude shock. Trustworthy information came to him to the effect that the strongest player on the rival eleven had been incapacitated by an accident, and,

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therefore, could not play in the game. This was dreadful, for it gave Columbia at least an even chance of victory. What could be done? Every dollar Thorne had, or could borrow, had been bet against Columbia, so that it was impossible to protect himself by hedging; but his financial interest in the outcome, while serious enough, was as nothing to the design for wrecking and disgracing Dick Livingston. Columbia must lose the game in order that a personal grudge might be paid.

The man who will bet against his own team is ripe for treachery than which nothing is worse in the code of college ethics. It occurred to Thorne that, if the sides were evenly matched, a very trifle thrown into the balance one way or the other would be decisive. He must throw that trifle himself by deliberate misplays. Even the plotter's heart stood still for a moment in ghastly apprehension at this thought, for he had not contemplated the necessity for such crucial action; but there seemed actually nothing else to be done, and Thorne shut his jaws hard together on the decision to do it. Then came another blow. The news leaped from one corner of the university to another that Strongheart would be able to play! Thorne was in consternation. With Strongheart in the game, and the best man on the other side out of it, the idea that one player like himself could determine the issue was reduced to an absurdity. It would still be possible, provided only the circumstances of the game brought him to a critical play at precisely the right moment, but it was improbable that such a favorable con-

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tingency would arise. The game was but two days away; with Columbia victorious, Dick Livingston's debts would be paid, and he would remain in college more popular than ever; moreover, he would likely be a hero in Dorothy's eyes, for it was certain that he would play his part in the game with at least his usual brilliant effectiveness.

It is hardly necessary to say that tactics and generalship are quite as essential to modern football as are muscle, speed and endurance. A vital part of the game often consists in comprehension of the tactics of the rival side, and in corresponding moves to render them futile. It is the aim of each captain so to mask his strategy that the adversaries cannot discover what is the nature of the move against them until it is too late to check it. To this end secret signals are employed. On this occasion, as it appeared possible that Columbia's signals might have become known from observation of the games earlier in the season, Buckley had invented an entirely new set, which had been explained to the players only the night before. If the captain of the rival team were acquainted with the new signals, victory for Columbia would be a sheer impossibility.

Thorne stifled the last of his feeble scruples—his conscience having been a total wreck for longer than he could remember—and wrote a list of the signals, meaning to send them by mail to Farley, the manager of the rival team; but he did not hurry to mail the document, for there was plenty of time, and his fertile brain was stirred by a new idea which, if it could be

realized, would put the cap of perfection on the whole unsavory project. He remembered that there had been one absentee at the meeting of the team at which the signals were explained; and that Nelson had said he would arrange to give the absentee, Billy Saunders, a list in plenty of time to master them. Thorne believed it lay within the possibilities to get possession of the list intended for Saunders, in which case that list, and not the one in his own handwriting, would be the one to send to Farley. It was only a remote chance that he could get Billy's list, but Thorne was a gambler, and he took the chance, postponing the mailing to Farley until the last safe moment.

On the afternoon of the day when Thorne prepared his treachery Nelson and Livingston gave a tea party in their rooms to which they invited Mrs. Nelson and their girl friends. It was to all intents and purposes a football tea, for the girls were in a quiver of excitement over the impending struggle, and the members of the team were also present as guests. Thorne put in an early appearance and found, as might have been expected, that Nelson was in a panic lest the quarters should not be in readiness by the time the girls were due to arrive. Livingston himself was still among the absent. Both hosts had not only been faithful to routine college duties, but had put off preparation for the tea in sublime ignorance of the scores of details to which it demanded attention. Consequently every footballer who arrived early was impressed into the service, one to get tea, another biscuit and cakes, another dishes, and so forth, and those to whom er-

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rands could not be assigned bestirred themselves to put the rooms into alleged order.

Thorne passed the errands on to younger members of the team, and remained in the sitting-room. Nelson was in an adjoining room, dressing, when Livingston bustled in, late and excited.

"Hello, Thorne," said he, throwing down an armful of books.

Nelson recognized his chum's voice and called, "I say, Dick, have you got that list of signals for Billy Saunders?"

"Yes, here they are," Livingston answered, taking an envelope from his pocket. "I'll leave them in the desk for him."

"All right, but don't forget to tell him where they are, and hurry your dressing. Let Ralph fix things up."

"You hear, Thorne," said Livingston. "Squint your artistic eye, now, and get on the job."

Without waiting for a reply, Livingston hurried into his bedroom, and the moment his door banged shut Thorne obeyed orders by "fixing things up" to the extent of removing the list of signals from the desk and putting in its place the list he had written himself. He was alone in the room for no more than a half minute, but it was enough. The gambler's luck was with him to better purpose than he could have dreamed, and the next student who came in found Thorne putting things to rights with extraordinary cheerfulness.

In due course came big Billy Saunders, and when

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his voice was heard, Livingston called to him to get the signals from the top drawer of the desk. Billy opened the drawer, glanced at the contents of the envelope lying there to make sure he had the right article, and put it in his pocket.

Dorothy was one of the company that soon assembled, and Thorne had abundant food for jealousy in magnifying her agreeable courtesies to Livingston into marks of especial favor, but he was very well content with the situation. In a party like this, where all was jollity and enthusiasm, he could afford to ignore the mere politeness with which Dorothy greeted him, and wait for the time when Livingston's disgrace should turn her heart from him and leave it open to a more discreet suitor. Strongheart was there as a matter of course, but his demeanor was, as usual, an enigma if one chose to scrutinize it with eyes of hate, and irreproachable if viewed in a friendly way. There were songs and laughter, joyous reminiscences of football achievements past, and eager expressions of hope for the game to come. Altogether the tea was, to quote Billy Saunders, a howling success, but there is no occasion to go into details except for one transaction in which Billy figured as a principal.

Big Billy was rather more in love with Molly Livingston than he had been during the previous year, and he had advanced his suit so far that now he could not only talk in her presence, but to her, and, what is more, make love to her. There came a brief interval in the gay proceedings when, the others having trooped to Nelson's study to look at his souvenirs, Billy and

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Molly were alone in the sitting-room. It was a rare opportunity for intimate conversation, and Billy quickly took advantage of it.

"I want five minutes' conversation with you," said he, assuming aggressiveness that was perfectly transparent to Molly. She knew it masked a heart that still palpitated with timidity, and that this tower of strength on the rush line could be bent and twisted by the mere turning of her little finger. It was sport royal to torment and worry the big fellow, and although the dogged persistence of his suit had really won her, she could not yet forego the joy of leading him as in a leash which he feared every minute would be slipped.

"Well, Mr. Saunders," said she, with mock gravity, "on what subject, if you please?"

"The same I made a noise about the last time we were alone."

"Let me see; what was it?"

"Oh, come now, you know well enough, Molly. There isn't any time to blow in, though it wouldn't take you more'n half a second to give me an answer to my question."

Molly appeared to resign herself to the inevitable. "Well," she said, "if you really want me to believe that I'm the only girl you ever cared anything about, you've got to do something to prove it."

"But, gee whiz!" cried Billy, badly staggered, "a fellow can't do anything heroic nowadays without getting pinched. Now, if you and I'd only lived about 'steen hundred years ago—"

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"And what would you have done then, brave Sir Billy?"

"Oh, the usual stunts," Billy answered with charming simplicity. "I'd have browsed around on a nickel-plated plug until I got against some gazabo that thought his lady fair was the whole cheese. Then I'd tell him he had bats in his belfry, and that I was carrying a pretty fine line of lady fair myself. After that I'd put him out of business just to show that my lady fair was the main squeeze."

"Glorious!" cried Molly. "You're awfully romantic, aren't you, Mr. Saunders?"

"Yes, I guess I am now, but before I met you I was several chips shy on romance. Just the same, I don't see how I'm any better off. You see, nickel-plated plugs are out of style. There ought to be a course in applied romance at the University, but there isn't—Say!" and his honest face beamed with enthusiasm, "I know what I can do."

"Well?" said Molly, breathlessly.

"If you want me to, I'll try to kill the other center for you day after tomorrow."

"Oh!" and she shuddered as if she were wholly in earnest, "not on my account. That application of romance is out of style, too. But I'll tell you what you can do. Give me something that means a great deal to you. Something you've sworn you'd never part with."

Billy had pulled out his watch before she was done speaking, but it was obvious that such a gift was not in harmony with her idea, and he regretfully put it

back and began to feel tentatively of his scarf pin. That, too, was unsentimental in its associations, and Molly shook her head. "Some girl's picture," she suggested, "or something of that sort, you know."

"Why, Molly," said Billy, despairingly, "I never was much of a lady's man. I guess this list of signals is the only thing I haven't got a right to give away. You see, no girl ever thought enough of me to give me anything of her own. I s'pose the signals might do, because if any one knows that I let them go out of my hands, well, it would be down and out for mine."

Molly was delighted. "That would put you in my power, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"I guess it would," Billy replied dubiously. "I can get some of the other fellows to tutor me up on the signals all right, so the game won't suffer. But just the same I haven't any right to give them to you."

She took the envelope containing the precious signals and held it before her. "It's just splendid," she cried, "to hold a man's honor in one's hands!"

"For heaving's sake don't drop it!" Billy pleaded, putting his hands under and over hers.

It is entirely reasonable to suppose that if this little comedy could have been brought then and there to its conclusion, that Billy would have had the answer he sought to his question; but just then there was a demand for music, in which, when it was of the college variety, big Billy was essential; and the interruption that then came to pass in the impromptu course in applied romance endured until the great game was over.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PENALTY OF FRIENDSHIP

The first half of the great game was played, and neither side had scored. Columbia's men were in their quarters, listening with mingled feelings of humiliation and resentment to a thorough dressing down from Buckley. They had played such football as never had been surpassed, so far as old observers knew, and Buckley made it his business to convince them that they had utterly failed to grasp their opportunities. By every means at his command he sought to inspire them to greater effort in the next half; sarcasm, contempt, invective, pleading, cautions, appeals to college spirit and personal pride, rolled from his tongue with a strong admixture of feeling profanity, until every man of them, except possibly Strongheart and Nelson, who understood him, was exasperated to the highest pitch, and quite ready to take the coach's demands literally.

"Go into the next man and kill him," said Buckley. "Get mad, damn you, get mad!"

Buckley spared nobody. Even the captain came in by name for a sharp admonition; Livingston was rebuked for getting penalized so that the team lost twenty yards; and, "Thorne," said Buckley, savagely,

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‘you’ve got to keep low. You missed your tackle twice. Now if you do that again, you come off this team. Three times they got through you, and the second time the whole damn line came through.’

Thorne bit his lip and tried to look indignant, while his wretched heart quaked with fear lest his treachery be discovered, for, of course, he knew why he had missed his tackle; and he wondered in no little trepidation why the fellows on the other side had not seemed to be bright enough to take advantage of their knowledge of Columbia’s signals.

An answer to his unexpressed query was soon forthcoming. The coach had exhausted his stock of abuse, when a trainer came in, saying, “Mr. Buckley, Farley wants to see the captain.”

“Farley?” exclaimed one and another; “what’s up now? What does he want?”

Buckley looked doubtfully at Nelson.

“Have him come in here,” said the captain.

“All right, bring him in,” said Buckley, to the trainer. Then he turned to the wondering men. “Now,” said he, “the manager of the other team is coming in here. What he wants I don’t know, but I want this team to look pleased about the game. Here he comes. Look happy, damn you, look happy!”

Every man did his faithful best to suggest the Cheshire Cat, as a man in a long, loose overcoat and felt hat, appeared at the door and paused in momentary embarrassment.

“Come in, Farley,” said Nelson. “You wished to see me?”

"Yes," replied the newcomer, "I tried to see you before the first half, but could not get at you. I'm on a rather disagreeable errand, and I'd better come right to the point."

As he spoke, Farley sidled significantly into a corner, and Nelson and Buckley followed him. Then said Farley, in a low tone, "There's a man somewhere in Columbia football affairs that ought to be kicked out. A complete list of your signals came to me by mail yesterday."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Nelson. "I can't believe it."

"I don't blame you, but here they are," and Farley took a stamped and postmarked envelope from his pocket and handed it to Nelson.

"Then," said Nelson, "you knew our signals during the first half."

Farley held up his hand in a deprecatory gesture. "Gently," said he. "We make sportsmen at our college, too. Not one of my team has seen the list except myself, and I give you my word of honor that I haven't read it. We shall win this game if we can, but it will be without any help from Columbia."

"I beg your pardon, Farley, I was too quick," said Nelson, extending his hand. "Your word is quite sufficient."

"Well," Farley responded, grasping the offered hand, "I won't keep you any longer. I felt that it would be the square thing to bring this back. Now, it's up to you. See you later, Nelson."

With a friendly nod to Buckley, the rival manager

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strode away, leaving the room in deathly silence, for all the men were consumed with eagerness to know the occasion of Farley's visit. They were not kept waiting.

"Boys," said Nelson, his eyes blazing wrath such as his intimate friends had never before seen him display, "some member of this squad is no Columbia man, and has got to be kicked off this team before next half. Our signals were sent to Farley."

He held up the incriminating envelope. With shouts and gasps of astonishment and incredulity, the men leaped to their feet. Buckley's harsh voice rose above the momentary uproar. "Who's done this?" he demanded.

For a perceptible instant the deathly silence fell again. Then said Thorne, "Perhaps you can tell by the writing."

Nelson immediately undertook to profit by this suggestion, but one of his hands had been badly banged in the play, and, after he had fumbled with the envelope a moment, he handed it to Strongheart, saying, "Open it for me."

Strongheart took the envelope, withdrew the enclosure, glanced at it, and hastily put it behind him.

"Well," said Billy Saunders, explosively, "who is it? Do we know him?"

"Let me see it," said Nelson, reaching out his hand for the list.

Strongheart did not stir. "Don't you think we'd better wait until after the game?" he suggested.

Thorne, apparently the embodiment of loyal indig-

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nation, cried, "No! Let's see it now;" and Nelson, still holding out his hand, and speaking with the authority of the commander, said, "Give it to me."

Looking his captain straight in the eyes, Strongheart answered, "Not now, Frank."

"What's the matter?" Nelson demanded, with a frown of deep perplexity. "Do you know the writing?"

"I do," Strongheart replied, maintaining his attitude, and keeping his eyes fixed steadily on Nelson's.

The captain was terribly disturbed. There was no trace of resentment because his authority had been flouted, for he knew that on the field Strongheart would be as quick to obey as any other; but the team was in disgrace; the traitor to it and Columbia must be in the room at that moment, facing him and pretending innocence; it was imperative to eliminate him before the final half was played; Strongheart evidently knew who he was, and that steady look suggested some mysterious but probably good reason for delaying disclosure; Nelson had profound respect for the soundness of Strongheart's judgment; would it not be wise to follow it now? Inexpressibly distressed, the captain hesitated for a moment, and his part in the discussion was taken by others.

"This concerns the whole team," said Thorne, with masterful emphasis, "and the whole team should deal with it."

"Show it to us, Strongheart," said Livingston. "A man who would do a thing like this deserves no consideration."

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"Dick," Strongheart responded, "do you advise me to show it?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Come!" cried Thorne, as Strongheart still maintained his statuesque pose, "we can't wait all day."

Strongheart looked appealingly at Livingston, and then at Nelson, as if beseeching them to throw their influence in favor of his policy of temporary suppression. When neither made a move to support him, he asked, "Why are you so anxious to see it now?"

The virtuous Thorne took it upon himself to answer: "Because we have a right to know that the man whose shoulder is next to ours is an honest man. Come! Will you show it to us or not?"

"I will not," said Strongheart, quietly.

"If you don't," insinuated Thorne, "it will look as if you had reasons for concealing it."

"Of course I have reasons, but what do you mean?"

"It will look," replied Thorne, "as if the writing were your own."

For the first time since he put the signals behind his back, Strongheart was stirred. "Thorne!" he cried, his voice ominous with resentment, and he made such a start that Livingston stepped in front of him with a low "Patience, old chap, patience!"

The other men looked and listened breathlessly. It must be borne in mind that to all, except one, it seemed impossible that the team could be betrayed by one of its own members; to all, the evidence that betrayal had been attempted was convincing; in all, therefore, was a tensely eager desire to fix the guilt, and, in the blind

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mystification of the event, a natural readiness to let suspicion rest on any toward whom the finger of accusation should be pointed. Thorne, facing the emergency of his life, understood the psychology of the crowd, and knew that he must take advantage of it to avert suspicion from himself.

"Show me the list," said he, with energetic utterance, "and if I'm wrong I'll apologize. I've got nothing against you personally, but I want to see the man who wrote that kicked off the team."

Strongheart's stubbornness prevented Thorne from directing suspicion against Livingston, whose loyalty would have been doubted no sooner than the captain's, but it did put Strongheart himself in a very questionable light, and the "crowd," for such the team was at the moment, was beginning to manifest its distrust in unmistakable glances and mutterings. A slight pause followed Thorne's last demand, during which Strongheart showed no disposition to yield, and then Billy Saunders took a hand.

"Boys," said he, "you know Strongheart. If he's got a reason for not showing this until after the game, it must be all right. I say we leave it until then."

There was immediate and almost general dissent. Everybody had something to say, and in the confusion of voices, "No, no! Show it to us now," were the words that compelled attention. Strongheart perceived the cloud of distrust that was settling upon him. He turned appealingly to Livingston.

"Dick," said he, "you do not doubt me, do you?"

"Old chap," Livingston answered, "if the signals

had been in my writing, would you have doubted me?"

"No, Dick," said Strongheart, firmly, "I would not."

Livingston turned away with a slight shrug of his shoulders, that told more plainly than words his unshaken confidence in Strongheart, and Nelson, who had now had time to think, said, "I don't doubt you, either, Strongheart, but we must make some explanation to the team. Come! out with it."

"I have no explanation to offer," Strongheart replied; "but," addressing the team, "I give you my word of honor—"

"It is your honor that is in question," Thorne interrupted, sharply.

"I shall not answer for it to you, Thorne," said Strongheart.

The atmosphere tingled with anger. Every man would have been glad of an opportunity to strike somebody. Buckley, who had asked them to get mad, bit his lip to repress his anxiety lest the real passions now aroused should militate against effective team work in the next half. He glanced at his watch. There was yet time for a settlement of the unhappy affair, if only the fellows would get down to it and cease useless word play.

"Thorne," said Nelson, his tone sharp with exasperation, "the team has elected officers to manage its affairs, and we don't care for your help"

"Then," Thorne retorted hotly, "why don't the officers manage its affairs, and not let an Indian come here out of a wigwam and run things to suit himself."

This provoked a general outcry. The captain had

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yielded his authority and judgment to the Indian, the very mention of whose race was all that was needed to solidify the hostility that had arisen against him. So there were rebellious demands for an immediate display of the incriminating list, and Nelson was hard put to it to restore order.

"Boys," said he, when he had regained their attention, "it's better to handle a matter like this with the greatest secrecy. Meet at my house tomorrow at five o'clock and we'll talk things over. Until then, not a word out of this team."

Livingston threw his influence in favor of the captain's policy, saying, "And remember, boys, that Strongheart has not admitted that it is his writing."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Thorne, "that's a trick to use tomorrow, and I demand, in the name of the team, that at least one man see that list now. Then we shall know tomorrow that it hasn't been changed."

Again Thorne's suggestion proved to be popular, and the men made such a noise recommending it that Nelson felt constrained to yield to it as a compromise.

"Strongheart," he said, "will you show that list to Billy?"

"Yes," Strongheart replied.

Big Billy strode up to him, speaking, as he went, to Thorne and the rest of the team, "I'll look at it for you, but I want to say right here that if it's signed with his name and has got two witnesses, I won't believe it."

Strongheart drew Billy as far apart from the rest as the limits of the room permitted, and whispered, "Your

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word of honor, Billy, that you won't tell whose writing this is?"

"Sure," Billy responded; "let's see the thing."

Their backs to the others, Strongheart displayed the paper.

"Judas Iscariot!" gasped Billy, "that's Dick's writing!"

"Hush!" warned Strongheart, "if Dick knows a word of this he will go all to pieces, and we'll lose the game."

"So that's why you're taking the blame!" said Billy, in an awestruck whisper.

"We've got to win this game, Billy. That's the only consideration any of us can afford to recognize just now."

"Strongheart, I'm proud to know you," and Billy made as if he would return to the team, his duty of inspection over, but a ghastly thought struck him, and he halted. "Holy cat!" he whispered, "if that's Dick's writing, it must be the list he gave me!"

"How did it get out of your hands?"

"Why—" and Billy stammered awkwardly, "I've got to keep my face shut as much as you have, Strongheart, for if I squeal now it lets in a girl."

"A girl?"

"Yes, I gave the list to—er—a girl, and she's made a fool of me. But it isn't right for you to take the blame, and I'll tell the fellows—"

"No!" Strongheart interrupted, decisively. "Give it a half minute's thought, and you'll see that it won't help matters now. You can't expose the girl, and if

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you try to help me out it will only make Thorne and the rest all the surer that I'm guilty."

"Then," said Billy, sombrely, "we've both got to keep mum to shield a woman's honor, but I wish I could take the disgrace for you. I—Oh! damn everybody!" and in despair of expressing his true sentiments, Billy returned to the team.

He found to his dismay that mischief had been busy there during his brief colloquy with Strongheart. The team was now divided into two camps, one of which, when Billy returned, consisted only of the captain and Livingston. All the others, instigated by Thorne, and falling readily under his aggressive leadership, were for the immediate disgrace of the culprit; and they were convinced that the traitor among them was the Indian. If it had been any time but the middle of a game, Nelson would have resigned the captaincy at once rather than take the course that the situation forced upon him; but he knew that resignation would stir up worse feeling, and that out of it might come the election of Thorne in his place; and, quite aside from the intense dislike of the man that the episode had suddenly engendered, a dislike untainted with suspicion, Nelson felt that Thorne had no real capacity for command in the field, and that nothing could prejudice Columbia's chances in the second half more than his relinquishment of authority. It was bitter to reflect, as he had to, that his authority in the quarters went for nothing, for he was faced by plain, undisguised rebellion. The other fellows said flatly that they would not play the game with Strongheart in the team. They presumed

to dictate to their captain, but, they would have argued, had it been necessary to argue, Nelson had subordinated his judgment to the Indian, who had rebelled successfully; but there was no time for argument, and the temper of the men was not suited to calm reasoning. To save Strongheart from disgrace required a captain of iron will and as great indifference to the amenities as Buckley, the coach, displayed; and Nelson, an efficient captain on the field, respected and obeyed under ordinary circumstances, lacked the harsh, dominating qualities needed for this emergency. He had too much of the gentleman and too little of the brute in him to subdue insubordination. Cold-blooded Buckley, looking on at the scene, gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, for this was a feature of the game in which he had no right to interfere upon any circumstance.

Despite all that preceded, the blow fell on Strongheart with appalling suddenness. Turning to the team, after pocketing the signals, he said, "Boys, I want to say one thing. I do not blame you for doubting my word, for the thing must look very suspicious; but if you watch my play next half, you will see which college I want to win."

The men stirred restlessly, and averted their eyes.

"Strongheart," said Nelson, hesitatingly, "I'm afraid—hang it, old man, you must know what I've got to say, and how it hurts to say it, but, as captain of the team, I have no choice."

Strongheart's eyes sped from one to another of the sullen faces in the group. Then he looked at his cap-

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tain. "Do you mean," he asked slowly, "that they will not let me play next half?"

"Yes, and I can't help it," Nelson admitted, his face hot with shame at his impotency.

"But, Frank," Strongheart protested, "do you realize that this means disgrace?"

"It's as hard for me as it is for you, old man," the captain replied, and then, turning to the team, "Boys, don't you think we'd better keep Strongheart in the game?"

"Let's keep him in, boys," added Billy.

There was a hubbub of replies, all to much the same effect, that it would not do to risk the half with a player whose loyalty was in doubt; and, while the angry debate continued, Strongheart, numb with humiliation, yet saw that the salvation of his honor rested in his own hands. He had but to display the incriminating list to spare himself the worst fate that can befall a student, and throw the onus of disgrace upon another—his friend.

"It's terrible to disgrace a man," cried Livingston. "Have we the right to do it on mere suspicion?"

Thorne answered him: "It is necessary for the good of the team."

"But we need him," urged Nelson. "The good of the team requires that he play."

"We don't know that he'll play the game," Thorne retorted. "It's too dangerous, and we haven't the right to risk it, have we, boys?"

The chorus of answers showed that the team had become a rabble swayed by but one feeling, desire for

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victory ; blinded by suspicion, they could see no chance for victory with their best individual player in the field. Their madness was voiced by one who stepped from the ranks and cried, "Kick him off the team!"

Billy rushed upon this man and threw him half across the room. "That's about enough from you," said the big fellow. "Now you hear me chirp for a little. Some of this push is going to be at Frank's tonight, and Strongheart's going to be with us, and I want to remark right here that if any yap out of this gang lets a hint of this business get in front of his teeth, he'll stop going to parties for about three months."

"Look here, Billy," said Thorne, "you're making too much fuss about the redskin. I shall say what I please without your permission."

Billy glared contemptuously at Thorne for a second, and continued his address to the team. "Understand me," he said. "If Strongheart doesn't play next half, it's because of an accident. It was found when we got to the dressing-room that Strongheart had gone lame again, see? We all wanted him to play, but he simply couldn't, catch that? As for you, Ralph Thorne, if you open your mouth about this tonight, whether the girls are present or not, I'll turn you inside out."

Buckley at last strode into the angry group with his watch in his hand. "Stop this infernal private scraping," said he. "We've got a game to play, and time's about up. Get ready, men, get ready."

The men immediately began to get their accoutrements in order, and Nelson, such a lump in his throat

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that he could hardly speak, approached the Indian, looking as he felt, not only sorry, but ashamed.

"Strongheart, old man," he began—

"It's all right, Frank," Strongheart interrupted calmly. "You had to do it. You had to save the game, and it was the only way."

Nelson shook his hand and turned away. Billy came up to have his say: "Strongheart, you're saving this game by keeping Dick in it. There are some things a fellow can't say, old man, but I want to tell you that—God help the man who plays opposite me next half!"

He turned away abruptly, embarrassed by his own display of feeling. The men were going out. The last to speak to Strongheart was Livingston, his brow wrinkled with his unexpressed wrath.

"Is there anything I can do, old chap?" he asked, his voice suggestive of despair.

"Yes," replied Strongheart eagerly; "play football as you never played before, Dick! I suppose the girl you spoke of is in the grand-stand? Make her proud of you! Hit the line low, and don't get penalized. Win the game, Dick, win!"

Livingston gave the Indian's hand a hard grip, and hurried out after the others.

Then Strongheart, stifling the storm of resentment within him until its only manifestation was a dull pain at his heart, went to a window and watched through all the long forty-five minutes while his comrades fought for the victory. Long it seemed impossible of attainment. Repeatedly the enemy forced Columbia

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back; more than once Thorne blundered at a critical moment; once defeat was saved, after such a misplay, by Nelson's singular ability to see the needs on the field and his alertness in meeting them. Once there was a pause, while the man who had the ill luck to play opposite to Billy Saunders was carried off the field, and a substitute put in his place. And at last, just in the nick of time, he saw Dick make a brilliant run, saw the opposing fullback tackle, saw big Billy butt in, and, laying hold of both Dick and the enemy, drag them and the ball across the line, winning the game by one touchdown.

The roaring grand-stand did not hear it, but mingled with the hysterical cries that split the sky there was a shrill, long-drawn falsetto warwhoop from the Indian player, who had forgotten his own bitter disgrace in the triumph of his team.

CHAPTER XXII

RACE PREJUDICE

The subsidence of the excitement attending the close of the game gave the emotions and thoughts that had been subconsciously active all through the play opportunity to manifest themselves. Strongheart's resentment was intense against Thorne. But for him, the men doubtless would have given accord to Nelson's policy of temporary suppression, and Strongheart's honor would not have been questioned. Thorne also had spoken contemptuously of Strongheart's race, and, although none of the others openly approved the insult, it rankled and was the direct, final incentive to solving the problem with regard to Dorothy.

Strongheart was not conscious of the precise relation of cause and effect in this matter. Resentment had been subordinated to loyalty to the team during the second half; love had been utterly out of mind from the time the game began. Now his mind was, to his own apprehension, concentrated on the mystery of the signals, with a deep, conscious desire to throw back the insinuation of treachery upon his accuser; but beneath it, love was at work, demanding that the greatest possible proof of faith in him should be given. It was not enough that Nelson, and Livingston, and Billy Saunders should stand by him; he remembered

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gratefully how those sturdy young fellows shook his hand, how they looked at him, how they cursed under their breath, or openly, because if they had not cursed they must have wept. But it was not enough, although Strongheart was not yet conscious of any deficiency other than the confidence of the team. That had been shaken by Thorne, and with the discovery of the truth about the signals, that faith would be recovered, no matter how it might affect the accuser. It was the very manifestation of sympathy and faith on the part of three loyal friends that inflamed the desire for still further manifestation of faith and sympathy; and so, while he bent his mental energies to unraveling the mystery of the signals, his heart was nursing its demand, and the critical moment was much nearer than Strongheart dreamed.

When the men returned, flushed and happy, to the dressing-room, Strongheart waited only to congratulate the three who had stood by him, and then asked Billy Saunders to walk out with him. The others, too exultant to give much thought to the Indian and the signals, nevertheless averted their eyes and looked uncomfortable when he passed them. The room was still for a moment, and Nelson said, "Remember, boys, we've got an unpleasant matter to discuss. Everybody must be at my house, tomorrow."

"Yes, that's right," said Billy, turning in the doorway, "and let me chuck in my reminder, too. Strongheart didn't play in the second half because of an accident. If any yap forgets that, I'll turn Frank's drawing-room into a slaughter house."

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There was no response, for the situation was too serious to admit of jesting, and not even Thorne was quite prepared for a retort. Thorne least of all. He was absorbed just then in worry over his finances, for the hard-won victory left him heavily in debt. He had borrowed so much to bet on the game, that the thousands that Livingston would now be able to pay him in liquidation of his I-O-Us would not cover half the deficiency. The only thing left to Thorne was hope that Livingston might still be disgraced through connecting him with the dispatch of the signals to Farley, and if that could be accomplished, he would care little what happened to Strongheart.

"I say, Strongheart," said Billy, as they went out of doors, "couldn't you limp a little just to give color—"

"No, Billy, I can't," Strongheart interposed. "You can make such explanation as suits you for the present, but I mean to reserve myself until the truth is known, whatever it is, and that's what you and I must discuss at once. We start on this sure ground: that Dick Livingston had nothing to do with sending those signals to Farley."

"Of course he didn't. It was the girl. Hang it, old man," and Billy grew pathetic, "don't you see how I've been let in? I thought the girl was an angel, see? I'd 'a' mashed my own head if even a peep of a thought had got into it that she could do anything wrong. But she's done me dirt, don't you see? She got me when I was in a sentimental mood to let her have the signals, and then she sent 'em to Farley be-

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cause he's the fellow who's the big noise with her. She just played me so that she could help my rival, and I never suspecting that she was even acquainted with Farley."

Strongheart listened attentively. Such a romantic plot as Billy's grieved brain evolved was quite as reasonable as that a footballer should betray his team. It might be, then, that Billy was right.

"I dislike to seem inquisitive," said Strongheart, "but if you and I are to work together to clear up this thing, we must have all the facts before us. Won't you tell me who the girl was?"

Billy hung his head. "I'd rather have all this disgrace chucked onto me," he muttered.

"Come," said Strongheart, smiling, and laying a hand on the big fellow's shoulder, "everybody knows there's only one girl in the world who could get you in such a sentimental frame of mind. Now, Molly Liv—"

"See here!" exclaimed Billy, hoarsely, "even you mustn't say a word against her. I can't stand it."

Strongheart put both his hands on Billy's shoulders, swung him about, and for a moment they looked into each others' eyes, the Indian smiling, and at length bursting into a laugh.

"Billy, old fellow," he cried, "it isn't possible for Molly to play traitor to the team, and you know it. Why! she's more daft on Columbia than any of us. Molly sell out Columbia? Nonsense! She probably doesn't know Farley from a subway guard. There's some other explanation, Billy."

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"Well," said Billy, "it beats me. I haven't said she was the one, you know—"

"No, we won't either of us say so. You gave the signals to Molly. I say so much. I don't accuse her of anything, not even carelessness, but somehow the signals got to Farley. Now you tell me every detail—I don't mean your sentimental scene, but just how you got hold of the signals in the first place."

Billy described his arrival at the rooms of Nelson and Livingston. "Dick yelled that the signals were in his desk, top drawer, and I got 'em. That's all there was to it," he concluded.

"Were you alone in the room at the time?" asked Strongheart.

"Yes—hold on, though. I'm a liar. Thorne was there."

"Oh! Thorne was there. When did he arrive?"

"Don't know. He was there when I got there, sitting on the desk, if I remember right."

"Alone?"

"Yes, certainly. That is, he was the only one in the room when I went in. You see, the other fellows were in their bedrooms—" and Billy again went over the details of the episode.

"All right," said Strongheart, finally, "you're willing to make this your first business, aren't you?"

"Sure! Until I can think that Molly—"

"Molly is the angel you believed. Be sure of that. I'll have a little talk with her, if you don't mind. Now, you get after Dick, and find out all you can. Ask him how many lists of signals he wrote. If more

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than one, what did he do with them. Don't on any account let him suspect that this list is in his hand. As soon as you've got all the information that's to be had, look me up."

Long before the great game, the Nelsons had arranged to have a dance at their house on the evening of the day. It was to be either a dance of jubilation, or a consolation dance, according to the issue of the game, but, as the boys put it, it was to be a dance anyway, and absenteeism was unthinkable. The function was in full swing when Strongheart arrived, and it chanced that soon afterward he encountered Dorothy in the library.

"I am so glad to see you," she exclaimed. "I feared your accident might prevent you from dancing, or even coming to see us."

"I do not think I will attempt to dance, Miss Nelson," he responded gravely, "but if you will be kind enough to give me a dance some time this evening, I should like to ask you to sit it out with me."

"Gladly," said she. "I am not engaged for the next one. Will that do?"

"It cannot come too soon for me."

There were others in the library at the moment, but the call for the next dance sounded, and all dispersed, leaving Strongheart and Dorothy alone. They sat before the fireplace.

"It's pitifully incongruous," said Dorothy, laughing lightly, "but this reminds me of the evening when we sat before the fire by the lake shore in the wilderness and listened to distant music. How flat and artificial

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the music we now hear sounds by contrast, doesn't it? But I suppose it's equally appropriate to its surroundings, artificial, all of them. We have no such evenings here."

"You have them, but you do not use them," said he.

"True. I find I can do so only in memory. You can hardly imagine the relief it is to me, when I am tired of the noise and rush of the city, to think of the silent forests, the vast, comprehensive peace of your land."

"And its solitude, its loneliness?" said he.

"Yes," doubtfully, for she was conscious that she did not wholly grasp his subtle meaning, "but solitude is often a blessing. It is said that there is no such loneliness as that of the individual in a great city, but that is always due to the individual's lack of harmony with his surroundings. How different the loneliness of the forest! There the individual is at fault if he is unhappy, for great Mother Nature waits to comfort him. He does not need to cry to her, for she holds forth her consolation without the asking; she folds her arms about him, and he must be dull indeed, if he does not hear her whispering benedictions."

"And that is my land?" said he, half inquiringly.

"So it seems to me, Strongheart, in memory of my brief visit there."

"Would you like to go there again?"

His voice had dropped to an apprehensive whisper, but before she could answer his question, he stood up abruptly and spoke in his natural tone. "Do not answer, Miss Nelson," said he, "for I would not seem

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to lead you to an admission that you might a moment later like to withdraw. I want you to revisit my country. I dare to want you to go with me—and stay. You have the spirit of our forests. The voice of the stream tells the same story to you as to me. You understand the message the wind bears when it whips the spray from the lake. Miss Nelson, you understand me, aye, better than I understood myself. You do not know that you saved me once. I was slipping away from my ambition, from faithfulness to my mission, and your voice recalled me to myself. If I am worthy of any regard, I owe it to you. But I am not now speaking in gratitude, for I loved you long before I had occasion to be grateful. From the moment you came into my life I knew that your love was the only thing in the world worth having. My mission seems small compared to the giant love you have awakened.”

“You love me?” said Dorothy, as one in a dream.

“I love you with a love as great as my forest-clad mountains, and as pure as the air about them. I saw the love of my land grow upon you, and I have dared dream that I might share it.”

He paused, summoning all his powers of self-repression that he might endure the denial her silence seemed to presage. She sat motionless, her eyes strained upon the glowing coal; it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe.

“This has been in my mind a long time, Miss Nelson,” said he, presently, “but perhaps I should not have spoken yet, or at all. It must seem abrupt to you

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who have not thought of it, and I shall be sorry if I have intruded on your pleasure—”

“Strongheart,” she interrupted, rising and looking at him in that straightforward way so characteristic of her, and so baffling to those who could not meet her with equal straightforwardness, “Strongheart, I *have* thought of it, and I have dreaded the time when we must speak of it.”

“Then you knew that I loved you?”

“I felt it, and I believed that some time you would speak. I cannot plead surprise, my friend, and yet—can you forgive me? I am unable to answer you.”

“Miss Nelson! Do you realize what you say? You have known, you have thought of it, and you cannot say, no?”

She shrank from him a little, for the man’s logic and impetuosity together were disconcerting. Perceiving her movement, slight though it was, he immediately reassumed his statuesque pose, but no self-control could dull the fire of hope in his eyes.

“I do not say no, I do not say yes,” she responded hurriedly. “Now that you have spoken I shall be able to understand my own feelings, for you have the right to a plain, unequivocal answer, and I have no right or desire to keep you waiting. But I must have a little time, Strongheart. Don’t, O, my friend! don’t build up castles of hope that I may have to shatter! Let it be as if you had not spoken, but come tomorrow and I will give you my answer. Will you, Strongheart?”

“I will come tomorrow,” said he, and she hurried

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from the room lest his appealing eyes should overcome her then and there.

Strongheart strode the length of the library and back again. The impulse was on him to go out and run for miles, but there was work to do. It was not love that had brought him to this house, but treachery, and that must be his business now until it was exposed. He had not seen Billy since they parted immediately after the game, and he began to wonder what had happened to the big fellow. It was possible that Billy was in the house now, and Strongheart was about to go through the rooms in search of him, when Molly came running to him.

"Oh, Strongheart," she cried, "wasn't it glorious? Didn't the boys fight like heroes? And what a pity that you should have had an accident! I was scared half to death when I saw you were out of the second half. Tell me all about it."

"What, little one?" asked Strongheart, smiling good-humoredly.

"Why! your accident, of course! Everybody is just dying to know what was the matter."

"Tell them to wait a little. There's something else I want to speak of now, something tremendously important and serious, Molly."

She stepped back and looked him over with great solemnity. "It does sound as if he were going to propose," said she.

"I'm not, Molly. There's a good fellow in my way, and I know I should have no chance against him. Come, let's be serious. I'm going to seem mighty

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impertinent and put our friendship to a severe test in order to save somebody you know from disgrace."

Molly was all attention, for she was actually a little frightened. "Is it something about—about Dick?" she gasped.

"It might be about me, little one. Here's the question: How did you come to lose the list of signals Billy Saunders gave you?"

"Why! I didn't lose it," Molly exclaimed. Then she blushed furiously and demanded, "How did you know Billy gave me a list?"

"As a matter of honest fact, Molly, I guessed it. Billy didn't tell me, and nobody knows anything about it. If you didn't lose the list, what became of it? Remember, it's tremendously important to somebody that I should know. How did the list get out of your hands?"

"You frighten me with your talk of disgrace, Strongheart. Am I to blame? Of course I know it was a silly thing to do to ask Billy for the signals, but I couldn't possibly think it would do any harm. They haven't been out of my hands since he gave them to me. I had a pocket made for the list in my dress. Here it is."

She handed an envelope to Strongheart, who hurriedly open it. His heart leaped, for the writing was not Livingston's.

"Molly," said he, "will you let me keep this?"

"Will it save somebody from disgrace?" she asked tremulously.

"It will, little one, and I'll say just this much more,

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that Billy Saunders isn't now and hasn't been in any danger of disgrace."

"Oh!" and again the blushes overspread her face. Strongheart could not repress a smile as he perceived how greatly relieved she was. "Good for Billy!" he thought; "he's a winner."

"This must be our secret for awhile," he said. "Nobody is to know that you gave the list to Billy, and if you want to do me a real favor you will look up Billy and tell him I want to see him."

"Here, Strongheart?"

"Yes, I'll wait here."

Events moved rapidly from that moment, for all the parties to the matters pending were in the house. Molly had hardly left the library by one door when Billy strode in at another.

"Gee!" said he, "I've been looking for you for an hour."

"Well," asked Strongheart, "how many lists did Dick write?"

"He wrote only one list, and that was the one I got."

"Good! that simplifies matters."

"Yes, doesn't it?" Billy returned with immense irony. "It puts things up to me all right. I'm in the interesting position of letting my list get into Farley's hands. Oh, yes! Matters are simplified, all right."

"Look here, Billy," said Strongheart, handing him Molly's list, "do you know where I got this?"

"No. It's not the one in Dick's writing we got from Farley."

"Of course not. This is the one you gave to Molly."

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I got it from her just now. It hasn't left her hands since you gave it to her."

"Judas Iscariot!" gasped Billy. "I haven't dared go near her since I thought she—Gee! what a multitudinous ass I have been! I must go and tell her so at once, or something equally reassuring, to explain how and why I've been dodging her—"

"Hold on, Billy," called Strongheart. "Molly knows nothing of the trouble. She can wait, and this business can't."

"Right you are. What's the next move?"

"I want you to wait in this room until Thorne comes in. He's sure to do so in the course of the evening. When he comes in, you must send a telegram to somebody. You cannot write it yourself because your arm is lame. So you get Thorne to write it for you."

"I tumble," said Billy. "What's the message?"

Strongheart reflected a moment and then said, "Your message must be: 'Left right after end of game. Awful rush. Back at half past ten.' That'll do, I think. Sign it in any way you like."

"Address fictitious?" asked Billy.

"Just as you like."

Billy repeated the words two or three times over, and when he was sure of them, "All right," said he, "but it's too deep for yours cordially."

He lit a cigarette and dropped into an easy chair as if patiently resolved for a tedious wait; but he had hardly settled comfortably when Thorne and Ross, another of the team, came in for a smoke. Thorne

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ignored Strongheart, who stood by the fire, and addressed himself to Billy, saying, "Well, how is Lady Nicotine after a ten weeks' absence?"

"Right up to the limit," Billy replied, blowing out a great cloud of smoke. Then, with a well-feigned start of surprise, "By Jove! I wanted to send a telegram, and it's almost too late. Got a pencil, Thorne?"

"Yes," and Thorne handed a pencil to Billy, who drew up to the table, took a telegraph blank from the rack and prepared to write.

"Wow!" he exclaimed after a pretense at an effort, "I can't use this wing. Just write it for me, will you, Thorne?"

Thorne complied and, at Billy's dictation, addressed "W. G. Abbott, Fifth Avenue Hotel," and wrote the message that Strongheart had invented. He signed it "Billy," at that worthy's request, and then strolled to the fireplace to light a cigar, Strongheart making way for him.

"I'll send the message for you, Billy," said Strongheart, taking the paper from Billy's hand and adding in a whisper, "Get Ross away."

Billy was in a maze of mystification, but he had the habit of obedience, as well as implicit confidence in Strongheart, and in short order he persuaded Ross to leave the room with him. Thorne, perceiving that he was alone with Strongheart, laid down his cigar preparatory to leaving also.

"Finish your smoke, Thorne," said Strongheart, composedly. "I want to have a talk with you. Isn't this list of signals in your writing?"

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Thorne looked at the list and, with perfect calmness answered, "No."

"Don't lie to me, Thorne," said Strongheart. "It will not help you now."

The plotter maintained his composure admirably. "You seem to think it's in my writing," said he. "All right. It's a matter of indifference to me what you think."

"Perhaps," Strongheart suggested, "you won't be so indifferent when I give these two papers to the meeting tomorrow."

"What two papers?" Thorne demanded sharply.

"This list of signals," Strongheart replied, "and this telegram which Billy dictated to you in the presence of two persons. The telegram contains the words 'end,' 'left,' 'right,' 'rush,' 'back,' and 'half.' Those words occur also in the list, and the handwriting is identical. Both papers were written by the same hand. Thorne, you sent Dick's list to Farley, and I can prove it."

Thorne's control of himself slipped steadily away during this recital of the incriminating facts. He threw his cigar down suddenly and made a start for Strongheart as if he would assault him. Strongheart stood perfectly motionless, and Thorne halted, irresolute.

"So," continued Strongheart, "I tell you now that tomorrow afternoon I shall show the team that you are a blackguard."

"Look here," cried Thorne, quivering with anger, "you're interfering too much in my affairs. If you

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give me away, I'll show Frank and Dick how you have betrayed their confidence."

"In what way?" asked Strongheart, undisturbed.

"By making love to Frank's sister," said Thorne.

Strongheart frowned. "We will not use a lady's name in this discussion," he said.

"Well, whether we use her name or not, you know I am right. I've watched you."

"Well?"

Thorne pointed to the papers in Strongheart's hand. "You have the evidence," said he, significantly. "Present a part of it and you put Dick in disgrace, for he will have no way of meeting it. If you choose to clear him, you help your rival."

"My rival? Dick?" exclaimed Strongheart in undisguised surprise.

"You can't make me believe you didn't know that," said Thorne.

Strongheart stood as before, perfectly still, but his mind took rapid retrospection of all that had passed since Dorothy came into his life. In the light of Thorne's words, Dick's friendly companionship with Dorothy took on another complexion. Marvelous that he had not thought of it before, for why should Dick not love her? It would be more marvelous if he did not.

"If Dick is the man she loves," said Strongheart, "she will choose him."

"But if you are the man she loves," Thorne snarled, "they will prevent you from marrying her."

"Why?" and not even Thorne could doubt the sin-

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cerity of the question, for Strongheart could not conceive the possibility that his friends would repudiate him.

"Because you are an Indian," Thorne answered, and Strongheart shrugged his shoulders slightly in token of his incredulity. Indeed, the answer was, to him, too absurd for comment. His indifference maddened Thorne, who continued hotly, "If those boys knew you'd made love to her they'd kick you out of this house."

"Thorne," said Strongheart, "you lie!"

It was not Thorne's policy to resent the insult. "You think they are your friends?" he persisted. "Stand behind the curtain in the window there and see what they will do when I tell them."

Strongheart advanced slowly upon his tormentor. "I tell you, you lie," said he. "You lie, and you are a coward!"

"It is you who are afraid," Thorne retorted desperately, "for you know in your heart that what I say is true."

"We shall see," and Strongheart strode to a door, which he opened, and called, "Frank! Dick!"

The chums came in together, Nelson asking, "What is it, old fellow?"

"I have been told," said Strongheart, "that I betray your confidence by loving your sister. I have loved her since the first time I saw her, here, in this house. If she accepts my love, I ask your consent to our marriage."

"Good God!" gasped Livingston, "how could you think—"

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"Wait, Dick," said Nelson, laying a hand on his chum's arm, "this is my affair."

Nelson may have feared that Livingston would so far lose control of himself as to strike Strongheart, for he was no longer blind to Dick's worship of Dorothy; but Livingston really was helpless with amazement and sudden weakness. Love and friendship were knocked from under at one blow, and, for the moment, he knew not what to grasp for support.

"I have also been told," Strongheart added in a tone of deep sorrow, "that you are my rival, Dick. Believe me, I did not know it. If Dorothy should prefer you to me, I should be the first to congratulate you."

"That isn't the point," said Nelson, sharply. "Whether she cares for Dick, or not, you cannot speak of love to her."

"I have spoken, Frank."

"What!" cried Nelson, and it seemed as if he, too, might forget himself.

Strongheart looked at him in pained bewilderment.

"Do you mean to say that you have dared to make love to her?" asked Dick, slowly.

"Why should I not?" Strongheart returned.

"Why! Strongheart, old chap, you—you—" Livingston could hardly stammer through his answer, for he, too, was profoundly bewildered. He could not conceive the fact that Strongheart should not know. "You are an Indian," he concluded.

"You see," said Thorne as, with a supercilious shrug, he withdrew to the end of the room where he remained to see the scene out.

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Livingston's answer left Strongheart momentarily speechless. His consternation was so evident, his bearing so free from conscious error, that Nelson's anger was measurably soothed, and he felt a grain of commiseration for him.

"Strongheart," said he, "you are one of the finest men I know, but you are not one of us."

("Neither are Europeans," said Strongheart, "yet you would give your sister to one of them."

"It is not the same thing," was Nelson's reply.

"No," Strongheart quickly admitted, "it is not. I have a greater claim than the European. (I am *the* American.) I speak your tongue, I obey your laws. I have lived with you, slept with you, eaten from the same dish—and yet you say I am not one of you.")

Livingston believed he knew now why Dorothy had not yielded to his suit: Strongheart had stood in his way. Strongheart, his friend! Strongheart, the Indian! The knowledge maddened him. His convictions with regard to the mixture of races were as sincere as his affections. They were still more similar, for they were spontaneous; he never gave thought to either. And, as he was impulsive, disappointed love and outraged convictions led him to an outburst that transcended his reason.

"You don't need to be told that you are not one of us in race," said he. "We trusted you with our women, and when you spoke your love, you betrayed your trust."

"Wait, Dick, not so fast," warned Nelson.

"Oh, let him speak!" exclaimed Strongheart. "It is

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time we understood one another. You called me friend. There was no question of race. (I have the same education as you, the same customs, the same feelings.) You yourself, Dick, assured me that I belonged in civilization.”)

“Still you are an Indian,” said Livingston.

Whichever way he turned, Strongheart found himself beating his hands against the same wall.

“You do well to remind me that I am an Indian,” said he, with rising anger. (“You have taken from me the land of my fathers, and yet when I live by your laws, and would lead my people in your ways, you will not call me brother. I am Soangetaha, son of a chief. In what way am I not your equal?”)

“I tell you to keep away from my sister,” said Nelson.

“I will not!” Strongheart retorted. “I will try to win her in spite of you, consent, or no consent!”

“Now you show the treachery of your race!” cried Livingston. “You make love to our women— It was you who betrayed the team!”

Nelson, perceiving that his chum’s excitement had passed restraint, and being as unequal to this peculiar emergency as he had been in the case of the team’s unreasonable hostility to Strongheart, turned his back and, with clenched fists, walked to a window and looked out as if there he might find the light he needed.

“Dick! do you dare to say that?” Strongheart demanded.

“Yes, I dare! If you can be unfaithful in one case,

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you can in another. That was your father's reasoning, if you remember. You don't dare to show me those signals."

Up to this moment Strongheart's brow had not wholly cleared of the puzzled frown that marked the difficulty of comprehending his friends' attitude. Now it vanished, and his eyes blazed.

"You force me to fight. Good!" said he. "There are the signals we got from Farley."

Nelson turned at this and came back quickly to his chum's side. Livingston took the paper Strongheart held toward him, and both looked at it.

"My God! Frank, the writing's mine!" cried Livingston.

"It is not my honor," said Strongheart, "but yours that is in danger. Now vindicate it yourself."

"Now you're showing what you are," said Nelson, bitterly. "I was a fool to bring you into my house."

"You have reminded me tonight that I am an Indian," Strongheart retorted. "Good! An Indian knows how to revenge himself."

"Yes," said Livingston, "on those who took him into their homes."

"I was an Indian when you took me! I will not sacrifice my life to your prejudice; I will take my answer from her."

"Strongheart," said Nelson, "this is my house. I forbid you seeing my sister."

"You have not that right," Strongheart retorted. "It is for her to decide. If she will accept my love it is not for you to forbid it."

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"Have you no sense of honor?" Livingston demanded.

Strongheart flung back the imputation, ("It is you who are false to me, as your race has been false to mine. You have robbed us of all we had, but you shall not take from me the right to love!")

"Understand me, Strongheart," said Nelson, "you shall not speak of love to her."

"Do you think you can stop me? No! I will speak now!"

The Indian began to stride across the room, and Nelson hastened to interpose between him and the door, saying, "If you dare say another word to my sister"—when the door opened and in came Dorothy. Instantly both men halted, but Dorothy must have been blind if she had not perceived the signs of trouble.

"Why, boys," she asked, "what is the matter?"

"Miss Nelson," said Strongheart, quickly, "when I told you of my love, you asked me to wait, but you did not deny me."

"Strongheart, leave my house!" cried Nelson.

"Oh, shame, Frank!" said Dorothy, in a whisper, while her startled eyes leaped from one face to another.

"Dorothy, you don't understand," faltered Livingston.

"She understands your injustice," said Strongheart. "She knows it was you who brought me from the forest to be one of you. You introduced me to the broader life, and now you bid me step back. You tell me that I may not share it, but must stand outside,

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because I am an Indian. No! I will not do it! But," and Strongheart addressed Dorothy, directly, subduing his manner, "Miss Nelson, I owe you the profoundest apology. I regret that I should have been the cause of making you a party to a painful scene—to a quarrel, Miss Nelson. I was beside myself, and was about to demand the answer you bade me wait for. I beg your forgiveness. I will come tomorrow."

He withdrew at once. Dorothy started impulsively after him. Livingston pressed his clenched fists against his lips, and Nelson caught his sister by the arm.

One word fluttered from her trembling lips.

"Strongheart!"

The Indian had closed the door and did not hear it.

CHAPTER XXIII

EVERYWHERE THE SAME WALL

At five o'clock the next afternoon the members of the football team were assembled at Nelson's house. Strongheart was the last to arrive, and nobody greeted him as he entered the meeting room, which was the same, the library, where he had faced the crisis on the preceding evening. One there was who would have spoken cheerily to him if he had seen the Indian; but big Billy Saunders was engaged in an animated "aside" with Livingston, for Molly had at last uttered an unequivocal "yes," and Billy was doing his delirious utmost to extract congratulations from her brother, and wondering a little disconcertedly why they were forthcoming with so little enthusiasm. Poor Dick! It was not that he had the slightest objection to Billy, but that his own heart was too heavy to respond readily to another's transports.

Strongheart took a place somewhat apart, as he felt, from the rest, and while the men were exchanging reminiscences of the game, Thorne sidled down to him and said, "You won't give me away? You see I was right, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you were right," said Strongheart, and turned aside. His features were set in that sullen expression,

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token of deep resentment, that Livingston had often noticed during the first days in the wilderness. Thorne suppressed a sigh of relief, and returned to the main group.

"Will the team please come to order," said Nelson, rapping his knuckles lightly on the table. "Boys, this is a very nasty business, and the sooner it's over, the better. You all know what happened yesterday. What we want to find out today is the name of the man who sent those signals to Farley."

"Then," said Thorne, reassuming the real leadership of the team, "we must know first in whose handwriting the list was."

"The Indian's," said a voice.

"No boys," said Livingston, promptly. "Frank has the list, and the writing's mine."

There was a general start, and several exclamations of surprise.

"I've tried to think it out, boys," Livingston continued, "but I am as much in the dark as you are. The list is mine, and I can't explain how it came into Farley's hands."

Thorne stood up, that his words might be the more impressive for formal utterance. "In a matter like this," said he, with becoming gravity and a tone colored by regret, "personal friendship must be sacrificed to justice. If Dick has no explanation to offer, there is only one thing for us to do."

"I have no explanation," Livingston repeated.

The men who, at the behest of a self-appointed leader, had condemned Strongheart on mere ap-

pearances, and who trusted Dick Livingston as they trusted themselves, looked in breathless anxiety toward Thorne. He began, addressing Livingston, "Then you'll have to—" when Strongheart called his name. The Indian's tone vibrated with dismal presage to the plotter, who immediately lost his confident poise and hurried to where Strongheart stood.

"For God's sake, Strongheart," he whispered, "remember that you have him in your power! Have you forgotten what he said yesterday?"

"No," Strongheart answered, "but I had almost forgotten how the son of a chief should act."

Thorne shrank from him as Strongheart advanced to the head of the table where Nelson sat. He laid before the captain the telegram that Thorne had written at Billy's dictation. "There," said Strongheart, "is the proof of Dick's innocence."

Some of the men crowded around the table to look at the paper, and Nelson asked, "What does this mean?"

"It means," Strongheart replied, "that Thorne wrote a list of signals which he found a way to substitute for the list Dick wrote for Billy; having accomplished the exchange, Thorne sent Dick's list to Farley. Billy got the list Thorne wrote. This telegram was written by Thorne last evening. A comparison of the writings will prove that Thorne wrote both—"

"And tried to throw the blame on Dick!" shouted Billy.

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There was an ominous rustling as all the men turned their eyes upon the plotter.

"You can get further details from the redskin," said Thorne, starting to leave the room.

The men, as by one impulse, massed in front of the door. More than one fist was raised in the hope of getting in a blow.

"Wait, boys," called Strongheart. "Remember, he can never show his face in college again. No man will take his hand. Let him go."

It needed but a commander to sway the small crowd. With some reluctance, but without hesitation, the men stood away from the door, and Thorne passed out in silence. The moment he was gone there was a rush to congratulate Livingston. Billy Saunders hastened to Strongheart.

"Old man, you're a brick!" said he, and then shouted to the team generally, "Boys, we owe an apology to the man who saved the game by keeping Dick in it."

Shamefacedly, but honestly, the men surrounded Strongheart, each apologizing in his own way, and all shook him by the hand, all except Nelson and Livingston. In the confusion the others did not notice the omission, and presently Nelson diverted their interest and attention to another subject by asking them to have a bite to eat before they went, and directing them to an adjoining room where a table was laid with refreshments. The men flocked willingly thither, and Nelson followed them. Livingston was left alone with Strongheart.

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"Strongheart," said Livingston, his voice shaking badly, "I thank you for what you've just done. I was a cad last night. I ask your pardon for what I said."

"Do you take back all you said, Dick?" asked Strongheart.

"No, I cannot. It's not jealousy. Something stronger than you or I has come between us. You're the finest man I ever met, but we cannot be friends. Will you take my hand?"

Strongheart put out his hand very slowly and grasped Dick's. "Something stronger than friendship," he said thoughtfully. "Yes. Good-bye, Dick."

They looked into each other's eyes for an instant, and then Livingston left the room. Strongheart watched him go in anguish of soul.

"And I thought I was one of them!" was his silent cry.

He turned at the sound of an opening door and saw the butler, who looked in to say, "There is someone here asking for you, sir. He says he's a messenger from your people."

"A messenger! Is he an Indian?"

"I think so, sir."

Filled with misgivings, Strongheart hesitated. Another door opened and he saw Dorothy. "Let the man come in here," he said, and advanced to meet her, saying, "I am here for my answer, Miss Nelson."

She looked him in the eyes, in her familiar, fear-

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less way, and replied, "Strongheart, I will go with you."

His heart swelled with triumph, and yet he stood still. Was it that the Indian had been re-awakened by the episodes of the past twenty-four hours to the traditional caution of his race? or was it that the elemental nobility of the man came to the fore? He said, "There must be no mistake. I would have you look well into your heart and be sure."

"I have looked well, and I am sure," said Dorothy.

"Is it love, or pity?"

"Strongheart! it is love!"

She inclined a little toward him, her eyes aglow with the light of conscious love, her mien expressive of unassailable faith.

"Then," he cried, his voice quivering with the first release to long subdued yearning, "I can forget everything else!"

Again the sound of an opening door. They turned to see the butler ushering in an aged Indian who stood hesitating at the threshold, blinking as if he had come from darkness into sudden noon. Dorothy ran to him with outstretched hand.

"Bozho, Black Eagle!" she cried.

Strongheart advanced more slowly, the misgivings of the earlier moment rising to cloud his joy. Black Eagle shook hands with each of them, and said, "*Bozho, ogema; bozho equay; nibo Kiwetin Ogema.*" ("Greeting, Chief; greeting, lady; Chief Kiwetin is dead.")

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Dorothy felt rather than saw Strongheart start, and she turned to him inquiringly.

"He calls me Chief," said Strongheart, "and tells me my father is dead."

For the moment, filial grief dominated his emotions and left him insensible to the full significance of Black Eagle's greeting—"Chief." Greater, more impressive was that irrevocable call that had summoned his father from him, forever.

"Oh, Strongheart!" said Dorothy, and her eyes filled with tears. She would have said and done more to express her sympathy, but Black Eagle spoke again.

"Tell the lady to go away," he said. "I wish to speak to you alone."

"It is better that she should stay," Strongheart told him. "I wish it so."

"But we have no women in our councils."

"I wish it so, Black Eagle. You will soon understand why. She does not know a word you say. You can speak as if she were not here."

"Then," said Black Eagle, reluctantly, "I have to say that the people sent me to you to tell the message I have given. They could have got somebody to write it, and it could have been sent by mail, but they sent me; for they feared that you might have become fond of some white woman, and that you would bring her with you without thinking that our people do not want her."

"Black Eagle," Strongheart interrupted, "this woman who stands before you loves me, and I love her. I shall take her with me."

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"Is there no woman of our people—"

"I love her, Black Eagle!"

"Our chief should marry among his own people. I think so. I have talked it over with the other old men, and they agree with me."

"But you cannot tell the chief whom he may marry."

"We are old men, and we can advise him. We can tell him what the people want. You have been away from us a great deal and may not know what we want. I am here to tell you. This woman is not one of us. She is a white woman, and should stay among the whites."

"But she will help us," urged Strongheart.

Black Eagle shook his head. "No," he said, "it is not good. She is white, and your people will not take her."

"Then they are not my people," exclaimed Strongheart. "If they will not honor the woman I love, I will leave them. Go back, Black Eagle, and tell them to choose another chief."

The aged Indian raised one open hand above his head in token of the solemnity of his utterance: "Soangetaha, you may leave them, but they will always be your people. They sent you to the white man to learn his wisdom."

"And I have only learned to love!" Strongheart groaned, with a shudder. "I cannot give up that love!"

"The Winter is coming," said Black Eagle. "Your people are poor. They need you."

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"Then let them take her who will help them."

"No! She is white. Her people have made us suffer."

"Aye! and the white men have been false to me, but I thought my own people would be true!"

"We are true to you when we say no to your love, Soangetaha. The children of our chief must not be halfbreeds. Come with me, and come alone. We need you. We are poor, but we paid for your wisdom. It belongs to us! Come!"

"I cannot give up my love!" cried Strongheart. He dared not look toward Dorothy.

"Soangetaha," said Black Eagle, as with the voice of a prophet, "your people sacrificed that you might attain wisdom. Was it for your pleasure? Was it that you might do with it according to the whim of your fancy? No, Soangetaha! They have lifted you up that you might see what they cannot see, and be a guide for them. They have made you what you are. They believed you to be a man of honor, such as the son of a long line of chiefs should be. You are an Ojibway! Are you now going to cast off your people in their hour of need? It is our right that our chief, for whom we have sacrificed, should be devoted to us, his people, and not to a white woman. Choose, Soangetaha! It is your people and honor, or dishonor and the woman!"

"Enough! Enough!" groaned Strongheart. "I will go with you. Wait for me here," and, striding to a door, he threw it open. Black Eagle, with no word or look of satisfaction, gravely crossed the

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threshold, and Strongheart closed the door. He stood for a moment with his hand gripping the knob, and at last turned to Dorothy, his features contorted in a vain effort to subdue the agony that sought expression there.

"Strongheart," she said, "the talk has been all about me."

"You have not understood?" he queried, startled.

"Not a word, but it was not necessary. I felt it—hostility, prejudice—was it not, Strongheart? It seemed to me the old man was proclaiming my death warrant. Was it not so?"

"Miss Nelson," said Strongheart, in such agitation as he had never before known, "I have been dreaming, a beautiful dream, all sunshine and flowers; and now the Winter has come, and there will be no Spring! Ah, God forgive me for having loved you! for it must have been the strength of my love that made you love me—"

Thus far spoke Strongheart, farther than was necessary to proclaim the truth to Dorothy, whose intuitions had been confirmed by his attitude more than by his words; but the speech was necessary for another purpose; for Dorothy, even Dorothy, had need of time for her own struggle. She had but now made confession that love was become the master of her life, and confession had strengthened love's demands. It was a brief rebellion, it passed in a flash, but in that instant the woman suffered the bewildering sorrow of finding herself abandoned, in that instant she was tempted to put forth her own

powers to reverse the decree, to swerve Strongheart from his life work and make him her own, and in the same instant she found strength to choose the nobler course and nerve herself for sacrifice. So it was that she interrupted, "No! No! it was yourself, and not your love that won me! You have no need to ask forgiveness. That strength, that nobility that I have come to worship will sustain you in the trial that is now thrust upon you. Tell me just what it is that Black Eagle says. I will be brave, Strongheart, brave as you are."

"He has persuaded my people that their chief must not take a white woman for his wife. I am an Ojibway, Miss Nelson, and I know what that means. I know my people. The prejudice of the whites is as clay to adamant compared to the Indian's when it is once aroused. It is not merely immovable, it is unimpressionable. Black Eagle reminded me that my people sacrificed to send me here to learn wisdom, as he calls it, for their benefit; and he makes it a point of honor that I should choose between love and my people."

"He did not need to raise that point, Strongheart," she said sadly but with quiet firmness. "There is no choice."

"I tried to persuade him that you would be a help to the people. I told him I loved you. I tried to assert the authority of a chief—"

"And in the name of your people, he rejected me."

Strongheart bowed his head.

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Unseen by him, Dorothy swept the tears from her eyes. "What unsuspected cruelty lurks in every people!" she said softly, and nature threatened once again to overwhelm her adherence to the higher right.

"The law of races is founded on cruelty," said he.

"We must not dwell on it, Strongheart," she responded, again triumphant over herself. "You must not think of me. I, too, had dreamed, and my dream was beautiful. I thought I saw myself working with you for the uplifting of your people. That cannot be, but your people must be uplifted. It is your work, and you must do it alone."

He looked up suddenly, the expression of an animal at bay in his eyes. "Alone!" he whispered, shuddering.

"Alone, Strongheart! And you will! It is the sacrifice of the individual for the mass. You will make it bravely, steadfastly. You will let no regrets, no dreaming of the old dreams stand between you and your duty to your people. I know this, Strongheart, my friend, for it is in your character to overcome all things. You will overcome sorrow, you will overcome yourself, you will in future as you have in the past, justify your name—"

"No more!" he cried, almost roughly. "I can endure no more. Let me go while I have the strength to go. If I am to justify your faith in me, I must not linger near you. Good-bye, Miss Nelson."

He turned away from her, his hands at his sides, clenched. She stifled a sob, and her eyes were dim

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with tears, but there shone from them through the mist the light of triumph. She had at least inspired him with the necessary courage for the parting.

"Good-bye, Strongheart," she said, and hastened swiftly from the room.

Not until the door had closed upon her did he stir. Then he whirled about quickly and looked wildly at the spot where she had been, at the door that had closed upon her. One step he took in that direction, and halted. Slowly he raised his hands in the air and threw back his head, standing for a moment as he had stood in the Columbia Quadrangle at midnight.

"Great Spirit of my fathers," said he, "help! help! For I am in the midst of a desert, alone!"

SEQUEL

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CHIEF

Spring was far advanced, but there was a chill in the evening air, and the woman had set a fire going in the closed stove that partly furnished the main room. The man sat before it, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. Near him was a table spread with a white cloth and covered with plain dishes; a few wooden chairs were there; a moose skin and three rag mats on the floor; bare walls, save for a hunting rifle and game bag hanging opposite the outside door.

For some minutes the woman came and went between the main room and the kitchen, reached by a door at the right as one entered from the road. Beneath the rifle was suspended a large square of cloth that, in certain parts of the world, would have been called a portière, for it concealed the entrance to a meagerly furnished bedroom, a small chamber with a slanting roof, as if a shed had been tacked to the main building as an afterthought. The kitchen was of much the same sort, a mere sheltered floor, on which were stove and the usual outfit for washing

and cooking. So, there was an exit from the main room on each of three sides; one to the road, the others to smaller structures that manifestly were not included in the original design of the building, which, indeed, had consisted only of what was now the main room with its four walls. But there was still another exit, or at all events a door, on the fourth side of the room. Viewed from the outside, it led to a chamber, or some manner of apartment that was more evidently an afterthought than the kitchen and bedroom, for it was comparatively well built, as large almost as the main room itself, and provided with wide windows through which nobody could look, for the green shades were always drawn. And the door by which this addition to the house was approached could hardly be called an exit, for it was always locked. The woman never had crossed its threshold. Only the man ever went in there; no friend ever was admitted with him, and when he had gone in, he closed and locked the door.

"Supper is ready," said the woman.

The man did not stir.

"Soangetaha," said she, after a moment, putting her hand on his shoulder, and making a show of shaking him, "come! wake up! Supper is ready."

He raised his head at that and looked wearily at her, then at the table.

"I was not asleep," said he. "I do not care to eat tonight."

Her sombre features took on no shadow of anxiety; her eyes lighted with no manifestations of

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surprise; but she stood as if hesitating by the table for a moment before sitting and beginning slowly to help herself to food. Soangetaha kept his gaze thoughtfully upon her, but she was merely a sighting point for his vision, which flew on the trajectory of memory to a target set far beyond. His shoulders drooped as he rested his hands on his knees, and weariness lingered on his face.

"You ought to eat," said she, in a tone of dull discontent. "You who know so much shouldn't be told that you can't live without eating."

A ghost of a smile, a fleeting expression of hard-earned patience, announced the return of his vision to the present. "I do not always fast," said he, gently. "I ate a hearty breakfast only this morning. An Indian does not need to pamper himself with three meals a day. Our fathers ate only when they were hungry, and often they could not, even then, because there was no food."

"Yes," said she, "but the trouble with you is that the Indian's food no longer satisfies you. If you could sit down to a white man's table now you'd eat readily enough."

"No, no, you are quite mistaken, Gezhikway. Food is food, and there is none better than the Indian's. I think you're jealous. You want me to tell you every day what a fine housekeeper and cook you are."

"I want you to eat," said she, "so that you can be well, and strong, and be what the people want you to be."

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"Yes," said he, as if struck with a new thought, or with an old one in a new guise. And, after a pause, "Yes," again. Then he drew his chair to the table and fell to eating with more energy than eagerness. His sister went mechanically on with her meal, betraying no sign of satisfaction that she had won her point.

"Of course it's hard for you to understand me," he said presently, with an assumption of cheerfulness that faded quickly as his discourse proceeded. "It is really not true that I am unhappy because I miss the white man's way of living. I am no child, Gezhikway, to cry because I cannot have cake for supper. No! I am a man, and an Ojibway, and I complain of nothing that cannot be helped. It is the things that can be helped, or ought to be helped that disturb me; the things right here, Gezhikway, not in our house, for I could not ask for a better kept home, or better food, or more care than you give to the necessary work here. I mean the ways of the people generally. I see what they need, I know what they ought to do, and I cannot make them look to the future. They listen attentively, and wag their heads, and debate and debate among themselves, and do nothing. I cannot stir them. They seem to expect that, because I have been educated, I can revolutionize their circumstances in a day, bring something ready-made to them, when what they must learn is that any change in their circumstances worth making must be wrought out by themselves; that there can be no racial im-

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provement effected by the services alone of others than themselves; that it is a work mainly of the present generation for the benefit of those who are to come.

"It is because I fail in my mission, Gezhikway, that I am unhappy and often shrink from the thought of wholesome food. I have not failed for any lack of effort. You know that. I have worked hard, early and late, done, or tried to do, everything that needed doing. Two years and a half, now, my whole life, every ounce of strength I have, has been given to my people, and I cannot see progress. I have hesitated at nothing. Teaching children is irksome to me, yet I built a school-house, and brought books to it, and maps, and summoned the people to send their children to me. You know what happened."

"The people do not think it right that the chief should give most of his time to the children," said Gezhikway, unemotionally. "They demand his attention to the larger affairs that concern the grown-up ones."

"Exactly!" he cried, exasperation sharpening his tone. "They will not look to the future. They elect me chief, and then refuse to let me guide them because I try to guide them in a way they are not used to. They nod their heads and say, gayget, yes indeed, to the school, and the first day the whole population comes, doddering old men, women with nursing babes, heads of families who should not have left the fields, grinning young bucks who would

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not learn their letters even if they were paid for it; and they crowd the little room, watch my efforts with curiosity, not to say amusement, and finally leave some of the teachable children with me for that day. But the next, half the children are present, and after that a few come or not, as they please. I know I am not fitted to teach, but the people should have let me try.

"Then the government assigns a teacher. I do everything I can to drive the children to him, but, on one excuse and another, most of them are kept away. The teacher has no authority to compel attendance, my people evade my authority, and the teacher, try as he will, only provokes everybody, for he doesn't understand Indian nature, and will not learn when I tell him his errors and point out his tactlessness. The little pay he gets keeps him alive, and so he clings to the place and I cannot arouse the government to make a change. Why should there be a change? asks government. You have the school, we send the teacher. It's up to you. That was what the agent said the last time I spoke to him on the matter, and he couldn't see that no good could come of the school unless we had a teacher who could win the old people by sympathy and understanding.

"And, as with the school, so with everything else. Today I have been again trying to show some of the men that it would be better to put larger areas into vegetables that could be sold to the whites. I tell them about better ways of cultivating, and

about the market for their produce that can be had for a year or two of patient building. But no, what has been is right. Harvest enough for our needs next Winter. What more do we want? [In the terms of Indian logic, how can we need any more than we need? Impossible! Therefore, plant no more than we are sure we can eat. Bah!"]

He arose, lit his pipe, and strode back and forth while Gezhikway began to gather up the dishes. She understood not a whit of his speech beyond the external facts narrated, and he knew that she did not understand, but what was he to do? There was no one to whom he could have poured forth the surplus of his discouragement who would have understood any better.

"The people know you are unhappy, Soangetaha," said she, "and they are sorry."

"Yes," said he, and his tone softened, although there was a tang of bitterness in it, "I believe that. They would prefer me to be happy, contented, indifferent to the future as they are. They cannot understand what makes me unhappy."

"They think you would be happy if you would be one of them," said she, leaning her hands on the table, and for once taking on an expression of earnestness. "They would have you marry—"

"Ugh!" he interrupted, "the old story."

"For they say," she continued, unheeding the interruption, "that if Soangetaha had faith in these things he would have done for the future, he would provide a future for himself. Soangetaha has no

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wife, no children. If he believed in the future he talks about so much, he would have a family. They say it is because secretly you believe there is no hope for the Indian that you do not marry."

He stopped abruptly in his walk and looked hard at her. Gezhikway had never spoken to him in just this way.

"So their logic has driven them to that view!" he exclaimed softly. "I must demonstrate faith in my teaching by having a family. Thus would I tie myself forever to them, to the people. They fear I will desert them! Once I am committed to them by obligations to a family, they will follow me; that is, they will imitate my ways. I wonder if they are not right?"

Gezhikway had begun to clear away the dishes. Apparently she had not listened to him.

"Where did you hear this?" he asked.

"It is spoken everywhere," she replied. "You know they have wanted you to marry."

"Yes, but I never before heard it put in just this way."

"They have been waiting, and watching, and thinking, all these two years and more. They did not put it this way at first because they could not think it then, for they believed you would some day marry. When you built the extra room to your house, they thought it was for your squaw. They waited. You have not brought her—"

"No! and I'm not likely to," he interrupted in sudden repugnance to the logic of his tribe. They

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might be trebly right; then let them elect another chief—and at this alternative his heart sank, for such outcome meant not merely the failure of his mission in life, but the deliberate desertion of his cause.

"I know what is the matter, Soangetaha," said Gezhikway, pausing again in her work. "You are thinking of the white woman who visited us three years ago this Summer."

"Yes," said he, "I am. I shall always think of her. Black Eagle and the other old men know that, for I have told them so."

"That was one reason why they did not tell you at first that you must have a family if you would persuade them to follow your ways. They were sorry for you. They thought you would see wisdom after a time, and be able to make the sacrifice for the people."

"God in Heaven!" cried Strongheart, bursting into English. "Is it not enough that I have turned my back on civilization, cut the refinements out of my life, left my love behind me and never sought to keep in the slightest touch with her lest I waver in devotion to my people? Having wounded my soul to death, must I now trample on it, insult it by the desecration of the holiest sentiment a man can cherish? Love her and deliberately marry another? No, so help me God! My people have no right to that sacrifice!"

"I want to tell you something, Soangetaha," said Gezhikway, after he had finished the speech which, save for disconnected words, was gibberish to her.

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"You think I don't understand you, and that the people don't understand. Perhaps that is so, for we are not educated. But we are sorry, and perhaps you do not understand that. I want to tell you something."

"Well, tell it, Gezhikway."

"Will you promise not to be angry, and not to punish anybody for it?"

He looked at her doubtfully. "Yes," he said after reflection, "I promise. What is it?"

"One of the men is so grieved at your unhappiness, and so sure that you ought to have a family, that he has been singing the wabeno prayers, and making medicine, that a bride may be found who will be pleasing to you."

Strongheart frowned. "That was Tom Baumegezhik," said he, sternly. "I have told him that he must give up the wabeno mysteries. They are wrong—"

"You promised not to be angry," interrupted Gezhikway, frightened. "You said you would not punish."

"You ought not to have me make such a promise."

"I would not have told you without it."

"You should tell me, Gezhikway. It is part of my business as Chief to stamp out the bad old superstitions."

"You promised, Soangetaha."

"Well, I will say nothing. Is there anything else?"

"No. I wanted you to see how badly the people feel for you."

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"So badly that they resort to the ancient ways of witchcraft to cure me! They must be desperate, indeed."

There was irony in his tone that was lost on her, and that presently he regretted; for, in the silent room of his reflections, where no controversy entered to disturb, he perceived the ingenuous sincerity of his erring tribesman's act, and his heart ached in sympathy, as for a helpless child. And again, as many times before, he told himself of the infinite patience necessary to his task. Tom Baumegezhik was ostensibly a Christian. His voice was loud in the service at church every Sunday, and yet, when it came to matters deeply vital to him, it was the ancient way he sought to gain relief. Not in one generation, thought the Chief, sadly, can the people be raised from ignorance and superstition. There must be tolerance for the shortcomings of this generation—but, for his mind leaped quickly to the remedy, how could the next generation be improved if the present could not be induced to take the necessary steps, and lay the foundation for the clearer view?

Too worn to give his emotions outlet in a strenuous run over the trails, he sat smoking for hours after Gezhikway had gone to bed in the-curtained chamber. His heart was indeed doubly sore, for not only was love denied it, but ambition foresaw persistent failure. It was not that education had put him utterly out of sympathy with his people, but that there was native to him certain haughtiness that

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no conscious effort could overcome. People of another race would have called him aristocratic. The distrust engendered by his unreadiness to fall into the old ways after his first journey eastward for education, had not been smoothed away, and it could not be by his own unaided efforts. So it seemed to him. Perhaps, when he was an old man, and the present aged leaders of thought in the tribe had passed away, those who were now babes might be influenced by him. It was a long, dismal, disheartening prospect, and the hours of silent communion with the problem never made it any easier.

He laid aside his pipe at last, and went to the locked door. We may enter with him for a brief, respectful glance into the room unvisited save by himself.

A cabinet filled with books stands in a corner; between two windows, a writing desk; a table with books and lamp in the middle; a swivel armchair; two other chairs such as might be found in any student's room; a bed concealed partly by a curtain, partly by a collapsible screen; a rug not of Indian make on the floor; hanging from hooks and tacked to the walls, a multitude of articles, among them a football, a jersey with a great C embroidered on it, football pads, a pair of boxing gloves, a medal for victory in a long-distance run, photographs of a football team, individual photographs of student friends, a whole frame of amateur snap-shots taken by Nelson, in every one of which Dorothy figures; the whole chamber, in short, a reproduction, as

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nearly as could be, of his modest quarters at Columbia. On the table, the most conspicuous single object is a standard holding a large photograph, an enlarged copy of one of Nelson's most successful pictures of his sister; it shows her as she stood one morning by the lake-side just about to step into a canoe, a paddle in her hand, the light of wholesome enjoyment in her eyes. When Strongheart has lighted the lamp, it is this to which he turns; he takes it from the table and holds it before him—

Our time is up. We must withdraw as silently as may be through the locked door, for Strongheart is praying.

CHAPTER XXV

TRIBAL CONCESSIONS

One evening, just after Strongheart had finished supper, and while the sun was still high, Black Eagle and a dozen or more old men assembled at the Chief's house. They came uninvited, but Strongheart gravely bade them welcome, and, as his chairs were insufficient to seat them all, none were used, the Chief sitting on the floor, in the ancient way, with the others. Gezhikway made tea, which she gave to the visitors in tin cups, and Strongheart's tobacco pouch was passed from one to another. Every man lit his pipe, and presently a thin cloud of fragrant smoke began to drift out of the open door, token to anyone who might observe that a council was in session. Such Strongheart knew it to be the moment his visitors arrived, but what was the occasion he knew not nor guessed until they told him. Black Eagle, as was generally the case, was the spokesman, but he said nothing of a formal nature until the refreshments had been served, and Gezhikway had gone to the kitchen.

"Soangetaha," said he, then, "you are our Chief. Your father, Kiwetin, was chief before you, and Kiwetin's father was chief before him. [It goes

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further back than that, long beyond the memory of the oldest among us. For a long time, then, the chieftainship of this tribe of Ojibways has been in one family, its honor and its obligation. The white man's government, to which we are now subject, tells us that we must vote for our chiefs once in so many years."

"Black Eagle, my friend," said Strongheart, "we wish to understand each other. If, when my years are up, the people wish another to be chief, I shall not make any claims—"

The aged spokesman raised his hand in dignified but gentle rebuke of the interruption.

"That is not it, Soangetaha," said he. "We shall understand each other. I was about to say that we are glad to vote, because in that way we can say to the government, and to you, and to everybody, that we wish the chieftainship to stay where it has been longer than the memory of man, for your fathers served the people well, Soangetaha. So then, we chose you, and we expect to choose you again, and yet again, for you are young and strong, and all the signs of your childhood were for a long life. We wish to be guided by you as a tribe should be guided by its chief, and we believe you have still much to tell us for our good. You have told us many times, Soangetaha, that we must learn to look to the future. That was not so necessary in the time of our fathers, but so many changes have come with the coming of the whites, that looking to the future appears to be the duty of the Indian. We

have thought much about this, and have discussed it from all sides in our gatherings in our homes, or in the fields, or wherever we might meet. We think that you have given us good advice, and we have said to one another, yes, we must look to the future. And so we do. We look ahead and we ask, Where is he who will be chief after Soangetaha has gone to his fathers? We reflect that it takes many years for a boy to grow to manhood, and we are disturbed because the Chief's successor is not yet born."

The Chief's heart sank, though his face betrayed no sign of dismay and fresh discouragement. So this was the purpose of the council: to renew persuasion that he take a wife! For more than two years he had preached foresightedness; and the first convincing evidence that his teaching had taken root was this application of the doctrine to himself! Time and again, in council and privately, the old men had signified their desire that he take a wife, but never before had this argument been used. It had taken two years for them to get so far as this toward his way of thinking.

It would have done unspeakable violence to Indian manners for Strongheart, having come to a perception of the council's purpose, and having but one unchangeable answer to the proposition, to end the debate then and there. It must run its slow course in regular order, even if the night were consumed in useless talk, and the Chief silently resigned himself to the infliction as a part of the burden of office; but he found that Black Eagle's exhibition of

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Indian logic was really no more than a skilful introduction to a view of the subject which was more striking still.

"We have told you before," Black Eagle continued, "how we should be pleased if you would take a wife from among your own people. It is the custom of the tribes, but there seems to be nothing more to say about it, for the idea does not please you, and we are sorry. Let it pass. We come to tell you something different. You know that John Longfeather has just returned from a journey far westward?"

Strongheart knew that Longfeather had been back more than a month, but he was not disposed to quibble, so he nodded and said, "I know it, Black Eagle," and the spokesman proceeded:

"Longfeather visited his cousins, who live on the Moose River reservation. He had not seen them for years, and he has had much to tell us how they are prospering, and we have been interested, for many of us are acquainted with his cousins. Among the things Longfeather has told us is the story of the white squaw who lives on the Moose River reservation. She is a young woman, he says, and fair to look upon; but, better than that, she is one whose heart goes out to the Indians, and to whom the Indians have given their trust and affection. There is no suspicion about her that she is seeking some selfish end that she hides from the people. She has learned their language—it is not such pure Ojibway as we speak, Soangetaha, but it is Ojibway, Longfeather

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says, easy to understand and that sounds sweet upon her tongue. She teaches all who wish to come to her, whether they be children or aged men and women. There is nothing she does not teach; books, yes, but new and better ways of sewing, and making food, and taking care of the house. And if any are sick on the reservation, it is she who goes to the bedside and stays the night through, making medicine that does good, and cures most of the time; and when it does not cure, the people know that the case was hopeless. Longfeather says it is as if the woman were herself an Ojibway, but with all the knowledge of the whites; such a woman, Soangetaha, as you are a man. We have thought of all this, and talked it over, and what we have come to tell you is this: that if you are fully decided that you do not want a wife from among your own people, we should be glad if you would bring this woman Longfeather tells us of to your house and make her your squaw."

The Chief had foreseen the climax, but no muscle of his face moved. He kept his eyes fixed gravely on the speaker, but in his heart he knew not whether to laugh or to weep. What was there to say to such simplicity? How assume an attitude that should be comprehensible and satisfactory?

"What you tell me, Black Eagle," said Strongheart, "is very interesting. I have believed that such whites could be found to help the Indians, if only we knew where to seek for them. You do not forget that there was a white woman whom I

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wished to bring here, and that you opposed me?"

"We do not forget it," Black Eagle replied. "We have grieved for the sorrow of our Chief, but in those days we believed you would forget the white woman and become one of us in every way. We did not want a stranger among us. Now it is a little different. We would rather our Chief took an Indian wife, but if he will not, we would welcome the white squaw from the Moose River reservation.

Strongheart was too steeped in civilization to undertake a futile argument. "Of what use," he groaned inwardly, "to point out the ludicrous character of their concession? What end will be served by harping on their rejection of Dorothy?" And his heart ached, for he believed that if he could have brought Dorothy with him, she would have become for his tribe just what the white squaw at Moose River seemed to be for the tribe there. That is, and he was still Indian enough to recognize this important point, if the people would have received her willingly at first. He knew only too well that, had he insisted on bringing Dorothy with him, the people, prejudiced by Black Eagle and the old men who habitually sided with him, would have made life intolerable for her. There is no human effort which the Indian cannot subvert if his mind be turned against it, and Strongheart knew it. Dorothy, welcomed, would doubtless have been the helper and teacher the tribe needed; she would have been the essential complement of Strongheart in his relations to his people. He had long been con-

scious of the causes of his failure as well as of the failure itself, and, from the narrative brought by Longfeather, it appeared that the white squaw at Moose River succeeded in just those points wherein he was weakest.

"What is the white squaw's name?" Strongheart asked.

"They call her Minodaeikway," said Black Eagle (Lady of the Good Heart).

"Yes, but what is her white name?"

Longfeather was in the council, and Black Eagle turned to him. "I never heard it," said he.

"It might be possible," suggested the Chief, "to get this lady to take the school here, or, if the government would not appoint her, we might hire her and build a new school. Then those who wanted to send their children to the government school could do so, and the others could send to the lady."

"It is not that," Black Eagle responded; "we think the Chief should marry."

"But you know, Black Eagle, that among the Ojibways, as among the whites, it is the man who asks and the woman who decides. The white squaw at Moose River might not want me, a stranger whom she never heard of. Think of asking her to go with a husband to a strange people!"

"It would be strange if Chief Soangetaha were denied," said the old man, simply, "and Soangetaha will not be denied if he does not ask."

"True," said the Chief. "My friends, I will think of it."

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Thus, true to Indian ways, did Strongheart end the council to the satisfaction of the members, by temporizing. He was not committed to any course; it was most unreasonable to suppose that he would be convinced at a first discussion; the old men themselves had thought and talked of the matter for a month before proposing it. He would think it over. Good! and the dusky advisers of the Chief puffed their respective ways homeward.

Next day came Winterton to the reservation. He went to the Chief's house, and Strongheart found him there when he went home for dinner. They ate together, smoked together, and talked of various matters connected with the reservation.

"You been makin' a lot of improvements, Soangetaha," said Winterton, after a time.

"Yes? how?" responded the Chief, doubtfully.

"Why, the gardens look better, more businesslike. And that's a good idea of straightenin' the trail to the turnpike and makin' it more like a wagon road. And there's something about the houses here and there that looks as if somebody'd come along with an eye to slickin' things up."

"You notice such things?" exclaimed Strongheart. "Now that's a bit encouraging, Winterton. I couldn't see that I'd made any impression with my ideas."

"Oh, you have. 'Taint all of 'em will do what you want, and none of 'em will do all you want—yet. But the time will come. You've only got to keep at it. You can't learn an old fellow much, red or

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white. It's the young, Soangetaha. They'll learn."

"Yes," and the Chief subsided again into his customary melancholy. The young! How could he bend them in the right direction if the old resisted him with their adamant, reason-defying stolidity?

"I got a letter from Dick Livingston day before yesterday," said Winterton.

"Ah? How is he?"

"I dunno. He didn't say."

They communed silently with their respective pipes for at least a minute. Then said Winterton, "You hain't kep' track of Dick very close since you left school, have you?"

"No," Strongheart replied, "I have not. What made you think so?"

"Because he asked me so much about you. 'Pears he doesn't know for sure where you are, or even that you're alive."

"Is he coming up this Summer?"

"Wal, seems doubtful like. His letter wants to know if I'm engaged, and if I'm not, he takes me for the whole Summer. But he don't say he's comin'. Just says to me, says the letter, don't take any other business. If I decide not to come, I'll pay for your whole time just the same. Funny! Like Dick, ain't it?"

"Livingston is a very rich and a very generous man. Does he speak of Nelson in his letter?"

"No, not a word. 'Pears to be comin' alone, if he comes. I dunno what to make of it."

STRONGHEART

"But that's easy, Winterton. You've got your Summer's job, whatever happens. I should think you'd like the proposition."

"Hm-hm," murmured Winterton, dubiously.

"So Dick asked about me, did he?" said Strongheart, after a long pause.

"Yes, and I got to write him all I know."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Huh! I wasn't born with a pen in my hand, and it's a whole lot to put into a letter. I don't feel equal to it. I thought mebbe you'd write the letter yourself."

"Is that what brought you to the reservation, Winterton?"

"Hm-hm, that's just it. You know the facts better'n I do, and you know how to say 'em on paper. Like enough I should forget half of 'em, and the best half at that."

"But there isn't so much to say. Just tell him I'm alive and trying to do my duty to my people. That's all there is to it."

"Wal," said Winterton, thoughtfully, "I dunno but that's so. You ain't married, and you ain't thinkin' of it, be ye? I thought not. That seems to be the whole thing after all. Just write that and give him your regards, and I reckon 'twould do."

"I think," suggested Strongheart, "that you'd better cut out the regards. He might misunderstand that, you know. He wouldn't dream of your coming away up here to find out what he wants to

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know. Write just as if you hadn't seen me for a year."

"Why not write yourself, Soangetaha?"

"Because it's your letter. He asked you. Have you written him that you're going to take his offer?"

"Not yet. I was going to."

"Then write it now, and when you've said what you want to on that matter, I'll tell you what to write about me, if you like."

"That would be a monstrous help," said Winterton, gratefully.

Strongheart provided paper and pen, and for some minutes the veteran guide labored over the four lines that conveyed his acceptance of Livingston's offer for the Summer. "Reckon I'm ready," said he, at last. Strongheart dictated:

"Soangetaha is living at the reservation with his sister, and is trying to do his duty by his people. He was in good health the last time I saw him."

Winterton patiently set down the words with only one interruption. "Hold on a minute," said he; "do you spell people with two e's or one?"

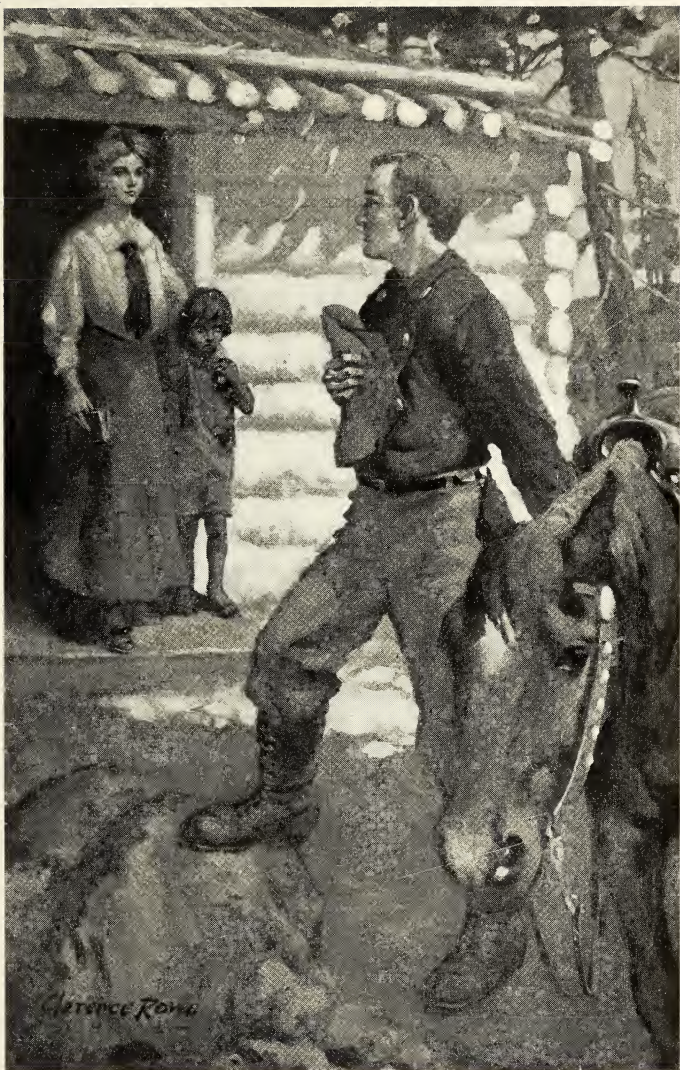
"It doesn't matter, Winterton," Strongheart answered gravely. "It's your letter, and he will understand it if you take your choice."

Winterton choose to spell it "peeple," and in due course signed his name with a sigh of relief that a difficult and delicate task had been accomplished.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WHITE SQUAW

Dick Livingston started westward by the first convenient train after the receipt of Winterton's letter, but he did not buy a ticket for the Soo. His destination lay much further, and when he had gone as far as the railroad could take him, he had still a day's journey to make on horseback. He began it before sunrise, and, by dint of persistent pushing, he arrived late in the afternoon at Moose River reservation. There he inquired for the school-house, and eventually dismounted before a building of unhewn logs. The door was open, and from within came the sound of a voice he knew, a sound that set his blood coursing, and caused him to catch his breath with a gasp. Impulsively he lifted his hat, as if the speaker were in his presence; he stirred as if he would enter the open door, and hesitated as a sensitive traveler might who found himself before a holy shrine; his steps lagged in spite of his desire to run. So, for a moment, he stood still, collecting himself and listening. What was she saying? There could be no mistaking her voice, there was none like it in the world, and evidently the syllables were uttered with the delicate, clean-cut enunciation characteristic of her speech, but such syllables!



WAS IT TO HEAR THIS THAT HE HAD TRAVELED SO MANY HUNDRED MILES ?

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What were they? What meaning—of a sudden one word stood out distinct and clear from the run of gibberish, and, with a chill at his heart, he recognized it: "Kahween." It was the one word he had distinguished in a speech by Strongheart when he lay incapacitated in Kiwetin's wigwam, kahween—no! Was it to hear this that he had traveled so many hundred miles? Ah, well, he had anticipated it. His mind was made up; it was only his foolish heart that had presumed to excite itself with hope. The heart had been stilled for more than two years; it could and would be stilled again. Let the Ojibway negative presage what it might, he would learn the truth, and take his course manfully in accordance with it.

There was a rustling of soft-shod feet, and two figures appeared in the doorway, Dorothy and a seven-year old boy whom she held by the hand, his chubby cheeks tear-stained, his lips yet pouting, but his eyes instantly taking on the fulness of joy at sight of the stranger.

"Why, Dick!" cried Dorothy, deserting the boy and advancing swiftly. "Dick!" she repeated, as he took her hand and looked into her eyes, unable to speak a word. "I am so glad to see you, Dick. How good of you to look me up! Have you just arrived?"

Livingston pointed to his horse, whose sleek flanks gave glistening evidence of hard and recent ridings. "I've been out of the saddle only once in the last twelve hours," he said.

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"Then you and your horse both need rest and refreshment. The animal should certainly be stabled at once. Oh! that can be done. The reservation doesn't boast of a hotel, but the trader, at whose house I boarded when I first came here, always contrives to look after the rare travelers who come this way. He has a spare room for wanderers like yourself."

"I am indeed a wanderer, Dorothy."

She did not respond at once, but addressed the lad in his own language. There was a rapt grin on his face as he listened, and when she had concluded he glanced shyly at Livingston and reached his hand out for the horse's bridle.

"I told him," said Dorothy, "to lead your horse to the stable and tell the trader that a friend of mine has come. That will assure proper care for the horse, and we will go down to the trader's together after supper, which I want you to take in my house. Does that plan suit you?"

"Right down to the ground, Dorothy. What's your noble young red man's name?"

"That is Washkash, my favorite charge, if I have a favorite. He is the brightest and most mischievous boy in the school. I had to keep him after the others were dismissed today to chasten his dawning mind with a lecture."

"Your youngsters have the same conception of the relation between fun and school that white boys have, it seems."

"Of course, Dick. Would you expect them to be anything but human?"

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"No, I wouldn't, not after knowing—not after my own observations of some years ago."

"Tell me all the news, Dick," she said quickly, but without haste, thus covering the sudden embarrassment that had caused him to stumble in his speech. "Or, perhaps," she added, "you don't know any. I heard of your journey round the world. Have you been back long?"

"Two or three weeks. I only waited till I got certain information before I started for this place."

"Then, if you were seeking information, you have a budget of news."

"Some. The most important item was your precise whereabouts."

"Well, that happens to be known to me. Tell me something I don't know."

"Have you heard about Molly?"

"Only that she and Billy Saunders were married. Cards reached me, and one sweet letter from her forwarded by my mother. After that I suppose she was too busy with the duties of her new life to keep up a correspondence, and indeed I did not expect her to. I had deliberately shut myself out of my former world, and almost preferred that my old friends should not write."

"Molly says that she understood it that way. I can assure you, Dorothy, Molly wouldn't have gone back on you."

"Oh! I never doubted her. But what of her?"

"Her son—"

"Oh, Dick! Molly has a baby?"

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"Three months old. Billy's pride is so great that all outdoors is strained to hold him. He's already picked out the young gentleman's room at Columbia and says he's going to put him into football training this Fall."

Dorothy laughed delightedly, that wholesome laugh he knew only too well, the laugh that "took the edge off her altruism and proved her sane," as he himself had put it in the old days. "What do they call him?" she asked.

"I regret to say they've handicapped him by naming him Richard."

"Handicapped! Why, Dick!"

"Well, I haven't been such a great success, have I, Dorothy?"

"Molly must be very happy," said Dorothy. "You've seen my mother, I suppose?"

"It was she who gave me your address."

"To be sure, for she's the only one who knows it, except my lawyer. As I am no longer an infant in the eyes of the law, I have to have a lawyer to look after my possessions. He sends me an accounting at intervals, and money when I ask for it."

There was a momentary pause in the conversation, and then Livingston said, "I ran across Frank in London."

"How is he?" asked Dorothy, quickly.

"In perfect health, it seemed to me. He had just won a medal in a photographic exhibition."

"That must have pleased him," and she breathed a sigh that did not escape her companion's attention.

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"Don't you hear from Frank at all?" he asked.

"No, Dick. I am sorry, but Frank could not approve my course, you know—"

"And so he cut you!" exclaimed Livingston, indignantly.

"Wouldn't it be quite as fair to say that I cut him?" she returned gently. "I insisted on the unconventional, he stood for the proprieties. Action was wholly on my part. I knew his displeasure and deliberately brooked it. I am sorry, but I could not do otherwise, and I have nothing but kindly feelings for my brother."

"Well, I shouldn't expect anything else of you, Dorothy. I told Frank I meant to look you up."

"Did you? Did he send any message?" She spoke with impulsive eagerness, and Livingston was suddenly embarrassed. What Frank had said was, "I hope you'll bring the silly girl to her senses," and Livingston had no mind to quote that to her.

"He seemed interested in the idea," said Livingston, lamely, and Dorothy quickly saved him the necessity of inventing a message.

"I think I know pretty well what Frank would say," she said, and laughed a little. "For brother and sister we are very different, aren't we? This is my house, Dick. Unless my little maid has met with an accident we shall find supper ready."

They had been walking along a trail past scattered cabins, and Dorothy led him to one quite like the rest in dimensions and quality; but it had a

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touch of civilization apparent at first glance, for there were cultivated flowers in the yard before it, there were white curtains in the windows, and the steps of the door were scrupulously clean. There Dorothy lived alone, save for the companionship of an Ojibway girl of fourteen, or thereabouts, who was her servant. Even when he had crossed the threshold it was hard for Livingston to realize where he was, Dorothy's decision to devote her life to Indian education having appealed to him, as to the members of her family, as preposterously romantic and impracticable. He had necessarily stood apart from the storm that raged in the Nelson's home after Strongheart's departure from college. Frank had spoken little of it, only enough to show that his friendship for Strongheart had turned into bitter, unrelenting hostility, and Dorothy had kept aloof from Dick until it was all over, and when that time came, Dorothy had gone. In all his long journey around the world, Livingston had repeatedly said to himself that when he returned he would find Dorothy again in the familiar atmosphere of the city, doing good, and enjoying life, chastened probably by her more or less brief experience in the wilds. It was a shock to him, therefore, to discover from his meeting with Frank in London, that brother and sister were alienated, and that Dorothy was still an exile "among savages," as Frank expressed it. In New York, Livingston sought Mrs. Nelson within an hour of his landing.

"Do go to her," said the mother, with a sigh of

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respectable despair. "I have quite given her up, and if anybody can bring her back to civilization, it will be you, Dick."

And Dick had delayed his departure only until he had heard from Winterton.

So, this was her home among "savages." Every inch of space within the cabin breathed of refinement. The simple touches which a man feels but cannot define were there, from the freshly cut flowers on the table to the spotless white apron the little maid wore when serving the food. Dorothy was vivacious, and manifestly habituated to her surroundings. Only now and again was there a passing wistfulness in her glance to suggest remembrance of other things, and this came only when some remark of her visitor's tended to awaken recollection. He was chary of such remarks until the meal was over, and they sat in the yard before the house, he smoking, she busy with needlework. Then, said he, "Tell me, Dorothy, are you contented here?"

"Do I not seem so?" she responded, bending over her work so that he could not see her eyes. The question had to come; she knew that, and she had staved it off as long as was practicable.

"That is not quite the frank answer I should expect from you," said he.

Thus challenged, she looked up and held him with her eyes. "I do not regret leaving home, Dick," she said. "I wish devoutly that I might have the sympathy of my mother and brother, not to say their approval, but that was not to be. My life must be

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useful. Here, while I do not accomplish all that I would like to, for the task is too great for one person, I am at least doing something. I think my influence is for the good of the people, and even if I were to leave them now, I should be able to count some permanent marks of progress, for my money has enabled me to do material things that perhaps partly atone for my failure to reach the people in the best way, that is, through their minds. You asked if I were contented. No, not wholly, but I would not go back, Dick."

"You would spare me asking you to go back with me, and for me, Dorothy."

"Yes, Dick. I hoped we were again on the level of friendship, and that your travels had dimmed the dream you once cherished."

"It hasn't, Dorothy, but it has given me some sense, a truer view of life, I hope."

He was silent for a moment, and then, "Dorothy, I'm not going to ask you to go back. Let us be friends. There will always be a room in my heart where you will dwell alone, but I will keep it closed as far as may be—even to myself. I asked you if you were contented, and I understand most of your answer. Tell me as a friend, do you still think of Strongheart as you used to?"

The color rose to her brow, and again she bent over her work.

"Am I one to change, Dick?" she murmured.

"No! you are not, and I should have known it. Have you ever heard from him?"

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"Never. Strongheart gave me to understand before he left for his tribe, that it must be all or nothing. He was sure he could not give himself entirely to his people if he kept in touch with me, and I believed him. He was right. It was a sacrifice that could not be half made. It had to be genuine and complete."

"And you think it was a sacrifice?"

"Strongheart loved me, Dick."

There was no need of further questions, for Livingston had only to look into his own heart to know the measure of the Ojibway's sacrifice. He looked at the darkening pines, the white trail that disappeared beneath their shadows, the golden-edged clouds of the sunset, and at the busy fingers and absorbed face of the woman beside him.

"Is it far to the trader's?" he asked. "I think perhaps I should make my way there now."

"You must be tired," said she, laying aside her work, and rising. "I will have my maid go with us to help bring back some things I want at the store."

They talked of the reservation on the way, Dorothy telling bits of family histories as they passed one cabin after another, or as they met men and women on the trail. The little maid walked close behind. The clouds cast off their gold and silver ornaments, the stars began to peer at them, and twinkling lights appeared here and there on the plain. They came to the trader's store and dwelling, where Livingston found that he was expected.

"Shall I see you tomorrow, Dick?" asked Doro-

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thy, when her purchases were made and she was ready to start homeward.

"Not tomorrow," said he. "I have another long journey to make, but you shall hear from me soon, and I shall hope to see you again in the Fall."

They said good-bye as friends, and Livingston, standing on the stoop of the store, strained his eyes after her until she and the little maid merged in the darkness. Before daybreak he was in the saddle again, hurrying eastward.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE HORNS OF A MOOSE

Winterton met Livingston at the railway station in the Soo. "I got your telegram," he said, after the handshake, "Soangetaha ain't at the reservation just now."

"So?" exclaimed Livingston, disappointed, "where is he, then?"

"Up to the Summer village. He don't go there now for the fun of it, as he used to, he's too busy, but some of the people are up there. 'Pears a family feud broke out and they had to send for the Chief to settle it."

"A feud! Something serious, Steve?"

"Reckon not. They ain't usually. Some of the squaws get to scrappin' 'bout some gossip of one kind or another, and 'fore you know it the men get dragged in, and there's hell to pay. There's never no bloodshed, if that's what you mean by serious, 'cept as some buck gets his nose cracked by another buck's fist. Sometimes the squaws heave rocks at each others' wigwams, and a dish or two gets broke, but it's mostly talk back and forth, and threats like they was going to take the warpath

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against the Sioux. The chiefs generally let such ructions run their course, but when they're called on to settle things, they have to act, and Chief Soangetaha don't generally wait to be called in. He gets his old Indian up and makes 'em take notice pretty sudden like. There's no disobeyin' Soangetaha when he puts his foot down and says things final."

"I think we'd better start for the Summer village at once, Steve. The fact that Strongheart has a row on his hands needn't make any difference to my errand. Can we catch up with him, do you think?"

"Wal, he started last night. At the worst we might meet him on the way back."

"Are you ready for a quick start?"

"Hm-hm. I done all your telegram said."

It was then noon, and within an hour, equipped for a very long journey, they had left the Soo behind them. Shortly after daybreak on the third morning, they threaded a group of familiar islands in the inland lake, and Livingston, at the bow, saw the conical dwellings of the Ojibways on the distant shore, and the wavering smoke of a score of campfires. His heart swelled with memories, and for a moment his spirit was in rebellion, for it was there, on that pleasant shore, that he had bent all his enthusiastic energies to the accomplishment of a plan that had borne fruit in fixing Dorothy's love upon another. He was conscious of an impulse to back water, and he wondered if Winterton noticed the momentary sluggishness of the bow paddle? It was no more than momentary, this involuntary re-

sistance of the heart to a course that the mind had dictated, and the canoe sped onward. Mind, that is to say, well considered judgment, was in command of Dick Livingston, and had been for long. The interval occupied in circling the globe had been one of preparation; the meeting with Nelson in London had been the crisis, and then and there he had determined his procedure, his precise action to depend only on the precise state of affairs concerning which he had been seeking information from Mrs. Nelson, from Dorothy, and from Winterton. In view of the latter's meagre message, it was now necessary to learn something from Strongheart.

The approach of the travelers was comparatively unnoticed in the village, for few were stirring at that early hour, but there was one who caught sight of the canoe as soon as it had cleared the islands, and who glanced at it with increasing curiosity from time to time as he busied himself with preparations for departure. Strongheart had traveled hard, too. He had arrived on the previous day, had composed the quarrel before the night was old, and now, having allowed himself a brief respite for sleep, was making ready to return to the reservation. There was no hail, no waving of a signal to suggest the identity of the oncomers, but presently the Chief's sharp eyes distinguished Winterton, and then he inferred the approach of Livingston. Who else could it be?

So it happened that the white man who deliberately sought a meeting, had no undue advan-

tage in taking the Indian by surprise. Strongheart kept at his work, thinking, wondering, and Livingston kept at his paddle, with not a little last-minute doubt as to how he should greet his former friend. At the proper time Strongheart gave over his work and went to the landing place to assist in bringing the canoe to shore. The silent Mukwa was there, too, and both held the craft by the gunwale while Winterton and Livingston disembarked. Meantime there had been such an exchange of "bozhos" between the parties as might have betokened a meeting after a day's absence.

Livingston, once on shore, dropped his paddle, and turned to Strongheart. The Chief was looking a doubtful inquiry at him. Their eyes met in honest challenge, and there was a slight pause that even the unimaginative Winterton perceived; then the old-time comradeship, the old-time mutual trust and admiration, the old-time affection, struck down the barrier at a blow; two hands were extended as by one impulse; "Dick!" and "Strongheart!" sounded together, and each man came nigh to crushing the other's fingers to pulp. A Canada bird shouted his morning song from a near-by tree, and old Winterton rubbed the back of his hand thoughtfully across his chin, and wondered slowly just what it was he had been privileged to witness.

"I've come to see you," said Livingston.

"Yes?" returned Strongheart, with an apologetic glance around; "the old wigwam you occupied is not set up this Summer. I have no dwelling here—"

STRONGHEART

"It doesn't matter," Livingston interposed. "I'm not seeking your hospitality, old chap. Come up the trail a bit with me."

A few paces took them beyond the range of others' eyes and ears, and in the edge of the forest Livingston halted.

"Strongheart," he said, "I'm ready now to take back all I said the night when I behaved so like a cad."

"All, Dick?"

"Every word. I'm older, old chap, but that isn't it. I've been globe-trotting since then, and I've seen all manner of people. I should be a fool indeed if that sort of observation didn't open my eyes some, but that isn't it either, that is, not all of it. I have been helped by travel, I think, but there's something else, something native to myself, I suppose, that was late in developing—hang it! I can't very well make a speech about it."

"Don't try, Dick. What do I care for your analysis if you really mean that you take back all? All! You can't imagine how I have wished and hoped, yes, I have dared to hope that some day you would."

"But that isn't enough," said Livingston, hastily. "I had my unhappy share in keeping apart two persons whom God Almighty had raised up and fitted the one for the other."

His voice shook, and Strongheart said, "Don't, Dick! Not only does it bring back the memory of vain dreams, but it is unfair to yourself. My own

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people were as much to blame as yours. Whichever way I turned, I confronted the same unyielding prejudice of race."

"Yes, I heard something of that, but, see here, Strongheart, I've got to ask you a brutally frank question. Do you feel toward Dorothy as you used to?"

"Dick," said Strongheart, "can one who loves Dorothy change?"

"No! No! He couldn't! Do you know where she is?"

"I do not. I had to shut her out of my life, else she would have lingered in my hopes, and that would have impeded the work I was called on to do. She understood that. Is she not in New York?"

"If she were would you go to see her?"

"Certainly not, Dick. Don't be unkind to me, my friend. It will do no good to torment me—but," and his eyes took on a sudden expression of fear, "if she were ill—Dick! is that it? Is she suffering, and does she need me?"

"Easy, old chap; she is in the most abundant good health, but whether she needs you—well, I have my opinion. Now look here. The race prejudice of the whites can be defied. I don't know whether that of the Indian can, or can not, and that's not my affair. That's up to you, and you must manage it as best you can, but this is it, Strongheart: I've made it my business to interfere in your affairs so far as to come here and tell you that

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Dorothy is teaching the Indians at the Moose River reser—”

“Moose River!” shouted Strongheart, starting as if he had been struck by a rifle ball. “Moose River? Dick! did you say Moose River?” and he brought both his hands violently down on Livingston’s shoulders.

“Yes,” replied Livingston, staggering, “Moose River. I s’pose you know where ’tis?”

“The White Squaw!” exclaimed Strongheart, under his breath, and looking far, far away.

Livingston was puzzled, as a matter of course, and, after a moment of helpless staring at the rapt gaze of the Indian, he said, “That’s what I came to say, Strongheart. It’s now up to you, and Winton and I will go on. We’re bound on an all-Summer trip to the north.”

“Ah!” and Strongheart returned to the immediate scene, “you are going on? Then you won’t mind if I go on also? I was getting ready to start, and—Dick, do you know what you have done for me?”

“I hope so,” replied Livingston, with a sigh, “honestly, I hope so.”

They began to retrace their steps to the shore, Strongheart leading. He almost broke into a run. “Mukwa! Mukwa! the canoe, quick!” he called. “You see, Dick,” he added, “there’s only one train a day from the Soo that will take me in the direction of Moose River, and if I push hard, I may be able to save a day. Do you understand?”

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Dorothy was at supper, alone, save for the little maid, when Strongheart appeared in her doorway. All the color fled from her face, her hand fell nerveless on the table; if he had spoken at once, she might not have known how to reply; but his heart was in his throat, the words he had prepared to say seemed so inadequate, so unnecessary, for it was enough at the moment to be conscious of nearness to her; so she had a little time to recover, and she arose with one hand outstretched, the other resting on the chair back, for she dared not trust herself to step across the narrow space that separated them.

"Strongheart," she said, bravely trying to speak with the naturalness of friendship, and the unnaturalness therefore, of agitated love, I did not expect you—of course I am glad to see you—won't you come in?"

"I came to get you," said he, without stirring.

Her hand dropped to her side. She did not, or would not, understand.

"Dick Livingston called on me, too," she said hurriedly. "It was only a few days ago. I wouldn't have thought to see another of my old friends in the same Summer. He said I should hear from him soon."

"He sent me to you," said Strongheart. "That was what he meant."

"Do you mean he sent a message?"

"No, he sent me. He told me where you were and what you were doing. Dorothy, I have come for you."

STRONGHEART

He crossed the threshold and held out both hands. She had to use both hers to overcome her trembling, and she looked at him with fear in her eyes. She could not affect to misunderstand longer.

"But, Strongheart," she whispered, "your people—"

"They have chosen you for my bride," said he. "Do I seem to rave? Dorothy, it is true. Your fame as a teacher and friend of the Indian has spread to the home of my people. They tell admiring stories about the White Squaw at Moose River. Black Eagle and the old men told me about you, and asked me to make you my wife. They did not know your name, and how could I suspect it? I put them off, and it was not until Dick came to me that I understood that the long trial of love was over, that loneliness and failure might vanish from my life, giving way to love and victory. Oh, Dorothy! I have toiled hard, I have kept my pledge to give all to my people. Let me now give them more! Come with me! My people mourn because their Chief is unhappy; he is unhappy because he cannot accomplish alone what will be assured with your aid. I need you, Dorothy, my people need you—"

He could not tell the tumult wrought by doubt changing to joy as she listened; how her first thought inevitably had been that love had broken down his purpose, and how she feared that, in spite of his apostasy, he would win her, and how the demonstration of his loyalty to both his people and her opened up such prospects of happiness as she had

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schooled herself to believe were not for her. He only saw that she was trembling, that her eyes filled with tears, and thinking, quite mistakenly but sincerely, that she was about to faint, he strode toward her. She met him half way and sank consciously, voluntarily, into his unfolding arms. "Ah, Strongheart, my love! and I need you!" she said.

And so it came about one Summer day that Moose River was in tears, for the beloved White Squaw, the Lady of the Good Heart, went away, never to return. The people knew what had happened, and knew, therefore, that the end had to be so, for when a woman loves, must she not follow her husband? It is ever so among all people of all races, and the Indians, who had come to revere Dorothy, smiled back their sorrow and wished her joy. And so, too, it came about that there was rejoicing on that other reservation far eastward; for the people there knew that at last their Chief would be happy, and in his happiness they foresaw their own permanent benefit from his wisdom and guidance. The little church could not hold a tithe of those who insisted on their right to see the ceremony that gave the Chief a bride, and the missionary accordingly went forth into the open field where was the stump of a great tree to serve as an altar; and there Strongheart and Dorothy were married in the presence of the whole tribe.

It was a holiday for all, and much singing and dancing had been arranged to fill in the evening by the light of a huge camp-fire; a programme that was

faithfully and pleasantly carried out; but before the fun began, a stranger came to the reservation, an Ojibway, whom none there had ever seen before. His dress and speech both proclaimed him one of those uncounted people of the north whom no persuasion of the government can induce to leave their forest homes and take up the comparatively conventional life of the reservation. He was bowed under a burden consisting of the antlers of a moose.

"Is your Chief called Soangetaha?" he asked of the first he met, and when they told him yes, "I was sent," said he, "by a white man named Dick, who is hunting in the north. These are the horns of the first moose he ever shot. He bade me bring them here, and, if Chief Soangetaha is married, to give them to him and his wife as a wedding present. Is your Chief married? For, if not—"

They did not let him state his alternative, but took him at once to the Chief's house, where he laid down his burden and repeated his message.

END

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